

THE *Atlantic*

OCTOBER 1952

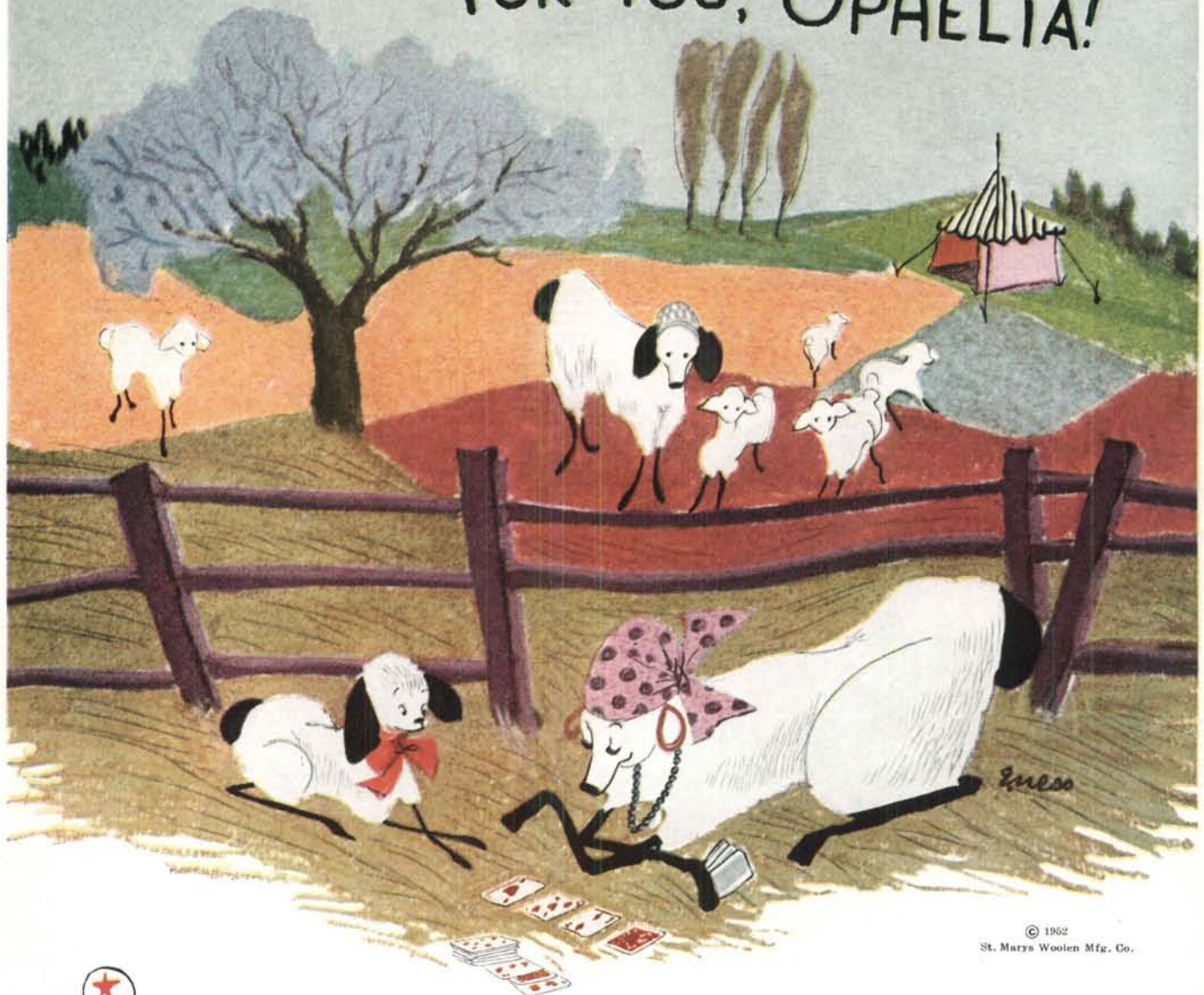


TOSCANINI
Records the Ninth
by John M. Conly

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Cover portrait of Arturo Toscanini by Ern  de Sauv 

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THE ATLANTIC REPORT

on the World today

London

At the end of July, Andrei Gromyko assumed his new duties as Soviet ambassador to the Court of St. James's. Gromyko has not yet revealed his hand, so the mystery of why so important a figure as the second-in-command of the Russian Foreign Office should be made mere ambassador to a country hitherto considered second-rate ("Has Stalin demoted Gromyko or promoted Britain?" was the *Manchester Guardian's* neat formulation of the riddle) remains without certain solution. But most speculation leans toward the conclusion that Britain has been promoted and is to be subjected to courtship.

Many minor signs are cited by commentators for this conclusion, such as the wining and dining of the British by Soviet coaches and trainers at the Olympic games. But a more solid basis for this trend of speculation lies in the simple potentialities of the world situation. Britain's export sales, on which her life depends, have been falling with each passing month, owing to the revival of German and Japanese competition and to the growing reluctance of buyers generally. Russia dominates a market containing half the world's population. When or if Britain's position grows acute, Russia could place a severe strain on Anglo-American relations by attractive and well-timed offers of trade bargains requiring Britain to violate the American Battle Act (which forbids the granting of American aid to allies who sell "strategic goods" to Communist countries).

Another dangerous potentiality lies in the liberation of Germany from Allied controls by the recently signed treaties. Germany has no far-flung imperial commitments among which to scatter the armed forces she is about to create, and can there-

fore concentrate them in Europe. Thus it is very possible that Germany will in time become the dominant power in Allied counsels in Europe. Or, at least, this is what is increasingly feared in London. This fear may make Britain more receptive to Russian suggestions to open negotiations on the German question. America has already demonstrated her reluctance to enter into such discussions. It would be to Russia's advantage to have a top observer on the spot, able to time Soviet moves in such a way as to put the greatest strain on Anglo-American relations.

During the summer, relations between the English-speaking partners were somewhat improved. The clear indication of this has been the fortunes of Aneurin Bevan, who represents clean-cut opposition to American policies. When America bombed the Yalu River plants in Korea last June without advising Britain, the Gallup poll recorded that 32 per cent of Labor voters favored Bevan's position against the pro-American stand of Clement Attlee. By late summer, however, the poll recorded the Labor rebel as enjoying the support of only 26 per cent of Labor voters, and Attlee's stock had risen accordingly.

This happy change probably came about as a result of such incidents as Secretary Acheson's handsome "apology" for our failure to let the British know about the Yalu bombings, the subsequent appointment of a British officer to General Mark Clark's staff in Korea, Russia's ruthless sealing off of Eastern Germany, and Red China's virtual eviction of British trade groups.

Another helpful episode was the performance of Dr. Hewlett Johnson, the "Red Dean" of Canter-



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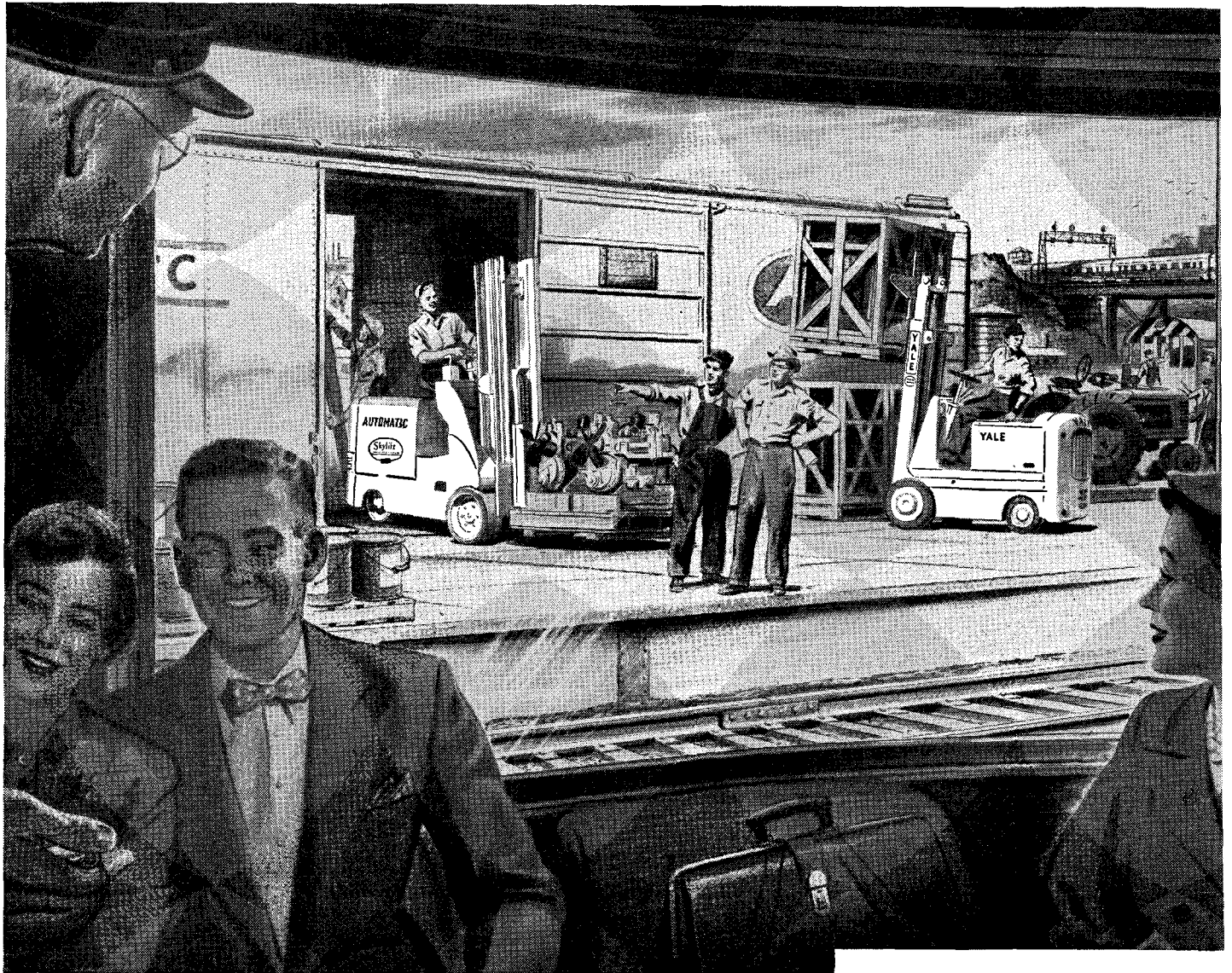
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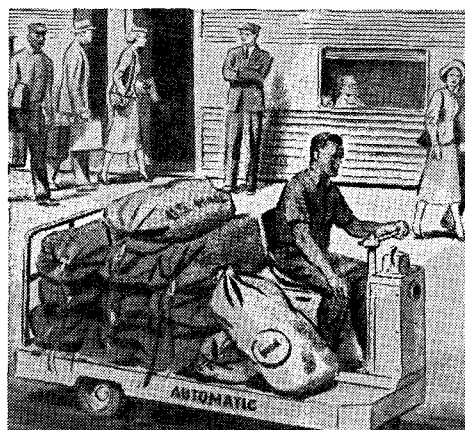
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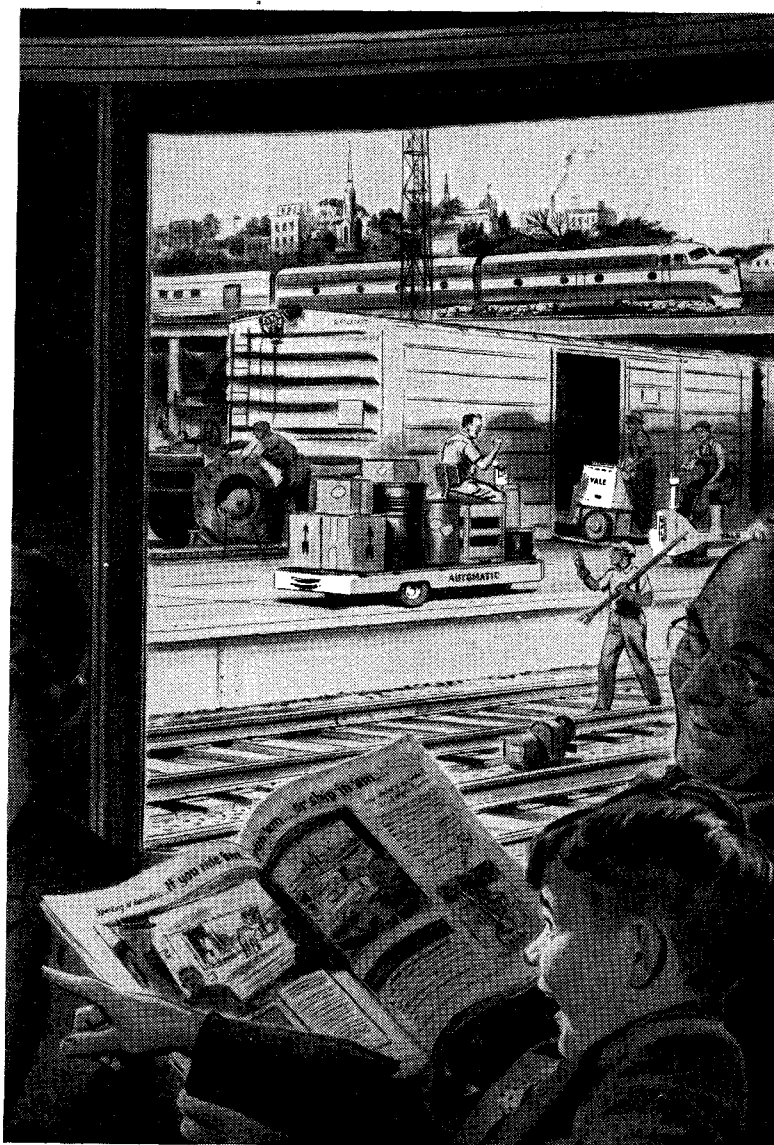
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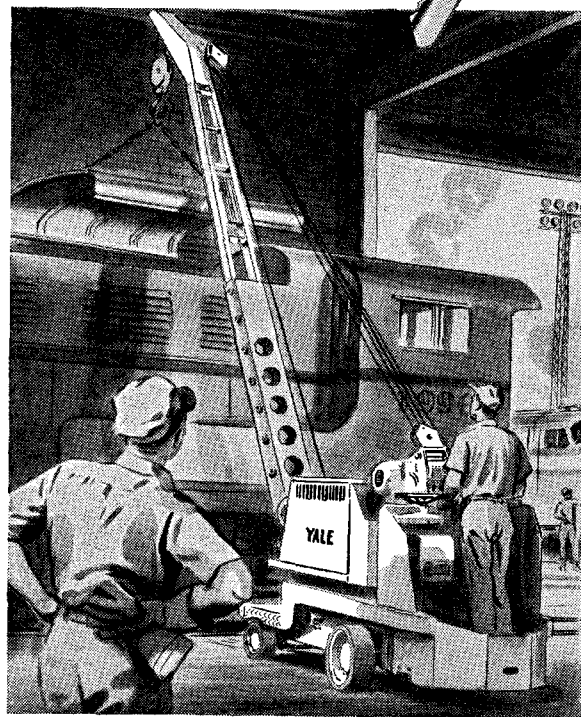
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The Atlantic Report on London



bury. Dr. Johnson was escorted on a long tour of China, and returned to give a much publicized press conference on the very same day that General Ridgway paid his first visit to Britain. Here was the Communists' ideal opportunity to convince Britain's waverers that the germ warfare charges were true and to discredit the new commander of the Atlantic armies. The Dean's inability to show anything but the old inconclusive propaganda documents and photos pretty well ended the waverer in London and discredited the charges.

Britain's view of the candidates

What has probably done as much as anything else to improve the atmosphere has been the outcome of America's presidential conventions. The long prologue to those assemblies caused the gloomiest forebodings here. Senator Taft seemed likely to best General Eisenhower for the Republican nomination; and the Democrats seemed likely to emerge from Chicago a divided and blemished party with a candidate not sufficiently inspiring to beat Taft. An ugly presidential campaign, in which Britain would be a foreign whipping-boy, was expected to be followed by a triumph of the Republican right wing and chaos in the Allied camp. Europe's overburdened economies would have no certainty of American aid and would be unable to plan ahead; the threat of higher American tariffs, deepening the dollar crisis, would make it impossible to plan export production.

When, instead of this, there emerged two such magnetic and thoroughly international-minded candidates as Eisenhower and Stevenson, what had been here a desperate roar of comment subsided into a contented purr. Continuance of current American policies seems assured no matter who wins; there is much increased respect for responsible American leadership in the West.

Churchill's first year

This autumn marks the end of the first year of Winston Churchill's new Government, and commentators have been busy drawing up scores in an effort to determine who has won it.

At the general elections in October last year Conservatives and Labor were within one per cent of each other in the shares of the electorate each captured. By January this year, according to Britain's highly reputable Gallup poll, the Conservatives had fallen nearly 5 per cent behind Labor, and by late July they were 10 per cent behind. In an election, it is reckoned, this last figure would give the Labor Party a majority over the Tories of more

than a hundred seats in the House of Commons and would without exaggeration qualify as a landslide.

The reason most often given for this decline is: too many unkept election promises. This may be so, but it can be argued that the explicit Conservative pledges so frequently cited in the critical press have had far less to do with the disenchantment than the implied pledge of Churchill's personality. It was doubtless unfair to the Tory leader, but his supporters expected that the "old Churchill magic" of wartime would somehow produce dramatic new approaches to the stale issues of the cold war, would induce America to show more respect for Britain's too often neglected sensitivities in Allied relationships, and would provide stirring new responses to the national problem of paying Britain's way.

In the event, of course, the cold war has remained as intractable to Churchill's near poetic oratory as it was to Attlee's pedestrian prose; America has bombed the Yalu without consulting the Conservative Government much as she advanced to the Yalu without consulting the Labor Government; and the national bank balance perversely continues in the red. A case can be made that the Tories' most important achievement has been the unsought one of making it clear that Britain's problems are national, and not due to the wrongheadedness of any one party.

The Tories at cross-purposes

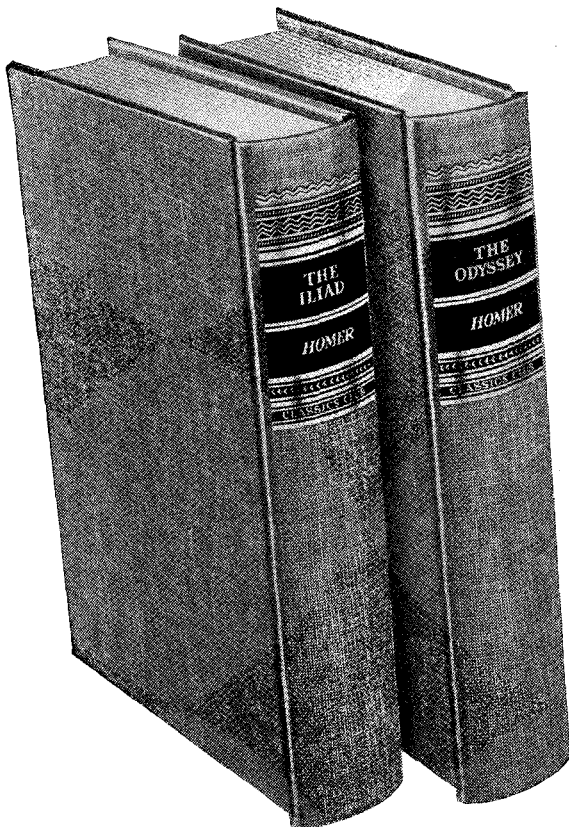
The people, then, have had to compare the parties, not on their command of ready solutions — for neither has any — but on the vigor and coherence of their approaches to problems. In this respect, the people cannot be charged with unfairness in feeling some disappointment with the new Government, for there have been far too many and too flagrant cases of incoherence and cross-purposes.

For example, shortly after Churchill's Minister of Transport had publicized the inescapable need to raise railway fares, and shortly before the announced date was upon the nation, Churchill abruptly one night announced that the increases were unnecessary and would not take place. This was done apparently without consultation and out of fear of the political consequences of a new rise in the cost of living; for the Minister of Transport immediately fell victim to illness — the diplomatic variety of virus, it is generally thought — and left the cabinet a short while later.

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With bewildering regularity the Prime Minister's dire warnings of economic collapse have alternated with his associates' assurances that things are not too bad. A recent case—when Churchill braced the nation for a blow with warnings of “grave and far-reaching measures” to meet the crisis, and Chancellor of the Exchequer Richard A. Butler revealed the measure to be one more small cut in imports—caused the loudest uproar the Commons has seen this season. Labor members were able to cite figures showing that Churchill's apparently unnecessary alarm had caused a large flight of capital from the country, and so soft-spoken a commentator as the *Times* accused him of damaging the economy.

As happened to him on one notable occasion in history before, relief reached Churchill just at the moment of his lowest fortunes. Three days before Parliament adjourned for its summer recess, he was forced to tell the House of Commons that Britain's arms program would have to be reduced in order to make more goods for export. The press geared itself up for another angry blast at this default only to have its attentions diverted to a display by the Labor Opposition which was equally reprehensible and certainly made better copy.

Bevan rises to the challenge

The Prime Minister's justification of the arms cut was, perhaps on purpose, couched in language almost identical with that used by Aneurin Bevan when he resigned from the Labor cabinet on that issue last year. Bevan could therefore not resist acknowledging the implied accolade to his powers of prophecy. So he rose and reminded the House how he had foreseen the danger of too large an arms plan, and referred to how he had unsuccessfully attempted to convince his cabinet colleagues at the time.

Attlee, who had been first of those erring colleagues, was stung by the rebuke. So next day Attlee claimed the floor and made a formal statement to the House accusing his right honorable friend of violating sacred tradition by revealing confidential cabinet conversations. Thinly veiling his barbs in the language of parliamentary propriety, Attlee gave public

notice that Bevan no longer enjoyed his confidence, and thus presumably might not be a member of any future cabinet Attlee might head. The following day, the day of adjournment, Bevan in turn made a formal statement to the House vigorously rejecting the chiding by his leader and indicating that Attlee did not enjoy his confidence either. The Tories roared with joy, as might the inhabitants of a city whose besiegers had begun to fight among themselves.

How deep is the split?

Bitterness was so great in Labor's ranks that it could not be restrained from one more public display in the last hour before adjournment. The Government asked the House to ratify the treaties permitting Germany to rearm. In a previous private meeting of the Labor members, Bevan had induced a majority of the opposition MPs to reject ratification—a bitter moral blow to Attlee and Morrison, who had originally negotiated the treaties and now, as disciplinarians, had to bow to the will of the party majority and deny their past policy in public. When, in the ensuing division of the House, they followed Bevan through the negative tellers' door, and the Tories shook the rafters with shouts of “Shame!” at them—Churchill himself joining lustily in—it must certainly have cut deep.

In any case, the party's about-face was too much for the angrier anti-Bevanites; twenty Labor members refused to follow Bevan out, and refrained from voting—the first right-wing rebellion a party so often racked with left-wing rebellions has suffered.

A right-wing former Labor cabinet minister has since in a public speech accused Bevan of “building a party within the Labor Party” and hinted that the rebel should be expelled. Bevanites and their opponents have both organized themselves against one another for the first time and launched acid propaganda campaigns.

The party is in fact a “coalition” of two different Labor Parties liable to collapse into two minorities in any test with Churchill on any important issue. The old warrior can utter with much deeper fervor than ever did Hamlet's sentry on the ghostly tower, “For this relief much thanks.”

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Washington

SOME months ago, President Truman remarked that General Eisenhower was as fine a man as ever walked. It is doubtful, to say the least, whether the President's judgment remains unaffected by the fact that General Eisenhower is now busily running against him for the Presidency. Though Governor Stevenson is the Democratic nominee, Eisenhower is still running against Truman. This may prove a productive strategy, and if so it will not be the first time that campaigns have been won by running against someone whose name is not on the ballot. As the impatient wife of a Missouri delegate remarked on the opening day of the Republican convention, "All we do is quote Lincoln, and all the Democrats do is run against Hoover."

Stevenson realized that he had to dissociate himself from Truman and some of Truman's buddies without abandoning the policies and losing the votes which had kept the Democratic Party in power for twenty years. He had to show that he was not at the beck and call of the President or the professional organization bosses. Truman's proposals for a whistle-stop campaign were put in the deep freeze; Frank McKinney, a protégé of recently dethroned Boss Frank McHale of Indiana Two Per Cent Club fame, was handed his walking papers.

Eisenhower and his high command took little stock in these proceedings. Senator Nixon sounded the first volley with his charge that Stevenson was the "captive" of the Truman administration, the machine bosses, and the labor unions. Thus one of the key words of the 1952 campaign found its way into currency. Less sinister than "fellow traveler" and less insulting than "stooge," it is ominous in its overtones. Eisenhower himself joined the assault, after Stevenson's White House meeting with Truman, charging that only a few faces would be changed around Washington in the event of a Stevenson victory, but not basic policies.

While most unpartisan critics would agree that Stevenson has been a vigorous governor, and that he draws first-class men to him like a magnet, as does Ike, there are many whose doubts simply will not down. Such unconvinced critics feel, not that Stevenson is anyone's "captive," but that the ties

which bind a candidate to all the tired, discouraged, and irascible elements which go to make up a party twenty years in power are too strong to be snapped by anyone save the electorate itself.

Stevenson's position

Stevenson, while proposing no significant alterations of existing foreign policy, is by no means committed to the explicit details of the Truman domestic proposals. He favors modification rather than complete repeal of the Taft-Hartley law, and affirmatively disclaims inherent powers to act without congressional authorization in domestic matters. He favors Federal health legislation to afford protection against the financial burdens of hospitalization, surgery, and catastrophic illness, but frowns upon the compulsory insurance proposals of President Truman and Oscar Ewing. He favors the present farm program but is not convinced of the wisdom of the Brannan plan for subsidized abundance to consumers as well as farmers.

In short, Stevenson opposes the abandonment or significant emasculation of any of the main measures enacted during the Truman and Roosevelt administrations, but would go much slower than Truman has gone in advocating new measures which involve an enlargement of the powers of the central government. He would continue the march to a welfare state, but at a slower pace, with greater concern for the sensibilities of groups adversely affected, and with more scrupulous regard for the importance of carrying the Congress along.

This conspectus scarcely sketches a candidate who is tailor-made to the specifications of the labor unions, the liberals, and A.D.A. Not unnaturally, one of the bumps which the draft-Stevenson movement encountered at Chicago was an increasing doubt among militants whether the Governor breathed enough left-wing fire from his aristocratic nostrils. And militant Republicans — even those who supported the General — were saddened by Eisenhower's unwillingness to pledge publicly a campaign to repeal twenty years of American history.

Both candidates are fearful of too much centralization and of too much government. Neither

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would favor wholesale, precipitate changes from the status quo. But Governor Stevenson would be inclined to move cautiously to the left, while General Eisenhower would move cautiously to the right. General Eisenhower believes that the welfare state is a slave state, while Governor Stevenson simply believes it may not be all it is cracked up to be. One significant straw in the wind is the tidelands oil issue: General Eisenhower, after several fumbles, came out for giving the oil to the three claimant states, while Governor Stevenson favored leaving the oil where the Supreme Court said it was.

Each man his albatross

In neither case can the personal views of the candidate be separated from the balance of forces prevailing within and between the respective parties. Just as it is the strategy of the Republicans to picture Stevenson as the captive of the Trumanites, the city bosses, and the labor unions, so it is the strategy of the Democrats to hang around Eisenhower's neck the senatorial albatrosses: McCarthy, Jenner, Kem, Dirksen, and all the others so conspicuously identified with the go-it-alone views of Senator Taft and General MacArthur. These gentlemen present as difficult a problem for the General as do the warring Democratic factions for the Governor.

In addition Stevenson is confronted with a situation summed up by the word "mess": laxness in the face of loose political morals, government by crony, overfrequent resort to the bludgeon and the tongue-lash in dealing with recalcitrant elements in the body politic, and a too intimate alliance with the big-city machines.

Stevenson could and did affirm that he was his own master, and that he was opposed to corruption and machine rule. But it was next to impossible for Eisenhower to disavow the "beefsteak Senators" of 1946, up for re-election in 1952: for upon their victories would depend the General's prospects for a Republican Senate in the event of his election.

Furthermore, these men represented forces which mustered almost as much delegate support at the Republican convention as did Eisenhower himself. To repudiate them would be regarded as an act of

rank party perfidy in the minds of many Republicans. To support them will risk the distrust and suspicion of the independents, whose votes will make the difference between defeat and victory.

Eisenhower followed the only practical course open to him. He announced support of all Republican nominees for Senate and House, and invited all to join him in his "crusade." Senators McCarthy and Jenner were permitted no intimate contacts with the General, while others, less clearly marked in the public eye, were invited to Denver for conferences. Even this course opened the way for a couple of effective verbal jabs from Stevenson, inquiring blandly as to the common basis for an Eisenhower-McCarthy-Jenner-Kem crusade. The Stevenson high command will embroider on this theme until election eve.

It was equally obvious that Stevenson, as President, would have the potent Southern Democratic congressional bloc to deal with, but this did not present so good an election issue to the Republicans. Differences between the Southerners and the New Deal Democrats do not for the most part extend to foreign policy; and there is little indication that Stevenson plans to propose any program of radical or novel domestic legislation. For many voters who like the foreign policy of the Democrats but distrust ultra-liberal economic heresies, the veto power of the congressional Southerners might be a positive inducement for Stevenson support.

The civil rights issue

On one set of issues both parties and both candidates started out on eggshells—Federal civil rights legislation. Both nominees had stated personal positions prior to the conventions, but both were wary even of reiterating previously expressed views afterward. Before his nomination, General Eisenhower had opposed compulsory Federal legislation forbidding discrimination in employment. Governor Stevenson, while preferring to have the matter handled by the states, advocated Federal compulsory legislation in the event the states did not act. This was in effect the Humphrey-Ives bill, reported favorably in the closing days of the 82nd Congress by a bipartisan subcommittee of the Senate Labor Committee (Sen-

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ator Nixon voting no). Stevenson had flatly opposed any retreat by the Democratic Party from its 1948 platform, advocating extensive Federal civil rights legislation.

Here there seemed to be a clear issue between the candidates, and the national parties as well, since the Republican platform emphasized state rights while the Democratic plank emphasized Federal action.

How strong is the New Guard?

Conventions generate their own myths, and probably the myth of 1952 will be that Eisenhower was nominated by the amateurs. Nothing of the sort: nominees are not selected by pretty girls passing out pamphlets or by bow-tied, crew-cut young men shouting themselves hoarse in hotel lobbies. Eisenhower's victory was a triumph of clear-headed, vigorous younger professionals over a bunch of tired and bleary old men who seemed intent on fighting yesterday's battles.

The methods used by the Eisenhower machine, which was under Governor Dewey's command, were

professional in the smoothest sense of the word. There was, for example, considerable Taft strength in the New York delegation. Governor Dewey used almost every method short of the rack and the thumbscrew to suppress it, and two Negro delegates from Harlem were brought around by being reminded that Dewey has a long memory and two years left in the governorship.

Though the Democrats seemed at times to have dissolved into fragments of mobs, there was nothing in their convention to equal the deep-seated bitterness, the visibly congealed malevolence, of the Taft-Eisenhower battle.

The high spots of the Republican convention were significant. First was the speech of Senator Joe McCarthy. The Wisconsin Senator gave the delegates the red meat for which they hungered after a long vegetarian diet. His drama had a plot, with identifiable villains, identifiable crimes, and an identifiable hero. As this plot unfolded, it became unnecessary to deal with vexing issues and ticklish details. The cry of

"Throw the rascals out!" gave way to the more stirring whoop to throw the traitors out.

Then came, with Senator Dirksen's finger pointed at Governor Dewey in the debate over the Georgia credentials, one of those rare moments when masks fall away and primitive political passion shows itself.

The sentiments to which Dirksen gave utterance were those of a majority of the delegates. More than 500 delegates, though knowing their cause was hopeless, stood out for those sentiments on the first ballot by voting for Taft. And many more, though voting for Eisenhower because they thought he alone could supply the indispensable ingredient of victory, felt a sense of recreancy in so doing, and responded in their hearts to the Dirksen eloquence.

Since 1936 the Old Guard has grown in strength, especially in the Congress but even in delegate votes at national conventions. The Old Guard has failed to name a presidential candidate; but Taft's vote was the highest yet attained by that faction. If General Eisenhower loses the 1952 election, it will not be the Old Guard which takes charge of the Republican Party, but a newer guard of McCarthys, Jenners, Dirksens, and their associates — whose rejection at Chicago will cry out for vengeance. To many, apprehensive as to the health of our two-party system, this will be the strongest argument for Republican victory in November.

More steel, more inflation

The government at Washington continued to function, after a fashion. Perhaps the manner of its functioning served to illustrate how accidental are the points of contact between campaign issues and the matters with which those in charge of government must actually deal. The steel strike was settled, after months of precious production lost, and upon terms which could have been reached without a strike. The government, swearing it would never consent, consented to a \$5.65 per ton increase in the price of steel. This was what the companies had originally demanded as the price of their compliance with the Wage Stabilization Board's settlement.

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got what they had asked for; and the country got more inflation. The administration's change of position was largely induced by Secretary of Defense Robert A. Lovett, who bluntly informed the President that a settlement was imperative on any terms and that he could no longer be responsible for failing to inform the people plainly just what the prolonged strike was costing in terms of a hobbled defense establishment.

Congress had refused to grant the President additional powers of seizure; the Supreme Court had denied the existence of inherent presidential power under the circumstances; and seizure under the Selective Service Act was deemed unworkable. Truman's choice was between invoking the hated Taft-Hartley law or getting a voluntary agreement. Secretary of Commerce Sawyer and Price Administrator Arnall disagreed about the inflationary consequences of the settlement — which Arnall consistently opposed to the bitter end. John L. Lewis's huge eyebrows are wiggling in eager anticipation of a pre-election coal crisis.

Mood of the Capital

Abroad, election-year developments were ominous. United States bets upon the Shah of Iran as a potential strong man were wasted, as he crumpled before the audacious Mossadegh, with whom it became increasingly obvious the West must come to terms regardless of British objections.

Congressional cuts in Mutual Security appropriations were forcing Britain and France to reconsider their own capacity to fulfill their parts of the NATO program. Korean truce negotiations were at a standstill, with United States policy-makers considering a submission to the International Court of Justice of the mooted prisoner-of-war issue.

These, then, were the immediate concerns of government. They seemed to have little relation to what the candidates and their supporters were discussing. But there was among men of good will a widespread conviction that both parties had chosen the best they had and that perhaps for this reason Providence would continue to forgive most of our frantic boasts and foolish words — even those which inevitably mark our party conventions.

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Argentina

A FEW days after the death on July 26 of Maria Eva Duarte de Perón, first lady of Argentina, some Argentine of unknown political affiliations was responsible for a sobering elegiac judgment. "In life Perón made use of her to the limit," he said. "Now he must use her even more in death. His power depends on it."

This caustic view of the practical politics surrounding the orgy of public grief over Evita Perón's pain-shrunken body was so widely circulated among even the more sophisticated mourners that it was quoted in intelligence reports from Buenos Aires to various foreign offices elsewhere.

The cynicism had merit. It blew down certain wishful anticipators of trouble in Argentina — including a few American columnists — who behaved a good deal as they might have if Adolf Hitler had been gathered to his fathers on the brink of World War II. They predicted a quick army coup or popular revolt over economic hardships, perhaps to be followed by the flight of Perón to some pelf-lined refuge in Europe, leaving the government to an army or labor junta and the country to the risks of civil war between these elements.

Instead, the Perón regime soon began improvising a cult of Evita as patron saint of public spending, labor pampering, and largesse to the underprivileged. And behind the cult, observers could see preparations going on for steady resistance to whatever economic difficulties and political stress and strain might develop. Evita's secular sanctification has been, in effect, a super-loud-speaker announcement of the determination of Peronist totalitarianism to carry on.

Perón's welfare foundation

Every move of the widower President since Evita's death has borne out this estimate. Even during the lying-in-state period the first ten days in August, Perón began rebuilding his fences with the government-dominated Argentine labor movement.

He made several visits to the Ministry of Labor, which he himself had headed during his rise to power in the administrations of the military pro-

visional presidents, Generals Ramirez and Farrell, from 1943 to 1946. He began dropping in for sessions of the sixteen-man board of the top Argentine labor organization, the General Confederation of Workers (CGT). If the CGT board members have been, as most Argentines maintain, Evita's hand-picked selections, Perón thus put himself in a strategic position to act in the event of any internal struggles for power.

Perhaps even more important, Perón took over, by public announcement, his wife's post as head of the Eva Perón Welfare Foundation, as well as chief collector and dispenser of its vast relief funds. The Welfare Foundation is the showy public charity of Argentina for which, by forced contributions from both workers and employers during the past several years, nearly \$100,000,000 has been collected, an unprecedented sum for Latin America.

Evita continuously dramatized the Foundation's operations by keeping herself available for interviews with alms-seekers, and by doling out in frequent public stage appearances such alluring awards as large security allowances in cash to superannuated laborers, abandoned wives, and unwed mothers, vacations for jobless working girls, and holidays in model nurseries for underprivileged children.

In these ways, the Welfare Foundation has become a main link between the Perón regime and its original following among the *descamisado* (shirtless) Argentine proletariat. Perón's taking over the limelight in its operations is thus a stroke of shrewd politics. No mere man can dispense the Foundation's favors with quite the Cinderella glamour which Evita achieved, but Perón, no mean political actor, at least has a chance to establish himself through direct showmanship in its benefactions as the *descamisados'* favorite "father image."

Some of his post-mortem stratagems required more finesse. For instance, Perón advertised his old professional affiliation with the army by wearing his brigadier-general's uniform when he marched in the funeral procession. During the first few weeks he avoided making any new appointments of political consequence.

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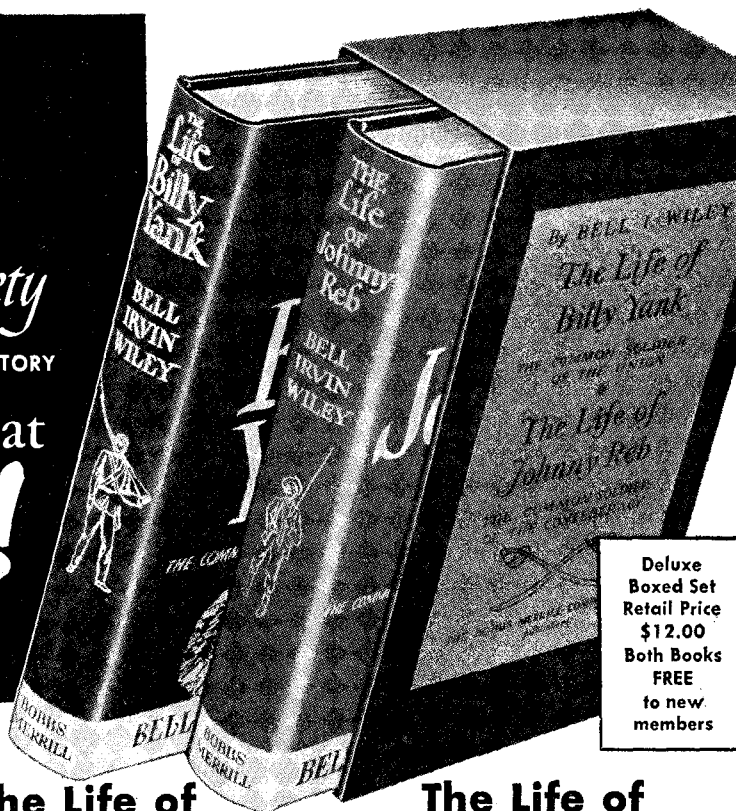
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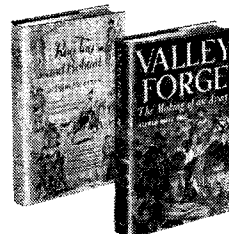
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P. S. Also in this issue of Holiday you'll find other outstanding articles and features by such writers as Richard Llewellyn, Debs Myers, David Scherman, Irving Stone and Phil Stong, along with regular contributors such as Clifton Fadiman and Al Hine.

Plainly, the President was in no hurry to conciliate the military politicians who have resented from the beginning the first lady's influence on the regime and who were credited a year ago with having defeated her ambitions to be elected to the vice-presidency. Neither was he inclined to make any patronage concessions to the sizable factions of Peronist party leaders who have been griping increasingly for years about the large number of top government posts which have gone to Evita's chosen political friends and henchmen. If any revisions of the power structure in Argentine politics in these respects are eventually to be attempted, they apparently will have to wait until Perón has built up his hold on labor and the *descamisados*.

Grief as a political weapon

Meanwhile, the process of sanctifying Evita has been pursued with garish energy and notable adroitness. During the first few days after her death, the people of Buenos Aires abandoned themselves to a mourning orgy rivaling any previous records in modern civilization.

The capital, with its population of 3,000,000, became a city of closed grocery shops. Restaurants and hotels suspended service, and hundreds of thousands went hungry. When Evita's body was brought to lie in state in the new Ministry of Labor building, millions fought for places in the queues, several thousand were hurt, and some died of their injuries and emotional strains.

The vast grief scene was carefully stage-managed for political purposes. At the height of the disturbances, Perón himself announced that the body would lie in state for two months or longer, if this were necessary to provide every Argentine from the remotest provinces with an opportunity to pay respects to it.

Various versions of Evita's last words were released by the government press and underlined the regime's concern for the underprivileged. She was represented as pleading with Perón in her last agonies to be true to his political creed of "justicialism" and never to abandon "my poor." The feeling of her having sacrificed her life in the people's service was fostered by reports of the outcry that she was



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"so small to suffer so." She was quoted as repeating in half-delirium a favorite bit of imagery from her speeches — that Perón was "the sun" of Argentine life from whom all social benefits and human generosities flowed.

Political objectives played an even more direct part in the formal funeral arrangements. Choice of the Labor Ministry building for Evita's lying-in-state emphasized the ties of the regime with labor. During the second week in August her body was placed in a crypt, appropriately consecrated by the church authorities, in the CGT headquarters in Buenos Aires.

There it will lie until a permanent shrine is completed, tentatively planned as the most grandiose memorial to a political celebrity since the unfinished Palace of the Soviets to Lenin. But even here no burial in the literal sense is contemplated. Perón has summoned a crew of German embalming technicians to Argentina, who have contracted to process the late first lady's remains for public display to future generations, in a state, as the heavy professional phrase goes, of "absolute corporeal permanence."

Saint Eva?

Secular sanctification could hardly go further. But at least one potent Argentine labor organization did not consider it enough. Just before the temporary burial the Food Workers' Union cabled the Vatican requesting that Evita be considered as a candidate for religious canonization.

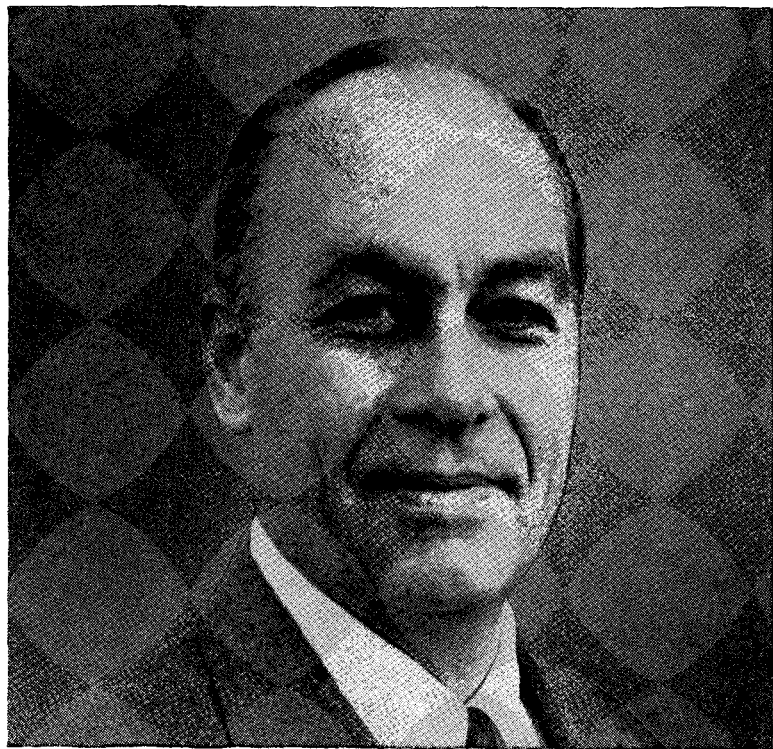
The outlook is hardly favorable. There is just now considerable strain between the Perón regime and the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Argentina. Part of this is due to the President's friendliness toward bills in Congress for legalizing prostitution and divorce, and to alleged dabblings of the Perón social circle in spiritualism. There has been feeling over the way in which the Eva Perón Foundation's activities have overshadowed the old-line Catholic charities. Powerful churchmen in Argentina and elsewhere have not forgotten that at a Eucharistic Congress in Rosario in 1951, Evita showed up late and made a speech fulsomely praising Perón's virtues and policies but shockingly scant on references to God and religion.

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In October Reader's Digest, you'll be interested in *Cobalt 60*—how an offshoot of A-bomb research is being used to fight cancer; *Watch Out for the Weather*—how its changes affect your physical and mental behavior; 29-page book condensation: *Windows for the Crown Prince*—an American woman's precedent-shattering experience as tutor to Japan's future Emperor.

The Vatican, accordingly, replied politely to the Food Workers that while it was impressed with the dead first lady's "civic virtues," it did not at first sight recognize "any of the evidences of heroism required by the church in such matters."

Breathing spell for Perón

To Perón, the net result of the funeral extravaganzas, contrived and otherwise, is that he must live the rest of his political life in the grip of a legend. For the immediate future, it can be an extremely useful legend. Tightening up of Perón's control of labor and the underprivileged, together with the saga of Evita's sacrificial heroism for her "poor," should help the President for the time being to weather the storms of economic discontent in the republic.

The miseries of short supply of wheat and meat among a people traditionally well fed, and of inflated prices for the necessities of living, can be better endured if the mourning spirit is kept alive until fair harvests are assured in December and January. At present, with 28 per cent larger

wheat plantings than in 1951 and with satisfactory early spring rains over the pampas instead of the devastating drought of the past three years, crop prospects are favorable.

The legend at the same time gives Perón a breathing spell to fend off pressures for political changes in the government, in the Perónist party, and in the labor movement. As an act of devotion to her sacred memory, he can retain Evita's henchmen — said to occupy close to half the cabinet posts and the top bureaucratic positions, as well as the memberships on the CGT board. If, as the opposition charges, the Eva Perón Foundation has been a major source of graft for government bigwigs and Perónist party leaders, the President now has control of that strategic purse-string.

Less directly, Eva's death can even assist Perón in recultivating army and navy support. Any moves of this sort will be facilitated by developments of the past year. Following the abortive military putsch against the regime of September 28, 1951, the

armed services were pretty well purged of violent Evita-haters. The present top echelons, then, can be fairly well counted on to give the legend fervent lip service. No less important, intelligence reports of the 1951 putsch have indicated strongly that a main reason for its failure was the refusal of the noncommissioned officers, largely drawn from families of Perón's labor supporters, to go along with the brass in garrison revolts. The same types of non-commissioned officers are still on the job. Perón's chances of winning the support of the armed services from bottom to top are better than at any other time during his presidency.

Eva's anti-Americanism

On the world and the inter-American scene, Argentine foreign policy as conducted under the Perón regime is virtually an Evita legacy. Indications are that its aggressive combination of agitation against the United States and against the British, power politicking and labor rabble-rousing in Latin America, and insistence upon a "third position" between capitalism and Communism in the world struggle, will be carried on as an essential part of the legend.

Evita, of course, did not originate all these programs and objectives. At most she may have been responsible for efforts in a conference in Paraguay last winter to form an entirely Latin American labor federation, the Latin American Committee for Syndical Unity, under Argentine CGT auspices. But she gave both the "third position" device and Perón's maneuvers to form an Argentine-dominated bloc of South American nations enough of her blessing for them to be associated with her memory.

Evita's motives in foreign policy appear, indeed, to have been rooted in an anti-United States bias violent even by Argentine standards. She acquired this, no doubt, the hard way — through the bad press which she received in this country during her rise from a radio bit actress to be the girl friend and then the wife of a president; and subsequently for the staginess of her conduct as first lady. As a result, her death has tended for the time being to deepen Argentine-American antagonisms. Perón by her sanctification is committed more than ever to anti-American power politics.

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Meanwhile, to widen the rift, the Perón-controlled press during Evita's final illness contributed a further gratuitous irritant. It launched a ferocious anti-American propaganda campaign by printing as fact the fantastic charge that publication of a 1951 book by the first lady, *La Razon de mi Vida* (*The Meaning of My Life*), had been prevented in the United States by direct orders from the State Department and the White House.

Perón is bound to run into trouble eventually when he comes to face the facts of life in internal administration and domestic economy. Sooner or later leaders of left and right factions in the labor movement are due to engage in a struggle for the places of Evita's men on the CGT board. Thousands of Perónist party stalwarts are already in the wings, getting ready to clamor for government payroll posts now held by Evita favorites and their followers.

If and when Perón yields to these pressures to the extent of attempting to clean out members of the Evita clique in either the CGT or the government, he is bound to be charged with being false to her sacred memory. His only recourse will be to make the charge first, with sufficient accusations of wrongdoing to make it stick.

If the President leans too openly on the army for support in his labor and political troubles, he is likely to weaken his influence with labor. On the other hand, if he submits too tamely to the CGT Evita faction, he may alienate the army as he did before.

Above these political hazards are the greater dangers inherent in Argentina's economic situation. Only with good crops, severe retrenchments, and a drastic check upon his inflationary wage and price control policies can Perón put his republic back on the road toward adequate domestic supply and solvency.

But to do this he must break with the Evita legend's advertisement of his regime as "the sun" of the people's plenty. The regime's life expectancy, then, may depend on how much political skill and daring Perón can develop to avoid becoming the permanent prisoner of the legend.

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Malaya

MALAYA is one of the keys to Southeast Asia. With a population composed of Chinese, Malays, Indians, and British, it has political and cultural ties with Formosa, Communist China, India, the United Kingdom, and Indonesia. Malaya and Singapore together play a decisive role in the economy of the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth. It is not surprising, therefore, that the Communist International is able to create so many problems for the free world with such a small investment of men and materials in the Malayan jungles.

The decision to start a terrorist movement in Malaya was taken at a Communist conference held in Calcutta late in 1947. Since that time a force rarely exceeding 5000 men and composed mainly of non-Malay Chinese has operated in the jungles of Malaya. Hundreds of rubber estate managers have been shot, thousands of workers driven from their jobs, and communications made extremely difficult and expensive. It is too dangerous to prospect for new sources of tin, and within a few years there will be a reduced output.

The British have been compelled to organize a suppression force of more than 100,000 men, part British, part native, and to spend at least 30 per cent of the budget in Malaya on what they call the Emergency. The loss of life and treasure is considerable. The strain on nerves and the undermining of hope for the future are more difficult to measure.

The Communists are certainly striking at a vulnerable spot. The economic stability of the United Kingdom, our most important ally, depends to a considerable extent upon the dollar-earning capacity of Singapore and the Federation of Malaya. This dollar-earning capacity, the largest in the Commonwealth, is affected by more factors than the cost of suppressing Communist terrorists. The structure of the Malayan rubber industry and the policy of the U.S. government towards synthetic rubber are important additional factors.

The British are capturing or killing more terrorists today than ever before, but they realize

better than anyone else how large a measure of success the Communists have achieved. If the Communists were to succeed in preventing a solution of the economic and political problems of Malaya, the reverberations in Southeast Asia would not be pleasant to contemplate.

It is possible that the long-range picture may not be quite so grim as the short-range. While Communist pressure has brought about a great deal of confusion and dislocation, it has also served to bring to a head certain problems which the Communists did not create but which were demanding solution. American stockpiling has intensified the commercial struggle between synthetic and natural rubber, but the economic structure of the Malayan rubber industry, like that of the British coal industry, was long overdue for complete overhaul.

When the British talk about the price of rubber in Malaya, they are thinking of a price which would make it possible for the small owners to survive. But the small plantations do not have the capital to grow new trees and take full advantage of modern methods. The commercial competition of synthetic rubber had already stirred the British to intensive scientific research in the development and the use of natural rubber as well as to extensive advertising in the United States.

An independent Malaya

On the political side the pressure of the Emergency has compelled Britain to face up to the question of the role of the Chinese population in an independent Malaya. An independent Malaya is an official objective of the British government. Sir Gerald Templer, British High Commissioner in Malaya, brought with him in February of this year a public directive of which the first sentence reads: "The policy of His Majesty's Government in Great Britain is that Malaya should in due course become a fully self-governing nation."

In the British view, according to the same directive, a united Malayan nation must be based upon a "common form of citizenship" for everyone who

regards the Federation as his real home and the object of his loyalty. In other words, the British have committed themselves to an independent Malaya based on interracial harmony.

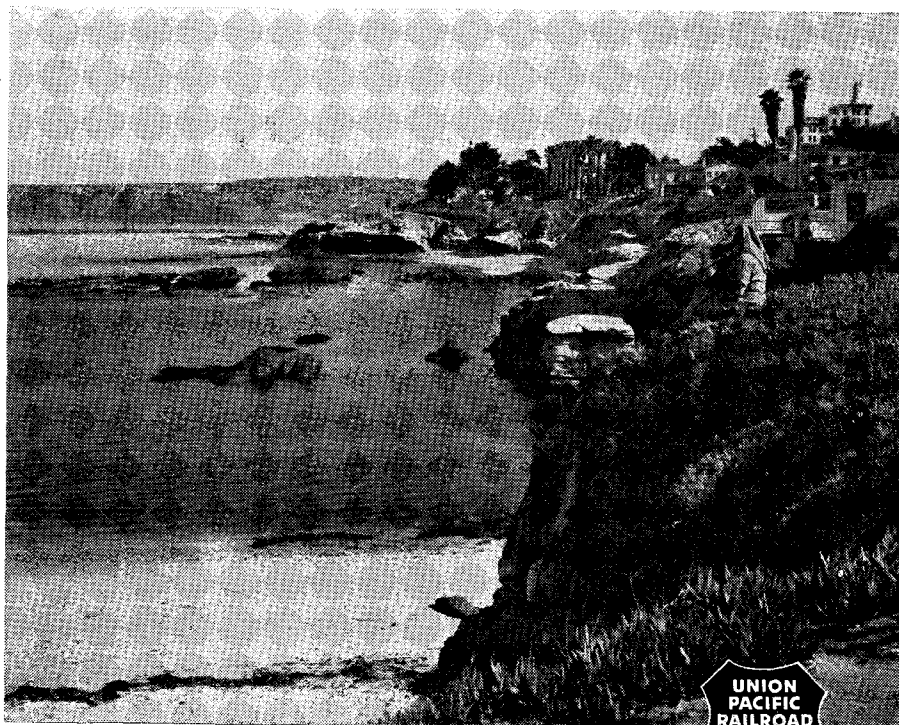
Malcolm MacDonald, Commissioner General for the United Kingdom in Southeast Asia, draws a picture of a future Malaya that is fully in keeping with the Templer directive. He has announced that self-government is an unalterable aim of British policy in Malaya, a policy that is above and beyond all British parties. He sees Malaya developing as a kind of Asiatic Switzerland in which all peoples living there, including the British, can live in partnership. While an independent Malaya would be free to leave the Commonwealth, it would also be free to stay. He naturally hopes that Malaya, like India and Pakistan, would choose to stay.

Resettling the Chinese squatters

The Communists are forcing the pace in Malayan political development because the terrorists cannot be suppressed without the assistance of the Chinese community. The planners of Communist strategy had counted upon exploiting to the full the half million or more Chinese squatters who were scattered all over the jungles of Malaya. It was planned to use them as a source of food, shelter, and manpower.

The British, as part of the plan to suppress terrorism devised by Lieutenant-General Sir Harold Briggs when he was Director of Operations, tried to move all these squatters into protected resettlement camps. These camps are now called New Villages. By the beginning of April, 1952, some 423,000 men, women, and children had been settled in 410 New Villages, leaving another 77,000 persons to be brought under administrative control.

According to the White Paper published by the Federal Legislative Council, the total number of persons involved in this stupendous two-year operation amounts to 9.2 per cent of the total population. "It is not an exaggeration to describe the achievements of 1950 and 1951 in this field as constituting a major change in the appearance of the countryside and a new outlook on life for one in every ten persons in



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the Federation.” By the end of 1951 the regrouping and resettlement had cost 41,000,000 Straits dollars. This vast undertaking has not solved the terrorist problem but it has removed the chief source of terrorist support and gained much needed time.

A stake in the land

What began as a security measure may very well boomerang if the half-million Chinese squatters do not find a satisfactory livelihood in their New Villages. This is an institutional challenge and both MacDonald and Templer recognize it as such. By making some form of local government organization the key to their approach on the social and political front, they have made some progress. The New Villagers have been granted long-term land titles, a move calculated to increase food production and provide stable occupations for the Chinese farmers. While some government assistance is being also given to increase the number of schools and to improve health facilities, the most ambitious and daring objective is to have the villages protect themselves by enlisting and training Home Guards. Success in this would defeat the Communists on their own ground.

The process of developing the political consciousness of the Chinese population and of giving it a stake in the land and administration has great dangers. The British are well aware that the task of winning the coöperation of the Chinese has to be accomplished without antagonizing the Malay population. Failure on this front might mean genocide. If the arming of the people gets ahead of village organization and anti-Communist orientation, the arms will go to the enemy.

Most British and Malay leaders feel that they have gone a long way towards meeting the Chinese problem — certainly far enough to establish their *bona fides* — by moving the squatters into protected villages, starting local self-government, and granting titles to land (a privilege never before enjoyed by the Chinese in Malaya), and by making it easier for Chinese to secure Malayan citizenship. For those Chinese who join the Federation police forces, citizenship comes automatically after three years' service.

A parallel development in Singapore has been the decision to accept the Chinese language as the equivalent of English for those who wish to become naturalized British subjects.

Most Chinese would like to see the process of naturalization speeded up. But the British feel that the Malay population must be given time to improve its relative economic position, now much weaker than the Chinese, before British protection is removed. They claim that the Rural Industrial Development Authority is seeking to raise Malay economic standards through its coöperative marketing schemes and other approaches. There are few, however, who think the Malays can catch up with the dominating economic position of the Chinese.

The British presumably do not wish to be hurried into strengthening the political position of the Chinese any faster than events demand. They are watching very closely, therefore, the political alliance that has developed between Dato Onn, leader of the Independence of Malaya Party, and Tan Cheng-Lock, President of the Malayan Chinese Association, because both are in favor of an independent Malaya. They prefer the more coöperative type of leadership represented by Tan Chen-Chuan, Managing Director of the Overseas Chinese Bank, Vice President of the Legislative Council and member of the Executive Council, but it is not likely to produce the Chinese mass coöperation that the situation demands.

Chinese civil service

To give the Chinese a stake in the land may be easier than to give them a real share in administration. In this connection one of the biggest problems is the Malay civil service, in which there are no Indians or Chinese. The Malay civil service officials, like the police force, do not speak Chinese, and only one third of the Chinese population speaks Malay. The British are therefore organizing a separate and parallel civil service and police force among the Chinese population.

It would be preferable to have the Chinese come right into the regular civil service, but such a proposition would not at the present time be accepted by the legislature. The

British hope is that in the future the two services may be amalgamated. Their attitude is: We have to take a chance on the Chinese—let's hope that it works. So far the impact of the Emergency has been to bring Malays and Chinese together and to strengthen the federal as against the local governments.

Will we help to defend?

It is difficult for the outsider to visualize the enormous revolution in British policy that all this represents. The public commitment to an independent Malaya is a binding obligation in the world today. The attempt to bring Malays and Chinese together contrasts with the former policy of keeping them apart. The effort to arouse the political consciousness of both Malays and Chinese runs counter to old policies, attitudes, and institutions.

The new approach is better understood among top British administrators than it is lower in the ranks and among some of the rubber planters. Interservice jealousies get in the way. The very fact that independence is an object of policy creates problems of morale among the British civil servants who are charged with carrying it out, thus hastening the end of their own jobs. The secret of success lies in the establishment of confidence and hope in the future, a problem that Malaya alone cannot solve.

It is no accident, therefore, that Malaya is much more interested in American policy than most Americans would suppose. It is not only a matter of the price of rubber, as conversation in Kuala Lumpur or Singapore would seem to suggest, but also a question of American intention toward this part of the world. Can we and will we help to defend it in case of attack?

Both Chinese and Malays remember the Japanese conquest and do not feel certain that the British can hold this part of the world by themselves. So long as there is a chance that the Communists may be taking over, neither Chinese nor Malays want to be on the black list and many will continue to pay blood money to the terrorists. The battle of ideas, we may do well to remind ourselves, always takes place within the framework of military realities and political prestige.

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Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

Interviewing Stalin

SIR:

My attention has been called to an article by Elmer Davis in the August issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* which states:—

“It has been reported — and, so far as I know, not denied — that Kingsbury Smith had been tipped off that Stalin would answer those questions, and presumably no others.”

That statement is absolutely untrue. I was never tipped off by anyone that Stalin would answer those questions or any other questions I might have submitted to him. Furthermore, my denial of the allegation that I had been tipped off to ask those or any other questions was broadcast in February, 1949, by Drew Pearson on a nation-wide hookup.

In view of the extremely damaging effect which Mr. Davis's statement may have on my reputation as a newspaperman, I respectfully request that the next issue of the *Atlantic Monthly* publish in a suitable manner my denial.

If Mr. Davis had taken the trouble to practice what he professes to preach concerning “objectivity,” he could have quickly ascertained the facts by checking the matter with me.

J. KINGSBURY SMITH
*International News Service
Paris, France*

SIR:

It is evident that I owe Mr. Kingsbury Smith an apology, which is hereby tendered. The news index which I consulted mentioned the allegation but not the denial; and I did not happen to hear Mr. Pearson's broadcast in which the denial was

reported. However, I have been in this business long enough to know that the denial seldom catches up with the allegation; so I should have checked with Mr. Smith personally, as he suggests.

ELMER DAVIS
*American Broadcasting Company
Washington, D.C.*

“Cities Versus Suburbs”

SIR:

I was much impressed by William Zeckendorf's article, “Cities Versus Suburbs,” in the July *Atlantic*.

At first thought, many may be inclined to view his suggestions as altogether too impractical, too utopian for serious consideration; but I believe one can sensibly conclude that nothing can prevent the realization of Mr. Zeckendorf's ideas but a scarcity of men like himself.

When we have a sufficient number of people thinking as he does — constructively, creatively — the contention that it is impossible for government and business to work as a team may prove to be more myth than reality.

JOSEPH GANCHER
Albany, N.Y.

SIR:

Mr. Zeckendorf's article shows how far wrong some businessmen can be, even in their chosen fields, when they start to ride a hobby.

He speaks of New York “reaching out and grabbing” the UN home. New York did nothing of the kind. If Rockefeller had offered the UN a home in Bayonne or Jersey City, it would have been accepted just as eagerly as the site in New York.

He refers to Boston as a city of “spinning mills, weaving, and water power.” Boston never was a manufacturing city. Up and down the rivers of New England lie the mills and factories and water power, not in Boston. Boston has always been the transportation center that drew the products of those mills together, and from there dispersed them all over the globe. The established form of building up a community here in New England is to build a mill or industry. Then workers begin to flock in and to build. The question of “snobs” and “Johnny-come-latelies” never enters the picture. Many of our Boston suburbs were started as manufacturing communities.

New York has never changed *consciously*. All real-estate business is founded on profits and nothing else. If promoters think an office building will make more profits than anything else, up goes an office building. If they think there's more money in a shopping center, up goes a shopping center. If it is thought there will be more money in an apartment house, up goes the apartment house. Certain centers of certain sorts just group themselves together.

Discussing a city's right to zone, Mr. Zeckendorf pictures it as saying: “Let's build a certain type here, a certain type here,” and seems to forget that people don't all build at once, and if a man owns a piece of property, he feels that within certain limits he ought to be allowed to put on it the kind of building he wants.

As for “co-operation from commuters,” hasn't he ever heard commuters talk about the cities that they earn their living in? Nothing is too

derogatory — "A cheap, dirty place"; "I wouldn't live in it if they gave it to me." It's little a commuter cares about the city he earns his living in. All he looks at is the quickest way in and the quickest way out.

JOHN F. MACCANE
Boston, Mass.

I Personally --

SIR:

I find it very difficult to follow the logic of Eugene Holman's thesis, in his article "Our Inexhaustible Resources" (June *Atlantic*), that we are probably still "quite near the beginning of the whole series of store-houses."

For a man in his business, the concept of limitless raw material is perhaps a necessary one, but the same examples that Mr. Holman uses to carry his argument are just as easily applicable on the other side. For instance the claim that "for every barrel of crude oil or cubic foot of natural gas withdrawn from the ground in 1951, two new barrels of oil or cubic feet of gas were found or developed," leads one to suspect that we are using up these natural resources faster than ever before, rather than increasing our supply.

A material whole is never equal to more than the sum of its parts. There are just so many kinds and amounts of material available for the processing of necessities and luxuries by man for himself. Man is increasing in numbers toward a point where he may starve himself from the face of the earth. Now is the time to investigate the ways and means of conserving our natural resources, if *Homo sapiens* is to continue to exist as a species. It may mean the changing of our alleged high standard of living by reducing the number of material things "necessary" to our existence in favor of carrying on toward the attainment of "the greatest good for the greatest number."

Shortsighted programs with a single aim, such as the conservation of a single resource by a single interest, defeat their own purpose by neglecting the basic relationship — the interdependence of all resources.

DONALD J. ZENN
Assistant Professor of Zoology
University of Rhode Island
Kingston, R.I.

SIR:

Surely James Reynolds is not an Irishman! The lingual and geographi-

All Right...Let's TEST CATHOLIC LOYALTY!

The majority of non-Catholics do not question the patriotism of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

They have seen too many Catholic sons die beside their own on countless battlefields. They have stood too often with Catholics in defense of common ideals and a common heritage.

Yet the ugly voice of bigotry is heard again — warning that Catholics "owe allegiance to a foreign potentate"... that "Popery" is a "menace to democracy"... even that Catholicism is as "totalitarian as Communism."

Informed non-Catholics will scorn these unworthy accusations. But in the interest of truth and goodwill among people of all faiths, this miserable skeleton of intolerance should be exposed for the benefit of the many who otherwise may become unwitting victims of false and misleading books, tracts and other anti-Catholic propaganda.

One critic in the United States suggests that the Catholic Church is "undemocratic" because it opposes such things as birth control, divorce and questionable reading matter. By this unreasonable standard, a religious denomination which opposes alcoholic drink could also be called "undemocratic" because it holds principles contrary to the law of the land. Catholics, certainly, make no such criticism.

Catholics are called "undemocratic" because they have their own schools. By the same reasoning, all other denominations with church-sponsored schools and colleges could be likewise condemned, despite the fact that religious schools preceded tax-supported schools in the United States and Canada, and that most of our private colleges and universities were founded by religious bodies.



The Catholic Church is called an "alien" religion because the Vatican is located in Italy.

All of the major religious faiths of the United States and Canada had their origin in foreign lands. And the fact is that the religions professed by these bodies are at this very time the state religions in certain other lands. But does anyone call them "undemocratic?"

For nearly 2,000 years, the Catholic Church has existed under any and all forms of government. Its people comply with the political system of the land they live in... refusing to comply only if a political state should command them to violate God's law. An example is the Catholic resistance to Communism wherever it appears — because Catholicism and Communism are incompatible.



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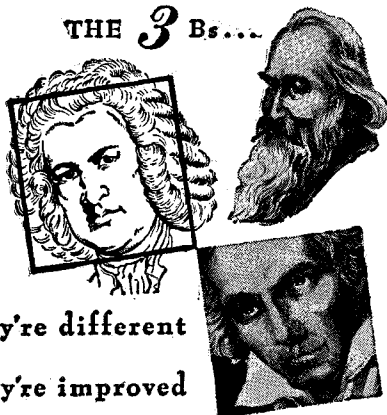
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cal inaccuracies in his "Galway Great Week" (July *Atlantic*) would indicate a quick passing through and a later recollecting, too long postponed.

We do not pronounce "of" "ave" in Ireland. Whether you mean it to be the *a-v-e* of "have," of "save," or of "Ave Maria!" it is wrong. It may occur in the records of John McCormack or in the conversations of old sentimentalists in Irish settlements in America, but it does not occur in everyday speech in Ireland.

Nor does Mr. Reynolds's "fer" for "for." This *e-r*, presumably as in "her," is a mannerism of Yorkshire speech. In Irish speech there are two general pronunciations for "for" besides the correct one. With a vowel we use "fr," combining the two, as in "fra guinea"; before a consonant, "fuh," as in "fuh ten bob." Let Mr. Reynolds go back and listen.

Let him also go look for the Renvyle of County Mayo, and good luck to him! Neither Renvyle nor Joyce's Country is in County Mayo; both are in County Galway. Nor is Renvyle in Joyce's Country. Renvyle is south of Killary Harbor and west of Leenane. Joyce's Country extends eastward from Leenane to Loughs Corrib and Mask.

Renvyle House was once operated by Mrs. Gogarty, Sr., not by her son, a Dublin barrister, but is run by the Gogartys no more, having been sold for over a year.

The capital of the county has never been called Galway *Old City* or Galway *Old Town* in my hearing. Galway City or Town without the *Old*, yes. The other is an affectation. We do not remind ourselves of our antiquities in Ireland.

One thing more: a Protestant's promise would be the one that a crafty Irish Catholic would be most likely to trust.

PAUL SMITH O'BRIEN
New York City

SIR:

Charles Rolo's mention, in his review of *Postmarked Moscow* ("Reader's Choice," August *Atlantic*), of "the parvenu determined to be genteel" calls to mind a revealing com-

ment made in Tokyo some five years ago by a Soviet Army major. Said the major, resplendent in his gold shoulder boards, to a White Russian woman who, having gone through the war in Japan, had expressed a desire to meet him: "I'm only a poor Russian peasant, but I try to read Pushkin and keep my feet off the table."

I have often thought since that this inner sense of social insecurity, which is so manifest in a remark of this sort, may well account for some of the Russian aggressiveness and braggadocio; for insecurity notoriously manifests itself by aggressive behavior.

The Russians' painful sense of social inferiority vis-à-vis the West in a way reminds us of our own feelings toward Europe a few generations ago. *Innocents Abroad* was simply a massive effort to conceal an inner sense of cultural inferiority under a veneer of patronizing humor and contempt.

YALE MAXON
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

I have nothing but superlatives for N. J. Berrill's article, "The Emperor Penguins" (July *Atlantic*), with (and there always is) one exception.

I, being a layman, found myself constantly forced to refer to my atlas to locate the lesser known points that are mentioned in this article — Beardmore Glacier, the Scotian Arc, Humboldt's Current, and Cape Crozier. After careful examination of many maps, I was still unable to find some of these points, the location of which is very pertinent to understanding the article. Add to this the difficulty involved in tracing the routes of the "discovery" both to and in the Ross Sea, Wilson's five-week trek into the Antarctic interior, and the routes the penguins take during their annual migration, and you have a confusing picture which could easily have been averted if a map with all germane points had been included in the article.

ALBERT PODELL
Brooklyn, N.Y.

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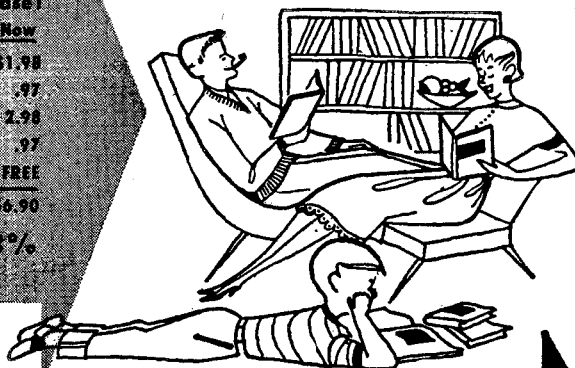
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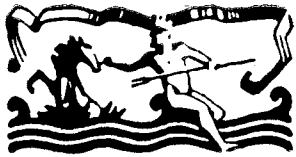
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883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893
895	896	899	901	903	904	907	909	910	911	913
915	921	925	926	928	929	930	932	933	934	935
936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946
947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957
958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968
969	972	973	974	975	976	977	978			



The 1952 Atlantic

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Arturo Toscanini first conducted Beethoven's Ninth Symphony in Milan half a century ago, and of course he has played it many times since, but not until his eighty-sixth year did he consent to record it; the recording was extended over two days and consumed in all nine hours. What that exacting performance meant to the conductor, the soloists, the musicians, and the technicians has been eloquently described by JOHN M. CONLY, our Music Critic, who was one of the eight listeners privileged to sit through the electrifying ordeal in the vast, sonorous space of Carnegie Hall

TOSCANINI RECORDS THE NINTH

by JOHN M. CONLY

ON March 31, 1952, something happened for which music lovers around the world had been waiting, none too patiently, for a quarter century. Arturo Toscanini, eighty-five years and six days old, walked into Carnegie Hall to put on RCA Victor records his incandescent interpretation of Beethoven's Ninth Symphony.

Patently he had rededicated himself all anew to the score, after fifty years' acquaintance with it. Each note sounded as if it might have been written the day before. As he played, there grew in the minds of his listeners the inescapable conviction that they never really had heard the symphony until now. Quite possibly they hadn't; quite possibly nobody had.

Ludwig van Beethoven started work on the Ninth in 1817, his forty-seventh year. His deafness was approaching totality. He lived in utter, self-imposed loneliness and in untended squalor. His music was earning ever decreasing understanding and popularity. To undertake six years of labor on the most ambitious work he ever had planned, he had no possible motive but one. This was enough: it was the unshakable conviction (correct, of course) that the world of the future would take his music to its heart.

This conviction has mystified some of his biographers, but needlessly. Beethoven well knew his

own achievements. Beginning in 1805, with the *Eroica* symphony, he had released into the world what almost amounted to a new language. Wordless but potent, infinitely flexible, it reached directly to the core of noble drama deep in every human mind. For fifty minutes, the listener to the *Eroica* symphony *is* the hero in surging combat, *is* the mourning public, *is* the sane rebuilder in a civilization set free. Beethoven in his own time had seen the idiom take root. In later days it would dominate all Western instrumental music, from the Brahms First to the film score for *Walk East on Beacon*.

Unappreciated, Beethoven was cut off from his own time. But he knew the idiom as the future would understand it. He went to work for the future, showing in the process how terribly he had needed the language he launched; he had such a great deal to say. There was only one thing he had not foreseen.

For at least half the century and a quarter after his death, Western civilization was to be dominated by a philosophy which valued tangibility and desirability to the exclusion of all other qualities. Music's function was to amuse, to titillate, and nothing more. Music with pretensions beyond this was regarded with actual hostility, particularly in the English-speaking portions of the world. This is not to say that such music was not performed.

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It was, but largely by and for a sort of oppressed minority of aesthetes. Many of these, it must be suspected, were vessels too frail to contain the enormous emotions of the Ninth Symphony. For here the deaf and tortured Beethoven had dug to the most painful deeps of his own soul, past the terror of death and the shadow of meaninglessness, to deal as best he could with the biggest question he knew — what it means to be a human being, what it takes to be a good one.

To perform his essential part in this great communication, Toscanini arrived a little before two o'clock, Monday, March 31, at the stage entrance to Carnegie Hall. He was accompanied by his son and manager, Walter Toscanini, and driven in a black custom Cadillac (New York license 10-T-1) by Luigi Gaddoni, chauffeur and general factotum to the Toscanini household. It was a fine, crisp spring afternoon.

The other 191 parties to the venture had preceded him. At ten in the morning, in an RCA panel truck, came Henry Richel, a genial ex-Viennese, and Ray Hall, a powerful, soft-spoken young Negro, escorting the specially designed tape recorders which they were to operate for the session's nine tense hours. Next to appear was Lewis Layton, a Victor recording technician for twenty-six years, to install the mixing amplifier and the microphones which would feed it music. The heavy equipment had to be lugged up a narrow flight of stairs to the monitor room, a cubicle above and to the left of the stage. For utmost clarity, which Toscanini demands, two very sensitive microphones, of an all-directional variety, were mounted over the stage itself. To supply balance and perspective, these were supported by three velocity, or ribbon-type, microphones hung in wedge formation back in the empty hall. When all the equipment was in order, Albert Pulley, RCA Victor's chief recording engineer, joined his crew and double-checked everything. Pulley is a quiet, gray-haired man whose twenty-five years with Victor (fourteen in his present job) have given him an imperturbability which verges on the supernatural, and which he frequently needs.

Next to show up, after lunchtime, were Richard Mohr, RCA Victor's Red Seal (classical) artist-and-repertory manager, and his assistant, Jack Pfeiffer. Both are urbane, scholarly young men whom Mohr describes as frustrated musicians. Normally only one of them attends a session, but the Ninth was something special. Both wore horn-rimmed spectacles and bore scores, which they laid on the table beside Layton's amplifier with its VU (volume unit) meter and the monitor loud-speaker through which they would follow the performance. Toscanini is fanatically insistent that every instrument be heard in its part; if any passage is in doubt, it is best that he be warned at once — otherwise his irreversible veto may come down on the whole recording later.

The musicians, when they arrived, were gayer than the technical staff, partly because they had been through all this two days earlier, when Toscanini had broadcast the Ninth over the NBC network. They might have been less gay had they known he had gone home thereafter fuming with dissatisfaction and had refused even to listen to the tapes of the broadcast, but they didn't. The hundred men of the NBC Symphony Orchestra, reinforced by two extra horns and extra stands of strings in each section, tossed their coats into the front row seats and tuned up. The eighty singers of the RCA Victor Chorale listened to last-minute directions from their leader, young Robert Shaw, who always manages to look like a very large, worried, very bright child. The four vocal soloists, who were to join the chorus in the finale, based on Schiller's *Hymn to Joy*, came in last, looking fit but apprehensive. They were Eileen Farrell, soprano, Nan Merriman, contralto, Jan Peerce, tenor, and Norman Scott, bass. No singer is ever confident about the Ninth. Beethoven had long been deaf when he wrote it, and apparently had forgotten the limitations of the human voice. At best it is a twenty-minute ordeal. With Toscanini on the podium, it can be a full hour of absolute torture. Only the veteran Peerce had the nerve to wisecrack: "Who's afraid of *him*?" looking over his shoulder in mock panic.

Toscanini mounted the steps (five) into the hall and the stairs (thirteen) to his dressing room. He is extremely myopic; to judge from the way he looks at his watch, his clear vision must extend all of three inches beyond his nose. However, he detests wearing glasses and he is gifted with a fantastic memory. He has memorized every set of stairs he uses — as well as every score he has conducted, and a few he hasn't — and he doesn't like to be helped. He walks alone. This, together with the fact that he has a bad knee, the result of an accident two years ago, adds a unique dramatic quality to his presence anywhere. Each time he walks down a stairs (he also avoids handrails) the suspense is almost intolerable.

"Orchestra ready," came Dick Mohr's very businesslike voice from the loud-speaker on the stage wall, "Maestro coming down."

2

TOSCANINI is barely over five feet tall, though his head is large and leonine; and he looks even smaller in his working clothes, which consist of a black alpaca jacket, buttoned to the neck, gray striped trousers, and black, elastic-sided Italian shoes. Just the same, and any of the eight onlookers in Carnegie that day can attest this, the whole huge, dim auditorium seemed to tingle with almost physical tension when he walked on the stage. Nor did the feeling abate when the music began. Tosca-

nini first conducted the Ninth in Milan almost exactly fifty years earlier, and he had played it many times since. Once, when he was a mere eighty-one, he had said, "I think that is the best I can do." Now, from the first baton stroke onward, he was proving beyond doubt that he could do better.

As Toscanini recording sessions go, both Pulley and Mohr contend, this was not a tough one, considering the difficulty and importance of the music. Nevertheless, when it was done, more than three hours of music had been put on tape. The symphony itself, at Toscanini's tempi, lasts about an hour and five minutes. Thus, on the average, he had recorded each portion three times. The entire job took nine hours. It had been scheduled for seven, in two sessions, but Toscanini ran over and required a two-hour session Tuesday night.

He began with the last movement, so that the chorus, recruited to double strength for the broadcast and the recording, might be done with and disband. Once, running through the orchestral introduction, he displayed an interesting device. Toscanini is not, as Beethoven was not, a man of words. In a pregnant passage, wherein the low-voiced strings invoke the theme of the final hymn to joy, he could not get the proper accent from the bass fiddles. He did not attempt to explain what he wanted. He had the cellos play their part alone, while he, in a series of stentorian grunts, illustrated what he wanted from the basses. The next playing, they gave it to him. The following morning he performed the same service for the finale of the first movement. In that instance, the whole string section soloed in a fateful, swelling undercurrent while Arturo Toscanini impersonated the brasses and tympani, shouting and stamping out the notes with a volume almost alarming from a man so small and so old. The hall echoed nobly.

There was seldom any doubt about who, on the stage, was working the hardest. The recording was made in "takes," each seven to eight minutes long, partly to fit 45 rpm record sides. Often a take would be played back. The orchestra would rest, but Toscanini would conduct all over again, measuring his intent against what came out of the loud-speaker. He was patient. Occasionally he asked the men to "play musically, musically, not stupidly." But there were no tantrums — not even when the triangle player came in a bar too soon, nor when Jan Peerce unaccountably blew his lines. He spared no one, however. Just before the final choral variation, there is a long, sublime, but terribly taxing round for vocal quartet. He put the soloists through it eight times running. In the last two attempts, Miss Farrell's voice simply died. Toscanini finally let them go, and the chorus cheered them as they left.

In the half-hour breaks, Toscanini trudged up to his dressing room, took off his steaming jacket, and donned a terry-cloth robe. He drank a little

fruit juice or chewed Italian licorice drops. At the very last break, at ten-thirty Tuesday night, he didn't even bother to go up. He stood on the podium, passing out licorice drops and reminiscences to his fiddlers, who crowded fondly around. Walter Toscanini looked down at the stage through the control-room window and said softly, "Where do you get all that energy, old fellow?" Everyone upstairs was on the verge of exhaustion. It was at that juncture that Toscanini, having made the fourth, first, second, and third movements in triplicate, decided to make the finale of the first movement once more, just to be on the safe side. Then he repeated the first two takes of the fourth.

Finally he called it a day, cheerily bade his players good night, and mounted to his dressing room for a glass of champagne. When Gaddoni drove him away it was nearly midnight, and he felt fine.

3

WHAT makes this not less amazing is that, between September 28 and March 31, in addition to a full schedule of weekly broadcasts, Toscanini had played twenty recording dates. Among the works taped were five Beethoven symphonies, the First (which will be paired on LP with the Ninth, filling out the fourth record side), Second, Fourth, Sixth, and Seventh; the Brahms First, Second, and Fourth; Wagnerian selections including the *Liebestod* and *Lohengrin* preludes, and works by Donizetti, Weber, Prokofiev, Elgar (the *Enigma* Variations), Respighi, Franck, Cherubini, and Richard Strauss. Not all have the Maestro's approval for release, which is not easily come by. In the past, Toscanini was not, to put it mildly, well disposed toward records as a musical medium. That this is no longer the case can be credited in no small part to the unstinting, if unsung, efforts of Walter Toscanini.

Walter Toscanini is a middle-sized, graying man with a quick wit, who used to be good at soccer, book publishing, and bibliography. More recently he has become good at photography, artist management, and audio engineering. He is an unspecialized intellectual of a type too rarely found: he has not the slightest trepidation about tackling technical problems. With all this, he is also very much like a man who has been given, ready or not, the custody of the Holy Grail, and he bears his responsibility very well.

It occurred to him, some time ago, that the Maestro might release recordings more readily if he could hear them better; so he acquired a high-powered tuner-amplifier and a variety of handsomely cabined loud-speakers. However, the latter had been designed for ordinary living rooms, not for the baronial hall, at least fifty feet square and nearly as high, in the Toscanini home near Riverdale, New York. The Maestro likes to hear

his music as he hears it on the podium, not remote. Walter experimented tirelessly. At one time he had sixteen public-address speakers, mounted in four corner cabinets, going at once. At that point, fortunately, he became friends with David Sarser, a young violinist in the NBC Symphony who is also known to all high-fidelity enthusiasts as co-inventor of the Musician's Amplifier, the *ne plus ultra* of fine home-music equipment.

Sarser became almost a fixture at the Villa Paulina, the Toscanini house, and at once its other fixtures began to multiply as only high-fidelity equipment can. Now the corner of the Maestro's hall is graced by an Altec Lansing 820-A system, an awesome combination of two huge bass cones and a theater-type treble horn. In the Maestro's studio upstairs, the sanctum sanctorum of musical America, is a smaller, coaxial Altec speaker in a cabinet specially designed by William Shrader, Washington audio engineer, incorporating a spiral, bass-boosting exponential horn. In the basement, where Walter has converted a quasi-Byzantine billiard room into a sound laboratory, are a magnificent Ampex console tape recorder, several Sarser amplifiers, monitor speakers, and three precision turntables, with Audak and General Electric phono pickups.

Toscanini is very proud of his equipment and, without doubt, it has softened him on the whole subject of recording. When Jack Pfeiffer went to Riverdale with test tapes of the Ninth, a few days after the session, the Maestro kept him five hours listening, but readily gave an okay to two movements, pieced from various takes. Mohr went up later with the rest, and Toscanini was more than merely tolerant. Hearing the adagio movement, he wept briefly, at Beethoven's vision, and said: "It is so beautiful . . . like the Twenty-first Canto of Dante . . . where all is flowers and light, light, light!"

Of course, not all was flowers and light, even after that. Toscanini has learned to distrust recording procedure from beginning to end, and is never absolutely satisfied with his own judgment. For nearly a month, before the Maestro went vacationing to Italy, Walter labored in his electronic dungeon, playing tape after tape to satisfy his father's doubts. Walter ruefully claims to be a self-made masochist. He works always in the hope that any fault the Maestro finds will be blamed on him or his cherished equipment, not on the performance or the recording. When the Maestro came back, there were test disk-pressings and more hazards. He has a fine sense of pitch and a phenomenal sense of tempo. A test disk played at $33\frac{1}{3}$ revolutions per minute, instead of $33\frac{2}{3}$, will send him raging to the piano to prove that it is off key. Fortunately, Walter recently got a variable-speed turntable, able to compensate for such variations.

This Ninth, judged as a recording from the test pressings, is very good — certainly by far the best cutting of the work made yet. Like all Toscanini recordings, it features crystalline clarity; there is no attempt at mellowness. This is not the work of engineers; Toscanini actually makes the orchestra sound that way in the concert hall. It is wide in tonal range; according to Albert Pulley it encompasses from 30 to 13,000 cycles per second. Every instrument is heard, but in good perspective. The treatment is ideal for the Ninth, wherein the whole dramatic impact is contained in the structure and dynamics of the music. The last movement, employing the chorus, seems to be recorded at a slightly lower level than the others in the long-playing version, possibly to economize on groove room and allow it to fit on one record side. This is a minor matter, easily corrected by a twist of the volume control.

Why, after fifty years of playing the Ninth but refusing to record it, Toscanini elected to make it this year is anyone's guess. Dick Mohr says, "We asked him to," but he had been asked before. At any rate, he acquiesced. A month before the recording date, he dug out scores of the symphony and spent hours with them at the piano. He asked Walter to play recordings of it — not only transcriptions of his own performances, but interpretations by Bruno Walter, Stokowski, Weingartner, and Ormandy. He listened while, over his head, from the balcony at the sunny end of the hall, his forty-three canaries twittered in their cages.

There may be some bearing in what he said to a friend several years ago, as reported by Howard Taubman in his biography, *The Maestro* (Simon and Schuster, 1951): "The Ninth is difficult. Sometimes the chorus is not good. The soloists are seldom good. Sometimes the orchestra is not good. Sometimes I am no good. You know, I still don't understand the first movement." On Monday and Tuesday, March 31 and April 1, nearly everyone was good, but particularly the conductor. And at eleven o'clock Tuesday morning he put down his baton and told his orchestra: "I think we know now how the first movement goes."

How it goes, it would be idle to try to tell in words, except to liken it to a bombshell, or to quote sundry sample listeners, whose invariant reaction was: "That is the greatest piece of music ever written." It can be said, however, that at last the giant symphony really hangs together, from its first ominous note to its last massed cry for human brotherhood.

Toscanini would not like to have this called Toscanini's Beethoven Ninth. He considers such proprietorial terminology presumptuous, but he needn't worry. For some time hence, this is going to be called *the* Beethoven Ninth.

Turning Point

With this essay the Atlantic begins a series of biographical papers each of which will discuss that time of supreme crisis, that turning point, when a man's fortunes were made or lost. DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN, the leading historian of the South, knows more about George Washington than any other man alive. Ten years ago he began laying the foundation for his great biography, four volumes of which have already appeared, with a fifth announced for this autumn. Mr. Freeman, affectionately known as the Sage of Richmond, was for thirty-four years the editor of the Richmond News Leader, but at his busiest he never ceased to work at his monumental life of Robert E. Lee for which he was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1934. He knew the turning point in Lee's career, and he now singles out with fresh illumination the hardest decision General Washington ever made.

WASHINGTON'S HARDEST DECISION

by DOUGLAS SOUTHALL FREEMAN

I

THE time had come when the General felt that he could resign without disservice to his country. Sir Guy Carleton's last transport had left New York. Not a British soldier remained on the soil of the United States elsewhere than at the western posts from which it was assumed the garrisons soon would be withdrawn. The peace treaty contained explicit admission of American independence; the alliance with France was firm. Command of what remained of the Continental Army could be transferred safely to Henry Knox, former Chief of Artillery.

So, on the 23rd of December, 1783, Washington appeared before Congress at Annapolis, Maryland, and in ceremonies made tense by their complete simplicity, he read a brief address that concluded with these words: "Having finished the work assigned me, I retire from the great theatre of action; and bidding an affectionate farewell to this august body under whose orders I have so long acted, I here offer my commission, and take my leave of all the employments of public life." With that he drew the folded paper from his pocket, stepped forward, placed the document in the hands of President Thomas Mifflin; and as soon afterwards as courtesy allowed, he mounted his waiting horse and started for Mount Vernon.

He knew he was a national hero. Had not Congress voted him an equestrian statue? When later he asked for his commission as a souvenir, was there not talk of returning it to him in a gold casket? Men who had witnessed all the discouragements and defeats of war from 1775 to Yorktown in 1781 believed that his energy, his resolution, his leadership had carried the cause to victory, and they did not begrudge any honor or withhold applause of any apostrophe the most imaginative of their orators could fashion.

The General was honored not less for what he was than for what he had accomplished, because the people of the United States realized that in dealing with Congress, with jealous subordinates, and with some difficult men among the fine corps of officers France had sent to America, he had displayed a patience and a candor that had behind them unshakable integrity. Washington was alone on his pedestal of public acclamation. Survivors of his campaigns mentioned his name gratefully and then paused before they spoke of anyone else, even of Nathanael Greene, who had conducted a magnificent campaign with a small force on the other front.

This distinction in the public mind was the one the retiring Commander-in-Chief most desired and most cherished. The day before he said farewell to Congress, he told the authorities of Annapolis that he had the "greatest of earthly rewards: the approbation and affections of a free people"; and when he had been home a month he wrote that he was "made extremely happy by the gratitude of my countrymen." Others might seek the prize their ambition coveted; the good opinion of the country repaid him for eight years' neglect of his private affairs. He would not trade principles for popularity but he wanted to preserve his position at any honorable price. Although he never quite persuaded himself that it was possible to escape all criticism, he confessed later to Arthur Young: "I have studiously avoided, as much as was in my power, to give any cause for ill-natured or impertinent comments on my conduct."

The surest means to these ends obviously was to keep away from political contention. He would continue to love his country and to rejoice in its progress, but he had lived his day. "I shall view the busy world," he told one of his French com-

rades, "in the calm light of philosophy and with that serenity of mind which the soldier in his pursuit of glory, and the statesman of fame, have not time to enjoy." He went further: "I am not only retired from all public employments, but I am retiring within myself and shall tread the private walks of life with heartfelt satisfaction." To his beloved Lafayette, his son in the spirit, he wrote almost exuberantly: "Envious of none, I am determined to be pleased with all; and this, my dear friend, being the order of my march, I will move gently down the stream of life until I sleep with my fathers."

2

RETIREMENT did not bring leisure. His antebellum debts remained; bonds and mortgages due him had not been collected or had been paid, usually, in depreciated currency; he heard that lands on the Ohio which he had patented with every safeguard of law were being offered for sale in Philadelphia and even in Europe as the property of other men; inquiries of every sort came to him by post; guests, sometimes a dozen of them at a time, enjoyed his viands and drank his Madeira, while their servants gorged in his quarters and their horses munched his corn because he lived in a district that boasted no inn to care for visitors' attendants and mounts. Almost a year and a half elapsed before he had a single dinner alone with his wife. With Mount Vernon crowded week after week, Washington counted himself fortunate if he could devote himself to business during the morning and discharge his duties as host during the afternoon.

Public service gnawed many hours. Some estates of which he had been executor in 1775 still were unsettled; trusteeships continued; his interest in the development of the West made him a willing leader in a movement to improve the navigation of the upper Potomac, and when a company was organized to link this eastern river with the watershed of the Ohio, he became its president. Even if financial difficulty and busy occupation denied him the contemplative ease he had thought he would have, life at Mount Vernon was as close to the fulfillment of his dreams as a practical man could have expected. With himself the sole loser by possible mistakes of judgment, Washington did not have to display the public "care and caution" that had been the vigilant law of his anxious life in the Army. There could be on the plantation no Thomas Conway to scoff at his management, no Charles Lee to revile him, no Horatio Gates to hold suspiciously at arm's length. Decisions about crops and cattle did not incense Governors or arouse Delegates in Congress.

For a short time, Washington had optimism, curbed but confident, for the future of the Union. "Everything, my dear Trumbull," he wrote a former secretary, "will come right at last, as we

have often prophesied; my only fear is that we shall lose a little reputation first." He told Governor Benjamin Harrison, his long-time spokesman in Congress: "Like a young heir, come a little prematurely to a large inheritance, we shall wanton and run riot until we have brought our reputation to the brink of ruin, and then, like him, shall have to labor with the current of opinion, when *compelled* perhaps, to do what prudence and common policy pointed out, as plain as any problem in Euclid, in the first instance."

Before many months, the theorem was confused. The gradual economic recovery of some parts of the country was less apparent from the seclusion of Mount Vernon than was the political bewilderment of public men. Ugly rivalries developed among the States; Congress manifestly needed more powers than it had, but it would not exercise those it possessed; the considerable volume of specie left in America by French and British was hoarded or sent overseas for needed goods; a depreciated currency was a dragging ball and chain whenever a forward step was made; British commercial policy appeared inflexibly hostile.

Washington tried to view this philosophically in the private letters he wrote. Over and over he remarked that the people "must feel before they will see," but he found even his tightly woven patience raveling. "Illiberality, jealousy, and local policy mix too much," he warned, "in all our public councils, for the good government of the Union." In the dispute over the grant to Congress of powers to raise revenue and to regulate commerce, he did not pretend to be a nonpartisan, though he made no public statement. "If we are afraid to trust one another under qualified powers," he insisted, "there is an end of the Union." In another communication his argument was: "We are either a united people or we are not. If the former, let us, in all matters of general concern act as a nation. . . . If we are not, let us no longer act a farce by pretending to it."

This letter was written to the Virginia Congressman, James Madison, thirty-four years of age, for whose discerning accounts of public events Washington was grateful. Most of the General's older friends in public life were dead or feeble, preoccupied with their own affairs or concerned chiefly with the politics of their State. Exchange of views with the Adamses, with Franklin, and with Hancock never had been frequent. Patrick Henry, Richard Henry Lee, and even Philip Schuyler now wrote seldom. Most of those sending information to Mount Vernon or seeking his advice on political questions were men, such as Alexander Hamilton and Henry Knox, who had been too young to participate in the colonial juntas and too busy with arms during the war to share conspicuously in the organization of the State governments. Washington enjoyed and extended this correspondence. Of his 159

political letters written to Americans in four and a quarter years at home after the war, 76 were addressed to one or another of seven men, all of them in their twenties or thirties. Without the least intention of doing so, Washington speedily became the leader of a company of young men more interested in the Union than in the individual States.

Washington's own opinion of the States was being lowered by every delay on their part in voting to Congress the power to raise revenue with which to revive public credit. The danger that America would lose the reputation she had won in the war made him forget on occasion his resolution to give no cause for "ill-natured comments." "My opinion," he said almost angrily in May, 1786, "is that there is more wickedness than ignorance in the conduct of the States." He concluded unhappily: "The want of disposition to do justice is the source of the national embarrassments." It was not necessary to specify. Unwillingness to pay taxes, suspicion of government in general and particularly of Federal government, the selfish jealousy of rival States, and an alarming increase in every sort of vicious economic cheating that promised temporary gain — these were hampering the recovery of America and were too widespread for Washington to spend time in describing them to correspondents who battled daily with the base realities.

He began to think that the men who formed the American Confederation "probably had," as he put it, "too good an opinion of human nature," and he confessed his concern over a situation he did not think he could improve. "Having happily assisted," he said, "in bringing the ship into port, and having been fairly discharged, it is not my business to embark again on a sea of troubles." He continued: "Nor could it be expected that my sentiments and opinions would have much weight on the minds of my countrymen; they have been neglected, though given as a last legacy in the most solemn manner. I had then perhaps some claims to public attention. I consider myself as having none at present."

3

EVENTS of the summer and autumn of 1786 seemed to confirm all Washington's fears for the future of the Union. Bitter loss and perilous sliding on the very brink of financial chaos had not convinced the country that a surfeit of paper money was worse than a shortage of specie. Seven States yielded to the temptation and started the presses again. Rhode Island outdid them all by voting to issue any needy freeholder paper currency equal in nominal value to half the estimated value of his real estate, the only security behind the bills. This currency was made legal tender for the payment of all debts. If a creditor refused it, the debtor could deposit the bills with the court and procure his discharge. Any person who declined to accept this paper money in

current purchase and sale was liable to arrest and fine. If, as a few courageous leaders warned, the result of this emission of depreciating paper was relief for the poor debtor and ruin for the well-to-do creditor, this was considered by many as precisely what should come to pass. All had shared in saving property during the war; they should divide equally what had been preserved. To Washington it seemed as if the controlling faction in Rhode Island were burning down the homes of all, but he said, half bitterly, "there are combustibles in every State, which a spark might set fire to." Shays' Rebellion in western Massachusetts alarmed him, if possible, still more. Anxiously he wrote to inquire whether the insurgents had a just grievance that should be corrected; and if they had no excuse for their acts, he wished to know what Massachusetts intended to do to vindicate its courts and its laws.

Until this time Washington had abandoned his detached position to the extent only that he had spoken sternly in private letters of men and of policies that threatened to ruin the country's credit and to destroy the Union. Now, in answer to his inquiries, his friends had to suggest that he do more than write. David Humphreys knew how earnestly his old chief wished to continue in retirement, but in describing to the General the state of affairs in New England, the former military secretary gave this unpleasant advice: "In case of civil discord, I have already told you that it was seriously my opinion that you could not remain neuter, and that you would be obliged, in self-defense, to take part on one side or the other, or withdraw from the Continent. Your friends are of the same opinion." Word was sent, also, that Congress might ask him to come to New York to counsel the discouraged Delegates; James Madison had received intimation that it would be desirable for Washington to make a "private visit" to New England if conditions grew worse, as some of his correspondents believed they inevitably would. "We are all," Light-Horse Harry Lee wrote his old leader, "in dire apprehension that a beginning of anarchy with all its calamities has approached, and [we] have no means to stop the dreadful work." Washington himself said, "I shall be surprised at nothing, for if, three years since, any person had told me that at this day I should see such a formidable rebellion against the laws and constitutions of our own making as now appears, I should have thought him a bedlamite, a fit subject for a mad house."

Benjamin Lincoln routed Shays' insurrectionists in January-February, 1787, and deferred, if he did not render unnecessary, a call for the former Commander-in-Chief to take the field, but the Massachusetts general could not destroy the contagion of unrest. Madison confessed a fear that discontent still was spreading. Washington thought the spring of 1787 would witness events that would "astonish the world." If this was to be prevented

and a score of other dangers averted, the Federal government must be strong enough to raise money and to enforce law. Unless these things were done, the Union would cease to exist. It could not live on sentiment or by sufferance. The Revolution was played out, the spirit of '76 was gone. Most of Washington's correspondents and native guests were of one mind on all this. The speediest rescue, they agreed, would be through the revision of the Articles of Confederation, but in what manner should this be undertaken? From what quarter could strength be mustered to overcome the hostility of those who lived in the illusion their States could survive though the Union perished?

The answer was not as complex as the question made it appear. A demand had been taking shape for a convention of the States. The proceedings of the Annapolis convention, attended by several of Washington's most devoted political lieutenants, had pointed the way. If a body of the ablest men of the entire country met and exchanged views, their recommendations for changes in the Articles might be approved. The proviso was a most important part of the plan. Any success that attended the work of a new convention would depend, among other things, on the representation of all the States, and on the standing and equipment of the men who were put forward — small men, small issue.

Favorable action by Congress on the call for a convention and the election of Delegates by all the States except Rhode Island came quickly and presented a new problem to the old soldier, whose hounds in full cry made finer music, he thought, than even that of General Saint-Simon's band at Yorktown. Instead of having the prospect of continuing the daily delights of rural life and all the pleasures of experimenting with seed and trees from far countries, Washington might be required to return to the realm of wrangle: the Virginia General Assembly had named him unanimously as one of the State's representatives at the Federal Convention, which was to meet in Philadelphia early in May.

His supporters were divided over the "yes" or "no" of his acceptance. James Madison insisted that Virginia could not spare Washington from her delegation and that gloom would engulf the enterprise in his absence. Edmund Randolph, then Governor, and Henry Lee were equally urgent. Henry Knox was doubtful. Washington, he said, would be elected president of the convention if he attended, with the result that "the proceedings . . . will more immediately be appropriated to you than to any other person." Knox concluded: "Were the convention to propose only amendments and patchwork to the present defective constitution, your reputation would in a degree suffer." Conversely, the proposal over Washington's signature of an "energetic and judicious system" would

be "highly honorable to your fame . . . and doubly entitle you to the glorious republican epithet, The Father of your Country." David Humphreys was cautious, almost pessimistic: "What chance is there . . . that entire unanimity will prevail? Should this be the fact, however, would not the several members, as it were, pledge themselves for the execution of their system? And would not this inevitably launch you again on a sea of politics? . . . I have heard few express any sanguine expectations concerning the successful issue of the meeting, and I think not one has judged it eligible for you to attend."

4

WASHINGTON's inclination was to accept Humphreys's view. Previously the General had notified the Society of the Cincinnati that he would not attend its meeting, which was to be held in Philadelphia about the time the Federal Convention assembled. It might seem rude, if not insincere, to decline to sit with his old officers and then to appear in the same town as a member of another body. Besides, he was having rheumatic pains and could not conveniently be absent from his plantations at the wheat harvest. On the other hand, the life of the Union depended on revitalizing its organic law. If this could be done at the proposed convention, "it would," he said, "be an honorable employment," but if the convention were small and restricted to easy amendment, then, he said frankly, "I should not like to be a sharer in this business." Still again, he wondered whether his absence from the convention might not be considered, as he phrased it, "dereliction to republicanism." Even worse motives, which he did not specify, might be attributed to him.

The choice was difficult, but in the end the pressure of his friends and the prospect of the attendance of leading men in considerable number induced him to accept appointment and to start promptly for Philadelphia. When the convention was organized, he was unanimously elected president, as Henry Knox had predicted, and in that position he was spared a direct share in debates for which he was not well-equipped. His presence meant more than his vote, though he went on record for a strong executive and for a lower House of Congress in which there could be a Representative for as few as 30,000 voters. He was willing, too, to have the constitution become effective when seven States approved it, and he did not value the good opinion of all honest men so highly that he withheld denunciation of those who refused to participate in efforts to give America a respectable and responsible government.

Rhode Island's absence from the convention outraged him. That State, he said privately, "still perseveres in that impolitic, unjust and, one might

add without much impropriety, scandalous conduct which seems to have marked all her public councils of late." Empty argument on the floor, fruitless debate over trifles, angered him further. For a time, he almost despaired of a favorable outcome, and, he confided to Alexander Hamilton, "do therefore repent having had any agency in the business." He went on: "The men who oppose a strong and energetic government are, in my opinion, narrow-minded politicians, or are under the influence of local views."

The document that finally was placed before him for signature contained a few provisions he disliked and many that he approved. His judgment both of the constitution and of the country's needs made him favor ratification: but was it necessary that he publicly say so? He had stepped out of retirement in the emergency and had taken the risk of being denounced as a partisan: could he not return to his position as the impartial friend of all right-minded men? The constitution, he wrote Lafayette, "is now a child of fortune, to be fostered by some and buffeted by others." Then he said, "What will be the general opinion on, or the reception of it, is not for me to decide, nor shall I say anything for or against it; if it be good, I suppose it will work its way good; if bad, it will recoil on the framers."

Washington's old neighbor, Colonel George Mason, draftsman of the Virginia Declaration of Rights and a member of the delegation to the convention, had begun to assail parts of the constitution before he had left Philadelphia. Patrick Henry aligned himself against ratification. So did Richard Henry Lee. The incurably suspicious Arthur Lee, youngest brother of Richard Henry, was of opinion that what others termed "errors" in the constitution were a deliberate scheme to create an oligarchy. Washington thought the arguments of these men were feeble, shortsighted objections to the best system of government on which it had been possible to reach agreement. The moment the constitution was assailed, his experience in dealing with an impotent Congress and with selfish States made him the champion of the new plan. He left the detailed argument to Madison, to Hamilton, and to others scarcely less astute; but almost without regard to its effect on his reputation as a man who stood apart from the political controversies of the time, he opened correspondence with supporters of the constitution in all the States where he had friends of influence and he continued eagerly to follow the deliberations of all the State conventions. They absorbed much of his thought in the winter of 1787-88 and the following spring.

Nowhere did the heat of contest rise more quickly or the fires of debate flame more furiously than in Virginia, where Washington and the other supporters of an adequate Federal government had to face the persistent opposition of Patrick Henry,

who was fully aroused and at the head of a powerful following. It was manifest early in 1788 that ratification or rejection of the constitution in the Old Dominion would be by a narrow margin. Washington took up his pen with much awkwardness but he wielded it as vigorously as if it had been a sword, though in one instance only, and then by mistake, did his letters get into print.

Without excessive risk and opposition, the constitution received the favorable vote of nine States. When Virginia became the tenth in June, 1788, by a disagreeably narrow majority of ten, many thought that Washington's efforts had been decisive in prevailing over the opposition of Patrick Henry. "Be assured," James Monroe said, "General Washington's influence carried this government."

5

WASHINGTON had not been subjected to personal abuse, though in several instances relations had been strained. "With some," he said, "to have differed in sentiment is to have passed the Rubicon of their friendship." He added: "With others (for the honor of humanity) I hope there is more liberality; but the consciousness of having discharged that duty which we owe to our country is superior to all other considerations." Unruffled, he continued: "It is the lot of humanity. But if the shafts of malice had been aimed at me in ever so pointed a manner . . . shielded as I was by a consciousness of having acted in conformity to what I believed my duty, they would have fallen blunted from their mark. . . . At my age, and in my circumstance, what sinister object or personal emolument had I to seek after, in this life?"

Now that the task was performed and the new government was assured of a chance to prove itself, he hoped once again that he could return permanently to the quiet occupation he most enjoyed. "The growing infirmities of age and the increasing love of retirement daily confirm my predilection for domestic life: and the great Searcher of human hearts is my witness that I have no wish which aspires beyond the humble and happy lot of living and dying a private citizen on my own farm."

When this was written, August 16, 1788, Washington knew that jealous, hostile men probably were saying already he "aspired" — and to the highest office. While the Philadelphia convention still was in session, the assumption had been that he would head the new government. The powers vested in the President of the United States had been shaped, as Pierce Butler said afterwards, with one eye on Washington; otherwise they would not have been so extensive. Lafayette, reading the constitution "with an unspeakable eagerness and attention" in Paris, was alarmed because a President who exercised those powers was eligible for reelection, but he found comfort, he wrote, in the

belief that Washington could not decline the presidency and, once in the chair, would recommend that the seat be narrowed if it proved too much like a permanent throne.

In February, 1788, General John Armstrong, friend and comrade since the days of the French and Indian War, had exhorted Washington solemnly: "Persuaded as I am it will cost you much anxious thought, nevertheless, if the call of God is manifested to you in a plenary or unanimous call of the people, I hope that will obviate every objection; if not for the whole term of four years, at least for half that time, if health admit; considering, as you will, that we were not made for ourselves, therefore must not live to ourselves. My sole reason for these early hints is, that by a divine blessing you may be made instrumental in giving a wise and useful *example to successors*, in more things than what may be merely essential to the office."

Washington scarcely could have read a more disturbing letter or one written in wiser appeal to his love of country. In answer, he reminded Armstrong he had accepted membership in the convention because, "at so critical a moment, an absolute refusal to act might on my part be construed as a total disregard of my country, if impelled to no worse motives"; but a call to another "tour of duty" of this kind? He hoped from his heart he would not receive it. "I am so wedded to a state of retirement," he said, "and find the occupations of a rural life so congenial with my feelings, that to be drawn into public at my age could be a sacrifice that would admit of no compensation."

There he left it; there he prayed it would remain. Even to Lafayette, he elaborated only in this: "it might not be decent for me to say I would refuse to accept or even to speak much about an appointment which may never take place." He repeated over and over again that he did not entertain a wish "beyond that of living and dying an honest man on my own farm," but these answers neither silenced nor satisfied the Federalists, whose cause he had made his own. They continued to urge him to accept an office they insisted the electors unanimously would tender him.

6

AS LONG as he could, he persisted in saying, "The event . . . may never happen," but by October, 1788, he felt the "kind of gloom" coming over him that always had shadowed him when he had to make a crucial decision. He comforted himself, as best he could, with the assurance that if he had to accept, he would remain in office no longer than was necessary to get the new bark over the shoals and into the clear channel. Then he might be permitted "once more to retire," as he wrote wistfully, "to pass an unclouded evening after the stormy day of life." Another hope of the autumn

was that the "government would be just as happily and effectually carried into execution without my aid as with it." He did not find his friends willing to admit this, or even to look for someone else. Before the month ended, he was forced to say, "At my time of life, and under my circumstances, nothing in this world can ever draw me from [retirement] unless it be a *conviction* that the partiality of my countrymen had made my services absolutely necessary, joined to a *fear* that my refusal might induce a belief that I preferred the conservation of my own reputation and private ease to the good of my country."

On that he stood, but not confidently, because the two influences he had underlined, the conviction of duty and the fear of just reproach, challenged him hourly. In December he cried: "May Heaven assist me in forming a judgment, for at present I see nothing but clouds and darkness before me. . . . If ever I should, from any apparent necessity, be induced to go from home in a public character again, it will certainly be the greatest sacrifice of feeling and happiness that ever was or ever can be made by [me]." He still clung to the hope that he would not be called, and he told himself that if he were elected he would decline if he could.

One letter after another, written those he knew would keep his statement confidential, set forth his overwhelming perplexity. Against acceptance he mustered all save one of the arguments that seemed most reasonable to him: he was too old; his interest was in agriculture; he had a growing love of retirement; the office would involve new fatigues and trouble; if he returned to public life after all he had said about ending his service, might he not be "chargeable with levity and inconsistency, if not with rashness and ambition"? His last citadel of defense was the assertion that the duties of the office most certainly could be discharged by someone else as successfully as by him. What he naturally kept to himself was the unhappy state of his finances: he did not have money with which to pay for even current household purchases and he would have to go deeper in debt to make the journey to the temporary capital.

In the "contra" column of this balance sheet of duty and inclination, the heaviest entry had the simplicity of this eight-word question: Was the good of the country at stake? If danger or collapse did not threaten the new structure, he would remain in his own house, where by silence and kindly action he could preserve the good opinion of his fellow citizens; but if the welfare of the United States required his service, he would leave Mount Vernon again, risk his reputation and endure the clamor, the censure, the unjust abuse even, he was apt to receive. "If I know myself," he said, "I would not seek or retain popularity at the expense of one social duty or moral virtue."

The new year, 1789, brought hope for the future of America along with added unhappiness for Washington. Elections to the First Congress, he wrote Lafayette, "have been hitherto vastly more favorable than we could have expected." There were evidences of an "increasing unanimity" that was "not less indicative of the good disposition than the good sense of the Americans." Through the "clouds and darkness" of his own perplexity, Washington thought he saw "a path as clear and direct as a ray of light, which led to the attainment" of national happiness. "Nothing," he continued, "but harmony, honesty, industry and frugality are necessary to make us a great and happy people." In that was promise and perhaps reward, but with it — of all things! — an embarrassing multitude of insistent applications for office as if he already were President. To the burden of answering these letters was added the task of getting affairs in order at Mount Vernon. Five or six hundred pounds had to be borrowed, also, if Alexandria merchants were to be paid before . . .

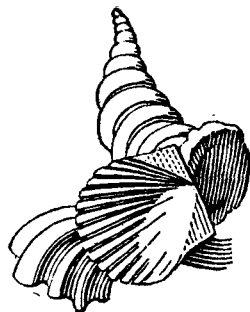
Yes, it now was "before" and not "if" he had to quit that beloved refuge of his on the Potomac, and face again the contest and confusion. He did not say in plain words "I will accept," because formal notice of election had not been received. The electors in the various States were assumed to have met on February 4 and were believed to have cast their votes unanimously for Washington; but their certificates had to be delivered to the new Congress, which was not due to meet until a month later. In March, Washington's correspondents wrote discouragingly of the slow arrival of Senators

and Representatives. It was impossible to say when a quorum would be mustered and the vote be counted, but the result was certain. Washington knew it, and knew that his sense of duty demanded he accept. There was no escape. Delay in the organization of Congress, he told himself, was no more than a reprieve.

Painfully, sadly, on the 1st of April he opened his heart to Henry Knox, his still-young former Chief of Artillery, the man who had never failed him: "My movements to the chair of government will be accompanied by feelings not unlike those of a culprit who is going to the place of his execution: so unwilling am I in the evening of a life nearly consumed in public cares, to quit a peaceful abode for an ocean of difficulties, without that competency of political skill, abilities and inclination which is necessary to manage the helm. I am sensible that I am embarking the voice of my countrymen and a good name of my own, but what returns will be made for them, Heaven alone can foretell. Integrity and firmness is all I can promise; these, be the voyage long or short, never shall forsake me, though I may be deserted by all men."

That was the decision; the rest was formality. When Charles Thomson arrived at Mount Vernon on the 14th of April and delivered the official announcement of unanimous election, Washington wasted no time in answer: "Having been impressed with an idea of my being with Congress at as early a period as possible, I propose to commence my journey . . . the day after tomorrow"; a long, hard journey for him — and for any like-minded man who comes after him.

(In November we shall publish the second paper in this series: "Could Napoleon Have Won?" by C. S. Forester.)





A LEAF, A FLOWER, AND A STONE

Now there are no more words
I bring a leaf,
A flower, and a stone.

A leaf for my mouth
That can no longer speak,
Where you may trace
Along vein's laddered lace,
Graven as hieroglyph,
Thought's groping, tentative
But certain, toward your south:
A leaf for my mouth.

A flower for my heart
That finds no song;
Purer than rhyme,
Fragrance may climb,
Petal on petal,
Up the perfumed stair
To you, aware
Of music more profound,
More innocent than art:
A flower for my heart.

A stone for my hand
That silent comes to rest
Within your palm, a bird,
Hidden upon the nest,
Who, in a spiral, heard,
Mid-flight, the call
That sent its body small
Plummeting earthward, home,
Heavy with gravity
It cannot understand:
A stone for my hand.

Now there are no more words,
But you will know, when I sing
For others, that I bring
To you alone
A leaf, a flower, and a stone.

ANNE MORROW LINDBERGH



ENID BAGNOLD is the author of *Serena Blandish*, *National Velvet*, *The Door of Life*, and *The Loved and the Envied*. Her first novel became a Broadway hit when it was dramatized by S. N. Behrman in 1925, and in 1951 she was persuaded to bring a new play to America, a comedy entitled *Gertie* which opened in New York last January and closed after four days. The throes of such an experience are something to remember.

THE FLOP

by ENID BAGNOLD

I

IN the spring of last year I wrote a play. The producer who flew over from America to see me persuaded me (one night on the telephone) to fly to New York. I said I would. I said I would because tests have to be met. But not being in the habit of flying anywhere, of leaving my family, I packed in a horrible apprehension and sinking of heart. We drove up from the country and dined at the airport. Then, already sick for home, in the dark, and with my little talent like a goldfish in my breast, I climbed into the plane.

The flight was as horrible as I had thought it would be. There would have been an empty seat beside me but Death sat in it. Once or twice he tapped a forefinger on my knee. At Gander he turned sharply and looked at me. The descent seemed vertical. I can see how public opinion can keep one quiet at the end. But in the morning we arrived alive in New York and in a few hours made our home in a hotel.

In spite of my sixty years the old life was gone like a dream. New York was there around me and below me, but I hardly noticed it. The tremendous new relationship, far more exciting than the experience of a city, was between my director and me. I had written the play. He was going to put it on. Not only "on" the stage, "on" at a theater, but "on" its feet. The imagined story that had lain flat on the page was to be bidden stand up.

We spent ten happy days discussing it, and I rewriting at his suggestions. Just before the first rehearsal he made me a striking speech. He said: "I want to tell you — though I shall hate it to happen — that you and I will end in dreadful battle, that you may leave America loathing me."

"Why?"

"Because from tomorrow . . . But you'll see."

I saw — in time. He was right about the battle, but not right about my leaving America loathing him.

At the first rehearsal the company of seven sat in a row on seven chairs and read my play aloud in quiet tones. My director and I had each a separate table on the stage, with note pads. I listened. What was to come — for good or evil — stirred like a faint spring in a dried garden. I had spent so much time over the play already that the very first reading bored me. In the succeeding days the movements were mapped out, first of one act, then of another; and with the movements the "readings" passed into memorizing, and the memorizing into "living," and it had to be noted that which lived and that which died in the hand.

If I speak of my "talent" it is because that was my part, my offering to the hard work, and the reason why I had been brought to New York. It is not utterly impossible that I should write a good play, I cannot really be disposed of as a novelist who has drifted onto the boards, but the pinning down of my "veracities" (the thing that strikes true) is done in slow and monotonous circumstances. I am, I suppose, an instinctive writer (that is to say not strong on judgment), with, when I sit still enough and listen carefully enough, a good ear. A natural ear for truth and a good ear for words.

But if I am pressed out of this tiresomely slow condition I respond, not with inhibition and a safe silence, but with a delusive vitality. I leap confidently into a shower of words which, offered up in the theater, show as plainly as what's wrong with one's face in the glass. I have to say this because it was the comedy and tragedy of everything to come. I had brought the goldfish with me but he had never been out into the open. Whenever I faced him up with the icy water he began to turn on his back and show his pale belly.

At first (like a train passenger when one is reading) I hardly noticed New York. Except for little shocks. Such as the weight of the Sunday news-

papers, that mounted police chewed gum, the charming shrieking of the air raid sirens, and that everyone had better manners than in England (but this is always the illusion when you change countries).

Writing in my hotel in an old summer dress I would at length issue out into an inferno of wind and ice on the street and have to be elevated back to my high floor to do a total redressing. (Against this I bought a window thermometer.) At some time in the day, after hours of rewriting, I would climb into the warm slug of a bus up Sixth Avenue (with its rotation of delicatessens, flash jewelry, and leather shops). When Sixth Avenue reached Forty-fifth Street it ended for me forever. I got out and hurried towards Broadway, scalded by the ice in the wind. After Broadway I entered the short street of hopes, where the names of plays hung in lights, one close after the other — birds already touched by critics' frost, soon to fall frozen to the pavement. Passing the Booth Theatre and the Plymouth I pressed on the heavy stage door of the Golden. There, immediately, in the dust-laden heat, was the desultory story — two ghosts spoke the words aloud which echoed what I must once have felt.

How little a writer understands his own mind! Words come plunging out of a personal experience and there's a stream runs gay and strong from the heart (or from the mind, or God knows where). But how long will it run?

Yet it must be finished. If it's not to be lost it must be canalized. Ah, *then* the difficulties begin.

Long ago, before rehearsals, when my director read my manuscript and chose it to do, he must have liked my play because of some bubble of yeast in himself. For some secret reason, probably unknown to him, the dough rose in his mind as he read. Now, as he sees the water slowing (the author's weakness), it rises again. He also, like every good director, is a creator. Now he will either add to what I've done or diverge from it. The battle will open. Everything is fluid and on the move. That curious *certain* thing first done in silence is suddenly missing. It's anybody's moment. The truth-authority is gone.

So — building in a panic the cement sides to my stream — I know (but I don't say) there's not the same blow of wind on the water. The quality's changed. It's too late to be pernickety. It's too late for silence. There's a roar behind me. There's a "date" in front of me. Oh, *what* will wring and command absorption on that Night for which we are working! What is "dramatic"? What is "undramatic"? Lost to judgment, in half a dozen minds, terrible guesses are made on the bare boards. (But all will know, and at once, when they sit in the red velvet seats.)

My director — whom I will now call X — was a man of great experience, great integrity, kind-

ness, and rage. Even after rehearsals began he was able from time to time to speak to me dispassionately. In one of these moments of crystal he begged me always to speak my mind. When I did he always flew into a rage. But in yet another such moment he said I must continue.

In ordinary life I am as much a coward as other people, and as regretful for the things I haven't dared to say under pressure. But under X's system I rose to an urgency of speech which was like a football tackle. I got to pick up words as quick as an urchin picks up a stone. There was practically nothing I could not say at once.

I have a face which takes on a mask of rage much greater than I feel. So had he. His face would pale and his eyes would color to the shade of maroon in leather. Being bald he wore his hat continually against draft. The pitch of his hat became for me the bathing flag when the sea's rough.

This is the principle. The director runs the rehearsals. He's the Captain. His word's law. He knows the rules. He knows what he wants, and he's agreed with me what I want (but you never can do that). The form of his language is intelligible to the actors. He's familiar with difficulties that have to do with illusion and space. I'm sitting at his side, vaguely for reverification at the source, but actually for rewriting words that won't "say" themselves, to superintend omissions and inclusions, for necessary rearrangements, for a dozen reasons. I'm supposed to be a silent counsel. And one who drew up the case. But . . . how far can I contain myself? The theory is that I should cover a large pad with notes, in total silence, and have a "conference" with my director at the end. But at the end of what? It makes me laugh when I think that I told X when I arrived in New York that I was an elderly lady who had to go to bed at ten.

2

SUDDENLY we moved out of rehearsal and took a train to New Haven. The traditional round had begun — "out of town." The night before, at dinner, I had said to S. N. Behrman, "Tell me. Is the rewriting one does during rehearsal ever any good?" He looked at me with so much conjecture, he said with such richness of uncertainty, "I wonder." It was as though he thoughtfully undid in his mind the seams of innumerable garments, half a lifetime of plays and their intangible compromises. We both left New York next day on our tryouts. He to Philadelphia, I to New Haven and Boston.

The set-model had been shown to me — as a tiny box. One could hold it near a lamp and make the lamp cast shadows. What a mistake! I blessed it perfunctorily and forgot it. It seemed to become the immutable stage-set in a leap overnight. When next I saw it, it was beyond recall.

When we got to New Haven, X and I had already boxed many rounds. When I saw the set there we became wrestlers, with no one to cry "Break!" Leaning, at seven in the evening, on the worn velvet rim at the back of the orchestra, choosing my words with my new aim and violence, I made him personally responsible for the loss of the "room in my head." That "room" which was the result of the remembered and the imagined. Now it had also been through the "practical."

"And WHAT," I ended, "on top of all that, are those eight ginger pots doing!"

"Those are Ming vases."

"Eight! Ming! All the same size!"

"Do you want them different sizes?"

"I don't want them *at all*."

"You don't *like* them?"

"They're Tottenham Court Road. Oh God, what's Tottenham Court Road in American?"

"I can only tell you" (dogged) "that in the finest American houses . . ."

"THIS is an ENGLISH house!" (I moved a pace back, to gather force.) "Or until you made it a lodging house . . . near Euston." We were shouting. I turned and stalked to the glass exit doors. And turned again. "AND one that takes in Indians!"

On this last shot, which should have seen a glorious exit, I had trouble with the glass doors. My agent stooped and pulled up a bolt and I passed through. (My "agent"? I would sooner say my Wizard. But first I must finish the "row.")

I strode next door into the Taft Hotel, went up to my room, put the telephone under the pillow, and cried. Only angry tears.

A quarter of an hour later, sheepishly, I came back to the set. The blue and white Mings had gone. Remorseful but silent I had already learned seldom to apologize; and never on the same day.

My agent the Wizard — for whom Z shall be the mystic letter — entered more and more upon my scene. Only bit by bit did I realize that he had made himself my other self. The first time I knew it was when he stooped to the bolt and said plainly, in the smallest possible voice, "Fine. That will shake them."

Z had in his voice the most astonishing gift. He could make it as small as an insect's, while it remained, to the addressee, bell-clear. He didn't hush it: he reduced it. He had in his house an ambulating apparatus (like a towel horse) on which hung his six telephones. His wife would wheel it in to dinner and stand it behind him. He never apologized for telephoning in the middle of a conversation or a course of food, because there was no need. Owing to his gift he could reach behind him for a telephone and speak into it in the accents of a grasshopper or a daddy longlegs; infinitely tiny, clear only to the far recipient, and yet carry on the talk as we dined. This had become so interwoven

and skillful that one was no more aware that he was telephoning (to Terence Rattigan in London or Henry Irving in Heaven) than if he had taken a handkerchief from his pocket. It hardly impacted even on the guests' subconscious. He knew the world-connection-system backwards.

Although he had a large office and a charming home it was usual for him in the daytime to be found sitting half in and half out of a street telephone booth (the corner of his overcoat dragged to the pavement by the weight of nickels in the pocket) and set a call going to Vienna or receive a call from Italy whose timing he had judged to be just about ripe.

While X was in a rage Z was in a calm. He never emphasized. His advice fell soft as dew. One hardly noticed it, until the quality was gleaming. He was ardently, uniquely *one's own*. It was only by degrees that I discovered that he could also perform the same extraordinary service (spiritual and actual) at the same time for Sam Behrman and for Mary Chase at simultaneous tryouts in cities far apart.

At New Haven we rehearsed once more for two days in the Shubert Theatre, keying up patches that seemed to waver, trying on the clothes that had just arrived. I could no longer sleep, but thought I did quite well without it. It was thought, however, that I didn't. Sleeping pills were ordered from the drugstore. Later there was a knock on my door and a young man came into the room.

"I'm the boy from the drugstore," he said, putting the parcel within my reach. "Are you a writer?" (Manuscript was all over the bed and even hung from hooks attached to a cord that ran from my chair to a safety pin on the curtains.)

"Well, I've written the play that's opening next door."

"I hope it's good," he said. "I'm going Saturday."

The friend who ordered the pills also sent an instruction. "Take one as you undress. When you get into bed prick the other with a needle. It works quicker."

The pills, when the box was opened, were like bombs, blue shading into green. One that I took while undressing almost dropped me in the bathroom. I tottered to the bed with a pin in my hand, pricked the other, and went out for ten hours. I woke next morning ready to rewrite the play. (I did, in Boston.)

3

WE opened. Terrible lapses were perceived. Laughs came in odd places and were absent where thought to have been certain. The play, instead of having a subterranean and mysterious quality, seemed long and frail.

Now, without knowing it, I abandoned the only

guide I had. I took my eyes off the horizon and thought only of the audience; and watching them in New Haven, and listening to the cockeyed laughs, it really seemed to me that the play must be a comedy. I asked Z. But he didn't answer. He was watching too. X couldn't be asked. He was in roaring despair. He had thought it Strindberg. Now, forgetting all former designs, I aimed as straight as I could at mass-acclaim — that sea anemone, now open, now shut, according to the tide. And about this sea beast the specialist is nearly as ignorant as the amateur. If it were not so, every director would make his fortune.

On the train going to Boston I compacted the first act into two scenes instead of three. Very businesslike. I made a list of what I thought "good" things and retained them. I dropped out what had bored me most when I had been listening. It ought to have worked. When we played the act in Boston it had been cured of its length; but something had died in it. Afterwards it was always played that way — a dead little act.

Boston was fascinating. Except to the theater I only went out twice in the whole fortnight, because something startling and terrible had happened to the third act. In the Ritz Carlton I sat like a red-eyed spider spinning in a web, and lifting my eyes now and then to gaze on Bulfinch's golden dome and the drama of the indigo skyscraper behind it. Sleep went, food was ignored, exercise didn't exist. Every hour or so of the morning I would telephone to X in his room below, "Come up and listen to this! It's wonderful!" When he came he never had any hesitation in shaking his head. I never had any hesitation in accepting it.

"All right. I've thought of *another* way. I've thought of a splendid way." My own words hallucinated me for a few minutes each time after they were written. We were lost, without knowing it.

I rewrote the third act four times, and four times the company nobly accepted the horror of relearning it. The fifth and last time was like this.

We were two days "off" New York. Not from the date itself, but from the journey there. Counting a matinee, we had three more performances in Boston. It was Thursday night. Z came up many hours in the train and ran, dinnerless, into the theater as the curtain rose. There was a lump, undigested, of alien drama in the third act. It could not be obliterated but we had moved it backwards and forwards like a shunting operation. Each time it was moved it had involved a nightmare of hooking and unhooking. The company was going mad relearning the same idea written in five different ways. Now we thought we had it right. Z was telephoned for to give his blessing.

He had left some trouble behind with a cage of canaries in S. N. Behrman's play in Philadelphia but this he did not mention. He went straight up into the dress circle to sit alone and watch.

At the end of the performance, as the audience poured away, X and I waited for him in silence leaning against the rim at the back of the orchestra. He walked towards us, compact with certainty, and shook his head. X, who was wearing his leather eyes that night, burst into action. "She must do it now. Tomorrow's too late. Here. Now. In a dressing room. I'll get it typed tonight." He was urging me down the ramp, taking my arm. Z followed, his coat over his arm, his face sphinx-like.

Unprotesting I was given a foolscap pad and a blunt pencil. (A sharp one would have made no difference.) The creams and pots were swept aside on the table in one of the dressing rooms. The script of tonight, the scripts of the other nights, were propped beside me, slipping and intermingling. The door was torn shut on me in a frenzy . . . a frenzy that cried, "*Compose!*"

The walls were of tissue paper. Two of the company were having a party in the next dressing room. I looked idly round me. After a time I heard a mouse-noise outside the door. I opened it and Z stood there, his coat still neat on his arm, a protecting sentry, silently ready to miss his train back to New York. I made him catch it. Even so he would arrive home at five in the morning. I sauntered back to the hotel. It was one. X had melted. Some new and terrible urgency had withdrawn him.

Next morning I altered the act again, but without conviction. Once more the company bravely learned it.

Now the towered obelisks of New York were leaning right into Boston. No more time. Impedimenta, bags, boxes, drama, near-drama, guesses — a battered script, its living components — we all got onto the train. Equally we might have been entrained for Monte Carlo and the gaming tables. Not another word now to be typed or written. We stood or fell by the luck we placed on the red.

During Boston, and up till the last minute of moving, the plays in New York had been falling. At one moment ten had gone and Forty-fifth Street for a day was empty. We had quite a choice of theaters.

My part was over. The spider, stretching its feet, walked out of the web. I was free to look at New York now, while carpenters, electricians, upholsteresses, painters, the two scene designers (my particular enemies), thronged and occupied the stage. The designers were married to each other. They looked up details of English house-decoration in a book and were breathtakingly set on their discoveries.

As an example (and I found I had scribbled this down on an envelope — overcome with self-congratulatory surprise) of the new speech I wielded: "Good *God* — has an old Englishwoman got to argue with a young American about taste! It comes to something! Georgian, Regency, Empire,

Boulle, just plain Victorian . . . it comes from *us*! From your old homes in England, Germany, France. If you can't remember it through your haze of radio, television, supermarkets, and whining sirens — when I come here to tell you, you've got to take it!"

During two days I looked at New York (and Fifth Avenue); but I was bound to find the outer world dull. Whomever I met, wherever I went, I was drawn back on a heartstring to the stage door. I hung around X — who had overnight become a man of business. Wonderful Box Office talk fragments filled my ears. Sums in dollars as though for a petroleum gush: arrangements for the Opening Night which had the quality of a coronation. I was not even nervous, but wax-coated. Immune. I could not see how we could succeed, but I stopped thinking about it.

"Where shall I be sitting?"

X was taken aback. "Do you want a *seat*?"

"Why not? I'm dining. They've got tickets. Won't I be sitting with *them*?"

"Sit with your *friends*! You can *bear* to!"

"Why, where will you be?"

"I? Here. But you won't find me."

4

Nothing magical happened on the Opening Night. The play was as I had last seen it. To the private judgments going on around me I had no clue. I only remember that a very baleful man got up in our row before the end, carrying his black wide-awake hat in his hand. Was he the critic of the *New York Times*? He went like a surgeon called on to operate.

At the start of the evening X took his beautiful wife to the heating room below the stage. It's a gray room, where rows and rows of pipes line the walls, cobwebs hang in festoons, and crossed fire axes, scarlet, are pinned to the walls. There's a little table. It's the electrician's. By a fallen screw-driver and some wire you can see it's where he mends the connections.

I had given X a little champagne as an offering. He carried it down there, with two glasses. Here they sat all the evening. They couldn't hear a word but they could tell the play's progress, movements, intermissions, by the shuffle and direction of the feet above their heads. (*John Gabriel Borkman*.) Not a sound from the audience reached them.

For me, up in the audience, the whole huge experience was nearly over. If it should be success or failure I was going away, going home. Success would bring money, and pride to my family. I hoped deeply for it. But nothing could take away what I had felt — in the theater. Nor the sense of this tremendous America, seen through bedroom windows, but taken in none the less, in that peculiar way which does not need eyes or cars.

After the theater the roses, the insulated moments in the dressing rooms, supper, and bed.

But X sat on with his wife in the heating room. They had been married not many years. Both were very real people. Both had felt, and suffered, and come up the hard way, had known grinding anxieties.

X had once said to me — of the past — "One can always *manage*." And into the word he put the extremes, the very edges of how one can "manage." I don't know what they talked about. It must have been the past. Or perhaps the children's futures.

They sat there till three. At three the box office manager, having eaten, let himself back into the theater with his key, having had the reviews of the *New York Times* and the *Herald Tribune* read to him over the telephone. My play, they said in effect, was written backwards when it wasn't written sideways. And in any case static. It was the description of a crab frightened at its feast. He went down to the heating room with the results.

My turn was a few hours later.

The one thing I had flinched at was to read the papers in the morning. I had ordered them all. They lay piled outside my door in the corridor. One can stand bad news in a headline. There's a kind of stimulation in a blow. But it's more painful to find one's way slowly in. I had read so many death sentences since I had been in America I knew no quarter was given. The *New York* critics were not fond of saying, "There's a freshness here, or there. But the play's all the same a failure." They preferred to decapitate at a blow. Z had suggested he read the papers first and ring me at eight. He did.

"Well?"

"Midway. Less than midway."

"And that means . . . ?"

"If there was advance booking. . . . But there's none."

The play, which had opened on Wednesday, was taken off on Saturday.

I stayed a few days longer, waiting for the ship, at a loose end but strangely happy (visited all the same by moments of guilt for those who had depended on me). It was shocking how the bonds had snapped.

Snapped as when an ardent candidate fails to get his majority at the polls in an election, and suddenly the faith and the flags lie in the dust.

X, who had bought me a wonderful stateroom, saw me to it in the ship at night. We drank champagne, sitting among the gifts of flowers. There was little to be said. Some mystical thing I had seen when I'd written the play — that he had seen when he took it — had broken in our fingers, or perhaps had never after all been there. Too late to talk about it. . . .

The little goldfish had been no traveler.



American art critic and philosopher, BERNARD BERENSON was born in Lithuania in 1865, educated at Boston Latin and at Harvard, became a protégé of Mrs. Jack Gardner and a consultant for her growing collection, and eventually took up his residence in Italy, where he is an Honorary Citizen of Florence. His new book, *Rumor and Reflection*, which Simon and Schuster are publishing this autumn, describes his thoughts and experiences while a "civilian prisoner" in Italy from 1941 to 1944. In spite of his age and renown, he was in increasing danger after the Allied landing in Sicily; friends smuggled him out of his villa and kept him in hiding until the Liberation. It was at this time that he wrote in his diary such Reflections as follow.

MY UTOPIA

by BERNARD BERENSON

1

HAVING reached the shady side of my seventy-ninth year, I regret at times that I cannot hope to see the outcome of this gogmagogery of a war. One can vaguely, faintly imagine the lineaments of new territorial combinations, new cartographic shapes, new political unities; one can even guess at the outlines, articulations, and mechanisms of a new social order. What I cannot conceive is how it will affect the *Weltanschauung* — the attitude toward the whole of existence, the cosmos as a pattern — of individuals; nor can I admit, if serious change there must be, that it will be permanent, as for instance Christianity after paganism, and not a mere passing phase. I have been meditating on the future of mankind, and have accustomed myself to the idea of a society where there will be no want, no forced labor, no prestige values. It is probable that idiosyncrasy among men is so thoroughgoing that individuals exist for every kind of occupation.

Aldington in his autobiography, speaking of the last war, tells how much he feared his Tommies would resent having to remove and get rid of the ordures of the camp, when a noncom came forward and assured him that a friend of his would prefer it to any other job.

Assuming that certain communal and even national tastes exist, for which volunteers in sufficient abundance may not be found, conscription might have to be enacted. It would be taught as a sacred duty in the way that soldiering has been preached, and exalted, for the last century and a half. It would be no greater hardship, and one year's labor, at say one and twenty, would suffice.

For the rest of their days individuals would be free to dispose of their time as they pleased. Some

of it they would give to a trade they enjoyed. Some few hours a week will suffice to supply them with the material needs of life, whether vital or luxurious. How will they put in the rest of their time? The gifted will be able at last to devote themselves to the pursuits urged by their daimon. But the mediocre, the dull, the languid, the lazy, how will they get on with nothing they are obliged to do for a living?

The problem of the future would seem to be above all the problem of how to put in one's leisure, what to do with idle hours. In a desultory way it has been dealt with by industrial and mercantile organizations. By Ford, for instance, in America, and half a century earlier by the firm of which my friend Herbert Cook's forebears were the proprietors. On a nation-wide scale, it was first attempted by the Italian Fascist government — unless, indeed, there too the Soviets came first.

The Fascists deserve praise for the intention, and I tribute it the more willingly as it is the only praise I can give them. In practice, however, they turned their *Dopolavoro* into mere propaganda, into putting megalomaniac ideas into the heads of working people, into inducing them to hate other nations, into a cult of Fascism, and into insisting on loyal adherence to its chiefs.

My imagination is baffled when I try to picture a society with no prestige values, whether of inheritance, gifts, or occupation. Ideologically that is what we are tending to, and it may not take centuries before elaborate efforts are made to realize it. The result should be interesting. Anatomy and physiology will oppose; and it is to be feared that they will win through, for they are coeval with mammalian life. The instincts with which they

have endowed us will prove masters of any scheme our so feeble intelligence can frame.

Let us play with the notion — not yet an idea — of a society without prestige values. The scavenger would be a hygienic expert or functionary, on a level with any other. So would the courtesan. She would cease to be a whore or even harlot, and be a hetaera. Even humble females would no more be looked down on for keeping shop than society ladies who do so today. Every activity not manifestly harmful would be as well rewarded as any other.

In a sense, there would be no rewards. The pooled products of everybody's labor would be for everybody to use freely. As there would be no prestige connected with possessions, and consequently no love of display, no manifestation of "conspicuous waste," people would want only what they could enjoy by way of houses and furniture, of clothes and ornament, of food and drink, and other physical needs. There would be less jealousy if love was purged of prestige, and sex relief was admitted as a physiological necessity, like food, and as distinct from love. Love would be purified and sublimated if it ceased to be what its essence still is, a call of nature, and became a spiritual as well as physical interpenetration.

Unfortunately, jealousy is not confined to sex. It will be hard to get the better of it in persons who resent every inequality that does not suit their heart's desire. Few are able to admit superiority and, instead of secretly, if not publicly, resenting it, are ready to welcome it to enjoy it aesthetically, and, when it ethically deserves it, to worship it. Resentment is unhappily at the bottom of more social discontent than economical difficulties. When these last are overcome, as in the course of time they may be, inequality of physical make-up, of mental and moral gifts, will remain and fester in many natures.

Nevertheless I go on dreaming of a society based not on theological, sociological, or any other abstract dogmas and pre-established principles, but on the pooled product resulting from the functioning of the individuals composing it. In a sense we have it always; for despite ideologies, human nature resists change and, given time, assimilates every ideal pattern of life, even the Christian one, to what it can realize.

And I have a notion that human nature is so varied that after having been educated to use them properly, the individual, left free to exercise his functions, will end by contributing his full share to the community as a whole. There will no doubt remain over a certain number of lame, lazy, and criminally disposed. I would let the first two live merrily for some generations, and if none of them changed for the better I should condemn the stock to sterility. As for those with incurable criminal propensities, I would try to use their brains and energy for purposes not too repugnant to them.

If that failed, they should not be allowed to reproduce themselves; and if homicidal, they would be put out of the way.

There would remain in the community a class of individuals good for nothing except making war. It might be dangerous to ignore them and make no provision for them, as puritans have tried to ignore prostitution.

I would divide them up into two camps situated in some remote region, some Kamchatka, and there let them enjoy warring, in earnest if necessary, until they have had enough and feel ready to return to peaceable society.

These and other problems to be solved before my Utopia is realized are arduous enough to occupy my thoughts frequently; but it would take volumes to write down all that trots through one's head.

2

How will the future deal with boredom, the accidie and the more "common or garden" *ennui* which grips a society when nothing happens to stir hopes and fears, nothing to excite and absorb, and worse yet, nothing to satisfy youth's craving for adventure — of youth and those who through a lifetime remain youthful?

Some few years after Waterloo the nieces of Metternich went to him in a body and begged for another war. Life in peacetime was so dull. No exciting news. No hairbreadth escapes of friends in whom one took a peculiar interest, no brilliant dances for the shining youth on leave from the front.

In the middle decades of the last century, again and again, the cry was raised, "*La France s'ennuie*" — France is bored — and it frightened Europe.

The whole world may feel like that when wars are no longer possible. Would there still be adventure? Where? How? The earth will have been explored in its entirety: land and sea, mountaintop and ocean floor. Adventure will have to take to interplanetary excursions, or to invention and the solution of problems. The first may be feasible someday, sooner perhaps than we now expect. As for the others, they will be confined to the few who have the gift and character. They will be mathematical and out of reach for people like myself. It is not likely that historical scholarship will survive. Who will look back to a past when self-interest, passion, and sentiment ruled the world? For an *élite* there will be abundance of adventure along intellectual lines. What will the rest of the community do, who have no brains for such occupations, and find no happiness except in a sphere where courage and physical aptitudes count along with brains?

Hitherto even the most quiescent communities, say the Confucian Chinese, have found outlets for adventure in conquest and hazardous administration. They wedged their dominion into the Islamic

world as far as Kashgar, lorded it over the vast Amur Basin, colonized or imposed their civilization on Korea, on Japan, on Indo-China, on Siam. This could be achieved only by the material as well as spiritual superiority of the Chinese.

But our midget of an earth will soon be too small for large-scale energizing, in the material sphere. Wars will have been demonstrated to be utterly absurd and survive, if at all, as a sport, as an excuse for betting and gambling. And man's last gesture may be a wordless yawn.

There comes back to me a summer afternoon when I was enjoying the cool on the veranda of a cottage neighboring on the park at Versailles. Suddenly there appeared a shortish old man, all bald head, with malicious eyes and a quizzical smile, who, when we were introduced to each other, spoke with a warm, husky voice. He stayed but a few minutes and, in connection with I remember not what, remarked that in the Middle Ages people were more amused than in our own time.

I was in my early forties. I had read and reflected, and this observation of Henry Adams was like a spark on tinder. It flared and lit up so much that hitherto had remained vague and murky, because I had been taking too deterministic, too solemn, even too pompous a view of the past.

Fledglings of puritanism that we were, we had given ourselves up to studying history as a spiritual combat against evil within and without ourselves, and thought seldom of *panem* — of bread — and never of *circenses* — amusements.

By amusement, however, neither Adams nor I had in mind circuses and other deliberate entertainments. What we meant was living keenly, zestfully, relatively free to work as one liked and to loaf when one pleased. It meant not to be the slave of fixed hours, and of so much output per hour. It meant to run risks, to allow for ups and downs — in short, to leave room for variety, excitement, and some sense of adventure.

We retain this kind of life in the slums. Cobblers, tinkers, chimney sweeps, plumbers, clothesmenders, small shopkeepers of every kind in these purlieus, can alternate work with play and are not obliged to take either in impalatable, in indigestible doses.

Though frequently exposed to cold, disease, hunger even, as indeed most city dwellers were in the Middle Ages, may they yet not be happier, more zestful, more eager, in short more *amused*, than the same number of people in their comfortable well-supplied mansions and country houses?

Once upon a time a woman of my acquaintance who was trying to uplift working girls in the East End of London asked a class of them what the words "bore," "being bored," and "boredom" meant.

None of them knew the words except one, who thought it referred to being lost in deep thought.

This happened some fifty years ago. By now uplift may have taught slum girls what it means to be bored.

It is interesting to reflect that accidie — no appetite for life — never attacked city dwellers of the Middle Ages with their helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy manner of life, but haunted the over-organized, clockwork monasteries.

I have known women with incomes the income of which would allow one to live opulently, yet not knowing how to get through the day. Too old to attract, too shrewd to be trapped by adventurers, they would snatch at this or that diversion, but in no sense of the word were they amused. To be amused by art, by ideas, or even by society, one must have the appropriate gifts, and few of the overrich have them. I verily believe that charwomen get more out of their lives than these millionairesses.

Nor is the condition of the average well-to-do American woman much better. Often she has no housekeeping or children to occupy her; and where she has both, they yet leave her with a leisure that she does not know what to do with. If she is energetic, she may go into business or push a gentleman friend. More likely, she will go into politics and, as a *rentière*, campaign against Franklin Roosevelt, or in favor of something else which she understands little. The average female of the same class, apart from joining her in cursing the President and his Jewish and Irish advisers, will look forward to the fad lectures she will hear, the discourses she will not understand, but above all to the bridge parties of the afternoon.

I recall staying at a hotel in Boston — in cultured Boston — where the average *rentière* women of the possessive classes would come by hundreds and occupy all the sitting rooms at small tables. There they sat. Not a word was spoken. Not a sound was heard except the hushed thud of the cards as they flapped on the tables.

Killing time, instead of employing it as the very substance of life lived and not merely got through with, is surely the sin of sins. And that is what overleisure may lead to!

Happily, it is conceivable that the majority of mankind will evolve, through inheritance and instruction, tastes for art creation of every kind. As women, in leisure hours, knit and embroider, man may develop talents for the arts as well as for the sports that we take to naturally. When so many will be working with no expectation of material reward, intent on the same problems, who knows what genius may be revealed, and what masterpieces created! Already, in almost every civilized country, hobbies are rife among individuals with a certain leisure. As leisure increases, these hobbies will find more opportunities for spreading out and flowering into something more artistic, more creative, at once more penetrating and more expansive,

pushing further and further back the flaming frontiers of the human universe and turning aspiring man into a hopeful rival of the Demiurge.

3

IF MANKIND survives another five thousand years, making progress slow indeed, yet progress, we now living and acting will seem to people of that distant date to have belonged to what we call "antiquity." Should anyone question this, he will be advised to look at the place Jewish and Greek expressions, Jewish and Greek feeling and thinking, went on occupying; how much that combination of Jewish religion, Greek metaphysics, and Roman imperialism known as Christianity dominates us still; how much our literature, no matter in what offspring of Greek, Latin, or antique barbarian speech, still carries on the values, the traditions, the historical references, and the rhetoric of antiquity. Our ethical axioms, the courses of conduct to which we consent, even if they do not enjoy our reasoned approval, will seem singularly like those of the ancient *Oecumene*. They will point to our preference for Greek and Latin literature, to our cult of Homeric notions of virility and war, and to an even greater and more formative regard for the Bible among Protestants and its derivatives among Catholics; point to our creeds and prayers and hymns.

Time and time again I have asked myself when and how the break would come. A full hundred years ago a Parisian *gamin* cried out, "*Qui nous délivrera des Grecs et des Romains?*" and the cry was not to a wilderness. Some fifty or sixty years later Viennese politicians shouted, "*Los von Rom!*" — away from Rome — Rome as the administrative seat of Catholicism. The ejaculation was not taken too seriously but attracted my attention. It was followed some two or three decades later still by the revulsion of Professor Strzygowski from the visual art of the Mediterranean world and its "hothouse products." He favored anything that did not glow with the heat and did not smell of the honey and brine of the Midland Sea. He ended by finding little to his taste in the world's architecture, except the timber buildings of Galicia and of more and more northern climes. As for the figure arts, nothing pleased him but Runic and even more primitive scratchings in lands close to where Shakespeare's Lapland sorcerers gather.

Despite the considerable influence he had not only in Germany but in France and England as well, I would not let the Viennese professor have the honor of directly inspiring Hitler, Goebbels, and Himmler, or the practitioners and interpreters of "abstract art" who surpass him by turning altogether away from representation to find satisfaction in geometrical pattern only.

Art and its interpreters are like the swallows that do not make a spring but prelude it. Bode's behavior over his "Leonardo bust," and the way the whole of Germany was marshalled to support him, gave, before the First World War, a foreboding of what was cooking up in Berlin and Potsdam and how they would conduct hostilities and propaganda.

Nazism, and the present conflict, are continuations and realizations of the means and ways of the last war, with overwhelmingly improved instruments of combat. Nazism is, in a sense if not in essence, a barbarian revolt — let us hope not a revolution — against the humanistic values thought out by the best Greeks and their Hellenized disciples in Alexandria, in Rome, and even in Judea. Its anti-Semitism is but the spearhead of its anti-Christianity, and is based on resentment against minds subtler, quicker, and more cognizant of fact as well as value. It would rage as furiously against Catholics as against Jews if they were as small and as vulnerable a minority. Nazism is the last phase of the intermittent, ever-renewed attempt of partially Romanized Germany to shake itself free of Mediterranean influence.

Despite the horrors committed and damage done, it does not look as if these descendants of Hermann, Attila, and Genseric would have their way.

More probably the present phase of the antique world, the harmony of Greek, Jew, Roman, and assimilated barbarian known as Christianity, and identical with European civilization wherever found, will gradually give place to a society which has outgrown, forgotten, or discarded it.

No longer is Greek regarded as essential in education. It is already being pursued only by students who mean to make a profession of teaching it, or of using it as philologists and archaeologists. Latin will follow before long. Hebrew disappeared from general culture generations ago. Little by little their literatures, including our rituals, will sink into the background and disappear along with institutional Christianity itself.

What will replace them? I for one cannot conceive. Our languages will cease to be understood even earlier than our ideas and feelings. Our literature will be as dead as Hebrew is today. If aspirations toward the good and the beautiful survive, what shape will they take, what expression will they find in the visual and verbal arts, and in music? We can no more imagine it than even an Alexandrian, let alone a Periclean, Greek could foresee Chartres or Rheims Cathedral, the plays of Shakespeare, the music of Beethoven, Wagner, and Strauss. And I speak of art only. What of the material world, and all that will have been invented — inventions and discoveries that may change society even more radically than the arts! Underneath it all, the least changed will remain man himself.



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



GEORGE GREEN, who has been occupied at various times as a truck driver, bartender, and farm hand, returned to Holy Cross after two and a half years in the Army. At college he contributed short stories to the college monthly, *The Purple*, graduated with the class of 1948, and then took his M.A. at Harvard, where he worked under Professor Albert Guerard, Jr., in the *Modern Novel*. This is his first story to appear in the *Atlantic*.

THE ORCHARD LADDER

by GEORGE GREEN

AFTER breakfast his mother told him to go back to his room; her voice betrayed the same strain he had recognized driving up from Boston the day before.

"Try to keep out of the way, Warren," she said. He nodded, conscious of her distracted manner before a dish of bacon and eggs. His father smoked while he drank a second cup of coffee; yet he seemed nervous, ill at ease in the face of interrupted routine, the unfamiliar kitchen, the strange newspaper. Aunt Bess stood near the window, clenching tightly in one hand a corner of the bright blue curtain. She gave instructions for lunch to the stout woman who was washing dishes; she sounded confused, absent-minded, as if she had suddenly become lost in her own house.

Warren found two old copies of *Life* in the sitting room; he relaxed in the middle of his unmade bed and looked at pictures of a flood in Italy, Danish acrobats, an Indian religious festival. Then he found some paper in the bureau and began to draw. He experienced a sense of illicit pleasure being here, lying flat on the soft rug, sketching whatever came to mind.

The clock on the night table said five minutes past ten; he remembered his mother telephoning school to have him excused. Ten o'clock; now they were in the middle of spelling period. He thought for a moment of Miss Bendix returning written exercises, with great crosses in red pencil to mark errors. The word refrigerator came to mind; he had spelled it wrong three times: he put an *e* at the end instead of *o*. Refrigerater. He amused himself with a sketch of Miss Bendix; he made her with eyes slanting like a Chinaman's and as skinny as the

solitary birch tree swaying irresolutely in the wind outside his window. By the time his mother came he was restless, folding the sheets this way and that to represent fortresses for two opposing armies.

"Could I go out now for a while?"

His mother folded his pajamas, put them under the pillow. She said, "This afternoon it will be warmer."

"I've got ski boots and my heavy socks."

"We've all got to be as quiet as possible." His mother finished making the bed, destroying both citadels with one sweep of her hands. Warren sensed that she was disturbed, that something important was happening. He watched his mother pace the length of the room, flick dust from a tablecloth, retrace her steps. He felt a second's anger at the thought she was keeping secrets from him. Warren leaned over the chair in which she sat, watched her staring with a kind of exhausted attention at the solitary birch, the empty driveway. He said, "Is he very bad?"

"Uncle Bernard is seriously ill."

He watched her portion out words, making decisions in transit as to how much to tell. What his mother said was true, always; but she put restrictions on how much she told him. He had the instinctive conviction she had never lied to him, and this was something of which he was, in his own way, profoundly aware.

"Is he going to die?"

Warren was conscious of her gaze suddenly concentrating on him, catching him off guard. She searched his eyes hastily, as if she wanted to protect him from something, shield him. She said, "We must pray that God will spare him."

He thought of a hospital: doctors and nurses, a bright, loud ambulance ignoring red lights in mad flight across a city. But he mentioned none of these things. A month ago they had sent Uncle Bernard home from a hospital; after that began the series of telephone calls, then the final telegram. He gave his mind over to the silent drive up from Boston, Aunt Bess fumbling with a handkerchief on the porch, the shaded lamp burning in the hall outside Uncle Bernard's room.

Then memory withdrew further, retrieved the visit of two summers ago, when they had left him up here for three weeks. He remembered the huge man laughing across the breakfast table, the hands big enough to lift a milk pitcher without grasping its handle, the awkward gait, the face curiously gentle beneath its coat of tan. He said, "Uncle Bernard's real strong."

Warren mused at random about that earlier visit; he knew there had been others, but of them he had lost all consciousness. He remembered how, one day, Uncle Bernard had delighted him by turning Indian and stalking him in the woods. He could still awaken that earlier excitement: sun breaking down through the foliage of maple trees, shadows giving false outline to stumps yards away, a bird voicing wonder somewhere above his head — then the sharp click of a twig breaking, arms lifting him as if he were the size of a baby chipmunk, the loud, delighted laughter: "Now for your scalp!"

He was almost startled at the sound of his mother's voice. "What were you thinking of?"

Warren put one leg up on the arm of her chair, frowned dully toward the solitary birch, the familiar woods, the remembered voice. He said, "Uncle Bernard was very good to me."

"He was good to everyone." She got up, made an unnecessary adjustment of the pillow. She put her hand on Warren's head. "He was my big brother; I remember him when he was just about your size."

He had no experience to judge Uncle Bernard's relationships with grownups. He thought of him as essentially solitary: someone who could hold the ladder in the apple orchard with one hand, or make footprints to try and equal in turned earth; one skilled in short cuts to reach the blueberry bushes on Jaffrey Mountain. He said, "I want to be like him when I grow up."

Then his mother took him by the hand. "Lunch must be ready by now," she said. They made their way through the hall, down the carpeted stairs. Warren caught sight of a figure in white cautiously shutting the door to Uncle Bernard's room. He fancied she smiled at him, sending an odd smell, like iodine, down the stairs.

"Could I go in and say hello later?"

"We'll have to ask Aunt Bess," his mother said. Again he sensed she was not really giving a reply at all.

"Maybe I should speak to the nurse?" He felt his mother's hand close tighter over his own: it was almost as if she were afraid and wanted company.

2

AUNT BESS was not with them for lunch. His father said she was upstairs talking to the doctor. The stout woman in slippers served; Warren took every opportunity to watch the broad, stolid face. His mother spoke to her, and took their plates awkwardly, putting a glass of milk in front of him with the reminder not to drink it all before he ate. He wanted to ask the stout woman's name, but she was never out of the room long enough so that she would not hear him.

There were dead intervals when nobody said anything. Warren watched the stout woman bring in dessert: custard with a cherry stuck on a little hill of whipped cream. He was the only one who wanted any.

He could hear the wind against the house and, at intervals, the sound of voices, as if someone were giving instructions in a forced whisper. It made him think of robbers trying to enter at an upstairs window. He peered out at the snow, lying old and gray now in the long pasture. Sparrows made tiny brown islands, looking for crumbs; then they bounced lightly over the hard-crusting surface, changing position with a sudden motion of their heads.

Afterwards his mother gave him permission to take a walk, provided that he stay away from deep drifts. The nurse was having her lunch then. Warren watched her from the doorway; he wanted to ask if he might see Uncle Bernard. He wanted her to give Bernard a message, assurance that he was near by to close the barn door, replace fallen stones on the wall: the robbers would never get in while he lay in wait to foil them.

Then the nurse said, "Hello, little boy," and Warren turned suddenly red with embarrassment. He tried to recover by shutting the door too loudly, then advancing into the room. He pulled a warm sweater belonging to Aunt Bess over his head. "I'm going out." He said it with false emphasis, establishing his claim to take Bernard's place, follow the wide footprints.

"Be sure you're dressed for it," the nurse smiled at him. Her dress was very crisp and white; it made him think of starched snow.

"I'm going to look around," Warren said. He pretended to give close attention to his gloves. After a moment he looked up again, his message almost phrased. But then the stout woman entered; the nurse and she began talking together. When he said, hesitantly, "That's my uncle upstairs," the two women turned brusquely in his direction: he felt as if he had broken a no-talking rule at school.

Once outside, Warren made his way over the grimy expanse of snow back of the house. He had remembered to bring bread which the stout woman gave him. The sad, quick smile with which she helped him button his jacket made him forget unnecessary data — like names.

He distributed the bread among the bobbing sparrows. From where he stood he could see the apple orchard, branches smaller, sharply defined now in the white stillness. He gave his attention to the high-pitched noise of sparrows; they filled the empty air with companionship: a remote echo of green foliage, tangled ferns, sunlight heavy on smooth boulders.

Beneath an apple tree he saw the ladder; it lay half-buried in snow, one of the lower rungs missing. Somehow, the sight of it filled him with melancholy. It looked as if it had been abandoned out here, left to the fallen leaves, the cold rain, the bed of snow. Warren tried to pry it loose; he wanted to prop it up against a tree. He told himself, with pride at his knowledge, that wet and cold would cause it to rot. But it resisted all attempts to raise it, one end being locked in a sheet of ice.

He took off a glove, rubbed his hand along the wood. He thought of a figure striding between trees, with the ladder perched on his shoulder, one hand placed well forward to keep it balanced. "Watch out for your head, small fry." "Bet I could ride on the end of that thing." "Come on and try it, if you like."

The sight of the house brought him back to the present. He was aware his hands were cold; his glance focused now on the white structure, with the barn extending to the left beside it. It seemed very distant from out here; he examined it, his eyes blinking in the wind. He felt very alone, not in the sense of being by himself physically, but as if he were listening to a voice at the end of a long corridor — just out of range to catch exact words.

Warren got up and turned with a sense of performing a stern duty toward the river. Just before the stream ran the old stone wall that marked the line between Uncle Bernard's property and old man Coffin's. . . .

Two summers ago he had walked the length of this wall with Uncle Bernard; and they crossed it — carefully, so as not to disturb any of the stones — when they went fishing. He remembered how proud he felt to help arrange stones so that they fitted right. He would grasp one lying beside the wall, lift it gingerly into place; it felt dry and hot against his hands. Uncle Bernard would send him to search in the grass for smaller stones. "You need good ones to fill the chinks." Then Warren would dig in the warm earth, the color of damp brown clay below the surface. He would return to the wall, sweating happily as he squinted at the tall figure, the enormous hands.

"This what you meant?"

"That's the ticket." Then the lazy tilt of the hat, the barely perceptible smile, the abrupt laughter. "For a city boy you do right well."

"But I'm not a city boy — not now, anyway."

"Think you might want to farm when you grow up?"

"Guess I'll have to wait and see," Warren said. He watched Bernard as he set the final stones in place. He felt a tremor of happiness, of serenity, standing here in the heavy August sunlight. He sensed this must be part of growing up, this instinctive love for someone who gave tokens of faith in one's compulsion to help, to imitate. Being with Bernard, he told himself, made him feel taller, stronger.

"I don't know, small fry," Bernard said. "I'm afraid you're too fond of daydreaming."

Warren laughed at the tall form stretching itself out, the old felt hat screening the face. He said, "I can do that even better than you." Then he lay down, face toward the earth, so that when he turned his head the wall made him think of houses for cliff dwellers; ants scampered back and forth in the entrances to the caves. He turned over quickly to watch a bird wheeling lazily, like a pendulum on an invisible wire.

"Hawk," Bernard said, wiping the rim of his hat with a handkerchief.

Warren watched the constant swinging; then it altered in his imagination to the sudden shifts of a fish of prey, solitary in an ocean of blue space. He said, "I'd like to fix him."

"How's that?"

"He's up there now probably thinking like mad where he'll steal a chicken next."

He felt Bernard observing him. "Some hawks have a taste for chickens," Bernard said, "but they knock off no-good critters, too." The boy turned again, let himself roam in and out of the wall with the imaginary cliff dwellers. He felt, somehow, that the wall was more simple than the question of hawks: it was closer, easier to comprehend. He satisfied himself by reaching out one hand to touch it. . . .

3

Now, walking alone by the wall through the heavy snow, Warren noticed sections where stones had toppled down. He replaced as many as he could; others, too heavy to lift, he abandoned with an odd sense of regret, as if he were neglecting someone's call for help.

The sun, weak and distant all day, became lost behind a bank of colossal clouds. Warren watched his breath form steam, like white smoke from a railroad train. For a time he rested on the top of the wall, staring idly at the long pasture, the apple orchard, and, silent in the distance, the house. He surprised himself by how much he could recol-

lect about Uncle Bernard: things they had done, what Bernard had said to him. It was the first time in his life he had ever experienced this; it gave him a novel sense of age, of having listened to someone reading the same book for years and years.

He turned, shielding his face against the east wind. To his left, like an immense gray elephant on its knees, lay Jaffrey Mountain. They had climbed it together two summers ago; it was there he had felt for the first time the reality of fear: a raw numbness in the middle of his chest making him think he was going to be sick.

He had wandered up an ancient logging path by himself; the path dissolved into brush, and for what seemed an interminable time he lost all sense of direction. He stumbled back and forth, resisting the impulse to scream, scratching his face in tangled undergrowth. Bushes suddenly became caverns at the bottom of the ocean; he fought to free himself from encircling arms, make his way to the surface.

Then, from near by, he heard Bernard's voice. "Over here, small fry." He scrambled toward the voice, trying to slow down his fast breathing, the pounding in his chest that betrayed his fear. Bernard, on hands and knees, seemed absorbed in picking blueberries. He said, "I was beginning to think you went off and left me." Warren leaned forward toward the kneeling figure, rested his hand lightly on Bernard's shoulder.

On the way home Warren laughed and shouted a good deal to show he had conquered his fear; but it still lay inside him, a black, damp abyss.

That night he had a nightmare. He thought he was back on the mountainside. He had wandered away by himself: a second later he could not recognize one direction from another. He made one dash to his left, then fell when he turned his ankle on a rock. He got up, wiping spider webs from his face; he felt sweaty, then suddenly cold.

He uttered one feeble scream, looking about him through the tangled undergrowth, the shadows of taller trees, the hazy sunlight. Then he waited for what seemed an agonizingly long time; he could hear the sound of his own breathing, the quick pulsation of his heart.

Finally he awoke, staring convulsively at the lamp beside the bed. For an instant he thought he had been swimming under water and had just managed to reach the surface; he felt winded and thirsty. Then he recognized Uncle Bernard standing near the lamp: he looked oddly uncomfortable in bathrobe and slippers. He said, "I thought maybe you drank too much water from the canteen. How's your stomach?"

"Guess I was talking in my sleep," Warren said. Nightmare was a word for scared kids their first night at Boy Scout camp. He smiled guardedly at Bernard: the awkward bathrobe seemed to dissipate tangled brush, spider webs, mysterious sounds.

"Want company for a while?"

"I'm all right now."

"I'll leave on the light in case you want to read."

Warren watched the tall figure clatter out the door. He thought with gratitude of the turned back, the loud voice: I was afraid you might have gone off and left me.

Then, with the reflection of the lamp like sunrise on the wall whenever he opened his eyes, he passed gently into calm and dreamless sleep.

By the time Warren reached the house the light had failed over the entire valley. In the west remained one long streak of cold red above the mountains; elsewhere the sky shed all color, settling quickly into uniform darkness. Once, crossing the long pasture, he heard a bird start suddenly from a branch; the sound frightened him, disturbed the regular clump of ski boots on snow.

He watched the windows increase in size; they made him think of distant lighthouses, beacons to guide the traveler, the stranger, back home. He hastened his pace; he would tell about the apple orchard, the replaced stones. He would get permission to see Uncle Bernard, explain what he had done. He felt happy in the realization he had not wandered without purpose.

On the back porch he banged his shoes against the steps; he enjoyed this new sound of leather against wood: it was dry, clear, unlike the slippery clump of boot against snow. He advanced toward the door, prepared to call out.

In the kitchen his mother anticipated him; he felt strangely flushed, excited, in the close warmth. She put her arms about him, made him take off his jacket, sweater, shoes. She said, "Don't go upstairs."

"I fixed some things," Warren said. He rubbed his feet, enjoying the warmth that penetrated deeply through cold cheeks, damp socks. Then, after a pause: "Uncle Bernard will be glad to hear."

"I'm sure he will," she said.

The words drifted slowly across the warm kitchen, as if they had required a long space of time to complete. They passed through the blue curtain, lost themselves among the sounds, frozen, useless, of the winter night.

Warren turned toward the person making cocoa, observed the white apron, the movement of her arms. For the first time in his life he sensed she had lied to him. He felt a pang of disappointment at his discovery. He had learned that lies flew like hawks, in indeterminate circles, far beyond the denial of a stolen cookie, concealment of the broken dish.

He sat immobile for a very long time, pretending to listen, holding one foot with a kind of stealthy reserve. Outside, the wind was rising; he heard it creeping, like a horde of mice, around corners, windows, roof. He needed no words to realize the robbers had broken in.



The freedom to travel which was sharply curtailed by the two World Wars has been even more rigorously limited for Americans by the McCarran Act of 1950. We turned to JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR., for a firm reminder of how this freedom, comparable to freedom of speech, has been respected by other men in other, more broad-minded epochs. A graduate of Harvard and the Harvard Law School who served as secretary to both Judge Augustus N. Hand and Judge Learned Hand, and from 1937 as special assistant to the Attorney General of the United States, Judge Wyzanski was appointed to the U.S. District Court of Massachusetts in December, 1941.

FREEDOM TO TRAVEL

by JUDGE CHARLES E. WYZANSKI, JR.

I

UNESCO recently proposed a conference in the United States of teachers throughout the world whose special field is civil liberties, but the State Department withheld the invitation because, under the McCarran Act, Communist teachers of even that subject are excluded from our land. More recently the government, without explanation, refused passports to a Harvard professor, once associated with the Institute of Pacific Relations, who wished to take a short teaching assignment in Japan; to a Protestant minister, critical of our post-war treaty with Japan, who wished to visit friends in the Orient; and to several non-Communist scientists who planned to attend European meetings of professional societies. And in dozens of less conspicuous cases citizens and aliens with unacceptable views have been denied passports to travel from, or visas to enter, the United States.

These actions, characteristic of both our country and other countries in this age of crisis, invite a review of the legal, historical, and policy considerations underlying the freedom of men to travel — or, as it is sometimes technically phrased, the right of intercourse between nations.

In this discussion we are not concerned with the right of a citizen permanently to withdraw from our community, and thus expatriate himself; nor with his right to leave our shores, or remain abroad, to avoid taxes, military service, or other domestic obligation. Our interest is only in those physically healthy visitors who come to observe, to learn, to teach, to confer, or to trade — those whom Francis Bacon described in his Eighteenth Essay when he wrote, "Travel, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience."

Before indulging in any criticism of our present statutes, administration, or policies, we should

remind ourselves that, whatever may be said of specific cases, of recent rules governing particular classes of travelers, and of novel dangers and remedies, America has in these post-war, as in earlier, years a record of hospitality to temporary visitors, scholars, teachers, merchants, that no nation, behind or before the Iron Curtain, has come close to matching. Over 80 million persons annually now cross our borders, many of them more than once. We are the most open society that the world has ever seen. We have adopted our liberal practice despite the doctrine of international law that there is no limitation upon the sovereign state's power to restrict travel.

In the United States the most that can be derived from precedents is that in 1868 Congress declared, and in 1939 Chief Justice Hughes repeated, that the "right of expatriation is a natural and inherent right of all people"; that our Constitution protects the right of a citizen to travel within the forty-eight states; that it is an open question whether the Bill of Rights assures him the privilege of foreign travel; that if he does go abroad, but on his return fails to persuade the immigration inspectors of his citizenship, he is excludable without the possibility of judicial review. As to a foreigner, as distinguished from a citizen, neither international nor American law accords him any inherent, natural, or positive right to enter the United States as an immigrant or visitor.

Historically our nation has a long record of exercising its power to exclude some aliens. Washington's and Adams's administrations furnish early examples. However, in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and even in the first quota acts of 1921 and 1924, we left an open door for the temporary visitor, unless he had a loathsome or contagious disease, carried on a criminal profession, or sought

the overthrow of our government. We were, in those older times, glad to show our land not only to the admiring Tocqueville or Bryce, and to the not overenthusiastic Dickens and Trollope, but to those subverters of the democratic order now known to history as Napoleon III and Trotsky. Not until the McCarran Act of 1950 did we flatly exclude all associated with Communist parties or their affiliates — though, as far back as 1918, enactments yielding varying interpretations reached toward the same end.

So far as travel from the United States was concerned, for 130 years we did nothing to restrain our journeying citizens, unless one counts as an exception the Logan Act, forbidding an American private citizen to negotiate with a foreign government. This legislation, we would do well to remember, was directed at a good Quaker doctor and United States Senator who had succeeded in persuading Talleyrand to lift the Napoleonic embargo against the United States, and who hoped to induce the British Cabinet to desist from the vexatious conduct that ultimately led to the War of 1812.

It may also be worth recalling that freedom of travel was in the nineteenth century a dominant theme in our foreign policy. We fought the Barbary States because of the restrictions and exactions they placed upon our traders; we sent warships under command of Commodore Matthew Perry to open up the ports of Japan to American visitors; we protested to the Czar when he expelled American Jews visiting their Russian relatives. Almost all our treaties of commerce and friendship had clauses looking toward unfettered freedom of intercourse.

With World War I a change set in. For the first time passports became a common incident of travel. Unless they had these certificates of nationality, our citizens could not enter most countries; and after President Wilson's Executive Order, they could not cross our own borders in wartime. By 1918 the Wilsonian policy was crystallized in statutory form, so that now a citizen who leaves this land in time of war or declared emergency, while he retains a legal right to return to this country, may find in practice that his right is to return to that part of our land which is a federal prison.

As one would expect, when passports became mandatory the governmental control of travel became vested in theory in the Secretary of State, but in practice in a corps of specialists, devoted to their task, informed of the technicalities, but exercising in the interstices of their daily duties a range of policy judgments which were not always overt and were almost never the subject of detailed scrutiny by the busy Secretary, Congress, and press. This departmental power over passports has often been said to be discretionary, and virtually nonreviewable by courts. Certainly the tradition has been that the subordinates of the Secretary could refuse a passport to one whose conduct, or

communications, or presence in a foreign land would prove embarrassing to this country. And, indeed, the practice has been fortified by the McCarran Act, in which Congress has forbidden the Department of State to issue a passport to a member of either the Communist Party or one of its affiliates.

Yet there are signs that the courts may be ready to put some elementary curbs on administrative absolutism. In July of this year a lower federal court ruled that the Secretary could not refuse a citizen the renewal of her passport without giving her the opportunity to be heard. The State Department now plans to allow interdepartmental appeals from the Passport Division, and in such appeals the Division will be required to explain its reasons for a denial of the passport and to give the applicant a chance to give his side.

2

THE present unfettered and strict executive control of passports and visas is, of course, not a curiosity of American statesmanship. It is a universal response to a world in fear of atomic war and planned insurrection. Yet it flies in the face of the cherished experiences of our Western world.

Twenty-four hundred years ago in his Funeral Speech, Pericles reminded the Athenians: "[We] throw our city open to all the world, and we never by exclusion acts debar anyone from learning or seeing anything which an enemy might profit from observing if it were not kept from his sight; for we place our dependence, not so much upon prearranged devices to deceive, as upon the courage which springs from our souls when we are called to action." While this may not have been a representative pronouncement of the ancient world — and reflects a quite opposite view from Plato's *Laws*, which proposed to confine foreign travel to those whose reliability was evidenced by their having passed their fortieth birthday and served in public office — the Periclean ideal came to be accepted early in European history for both men of business and men of learning. Magna Charta's forty-first clause guarantees freedom of entry for foreign merchants. Traders of the Hanseatic League gained the right of access to most Continental as well as English markets, and English and Italian traders were to be found in many lands. Marco Polo gained entrance to China. Even Russian barriers finally yielded to Peter the Great's ukase of April, 1702.

This freedom of intercourse extended far beyond the demands of commerce, and was most utilized by the very type of academic traveler and publicist whose journeys are now most carefully scanned. A tradition of academic intercourse began with the medieval wandering scholars moving from Paris, to Bologna, to Oxford; it grew with the pilgrimages of men of letters in Chaucer's age, swelled with the

generation of Erasmus, Colet, and More, found its permanent justification in the essays of Montaigne and Bacon, and became one of the impelling forces behind the Grand Tour taken by all gentlemen in Chesterfield's day.

But the freedom of travel which characterized the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth centuries, and reached even across the mountains of Tibet, has been sharply curtailed by two world wars and the two periods of unsettlement that followed in their wake. We shall not find modern parallels for the visit of Spinoza to discuss philosophy with the Prince of Condé, while that French general was fighting the Dutch; or the Sentimental Journey of Laurence Sterne, who went without a passport from England to belligerent France; or that extraordinary social call paid in the middle of the War of 1812 by Lord Jeffrey, a Scottish Law Lord, upon President Madison in the White House. For many years to come, we must anticipate rigid passport inspection as the most convenient device for keeping out admittedly excludable persons and those who, pretending to come for a short sojourn, plan to remain as unauthorized permanent residents.

But an issue which deserves to be further debated is whether we ought to continue rigid administrative passport and visa censorship of tourists having no purpose but to exchange ideas and experiences.

This travel does not differ from any other exercise of the manifold freedoms of expression — from the right to speak, to write, to use the mails, to publish, to assemble, to petition. In all these liberties the principal element is the stretching of the mind to accommodate the growing spirit. The physical contact between men of different nationality while they exchange ideas, no matter how unconventional, is no evidence of a clear and present danger, unless the ideas themselves include a punishable incitement to immediate action.

To be sure, when men are face to face there may be greater understanding and increased possibilities of coöperation, but how can these be noxious if the same ideas may be lawfully communicated by post or print? And can any devotee of our liberal traditions argue that because a passport and a visa are governmental licenses, it follows that the authorities may arbitrarily withhold those official permissions from men whose actions are innocent, but whose thoughts alone are dangerous? Is not freedom to carry on such intercourse the core of our creed? For we cherish this liberty of communication not only for the sake of the traveler and his ideas, but more especially for the growth of the rest of us and our adventurous society.

Someone may urge that this nation will be embarrassed in its foreign relations if we permit noisy citizens from the extreme left and right wings of our commonwealth to go abroad posing as

typical Americans. The first answer to that argument was given three decades ago by President Lowell when he was pressed to restrict Harvard professors whose public speeches caused the university annoyance: if we censor certain utterances, we tacitly assume responsibility for whatever we do not censor.

There is, however, a deeper answer for this country to ponder in this hour when its greatest need is to hold and to win allies. The most attractive promise of America has always been, not its natural resources, but its assured welcome to liberty. Belief in freedom is our only orthodoxy. The untouched radical is an irrebuttable exhibit of the stability of the society which he attacks. Just the other day, our British friends showed how applicable these principles are to the traveler who on his foreign journey exploits his mission to spread calumny and to create dissension. The spectacle of the Red Dean of Canterbury left free by Parliament became far better propaganda for the Western world than his preposterous charges of germ warfare could ever have been for the Communist despotism.

Yet, though we leave even our misguided, irresponsible citizens free to travel, and stop standing them in the corner when their views are unacceptable to Washington legislators and administrators, is it so clear that we should be hospitable to the foreigner who comes to spread divisive propaganda, or possibly to extract secrets from our arsenals and laboratories? If the alien's errand be to circulate lies, then the proper way to deal with him, as Milton, Blackstone, Mill, Holmes, Brandeis, and Hughes have taught us, is not to censor him, by travel document or otherwise, but to let him proceed, subject, however, to the risk of criminal punishment and libel suit. If the traveler's errand be to steal our confidential information, he is, and should be held, inadmissible, as a person whose journey is a punishable first step in an attempt to commit the crime of espionage. But let us be sure that crime is his real purpose, and that curtailment of his travel is not founded on distrust of his philosophy rather than on distrust of his respect for the locks, keys, and regulations which justifiably guard our military and other official secrets.

We can never afford to forget that in our war to win the world for liberty, our ultimate appeal must be not primarily to arms and secret weapons, but to the minds and spirits of men throughout the globe. And let us not be unmindful that in that vast area where the destiny of man may yet be decided, millions of men, for hundreds of years, have repeated the words of Confucius: "Within the four seas all men are brothers. . . . Good government obtains when those who are near are happy, and those who are far are attracted to come."



WHAT RIDDLE ASKED THE SPHINX

To the Memory of André Gide

IN my stone eyes I see
The saint upon his knee
Dig in the desert for eternity.

In my stone ears I hear
The night-lost traveller
Cry *When?* to the earth's shadow: *When? O where?*

Stone deaf and blind
I ponder in my mind
The bone that seeks, the flesh that cannot find.

Stone blind I see
The saint's eternity
Deep in the earth he digs in. Cannot he?

Stone deaf I hear
The night say *Then!* say *There!*
Why cries that traveller still to the night air?

The one is not content
With silence, the day spent;
With earth the other. More, they think, was meant.

Stone that I am, can stone
Perceive what flesh and bone
Are blind and deaf to?

Or has hermit known,
Has traveller divined,
Some question there behind
I cannot come to, being stone and blind?

To all who ken or can
I ask, since time began,
What riddle is it has for answer, Man?

ARCHIBALD MacLEISH



Harold J. Laski was approaching his thirty-third birthday and Mr. Justice Holmes his eighty-fifth, and the friendship between them had been ripening for a decade, when the letters which follow were being written. The selection begins in mid-February, 1926, when Laski, who had taught at Harvard and then been appointed to the London School of Economics, was on his way to revisit the United States. He had been under attack as a radical and the Justice was a little uneasy at the thought that he would not be admitted. We are indebted to MARK DEWOLFE HOWE, the editor, and to the Harvard University Press, which will publish the Holmes-Laski Letters at the turn of the year, for the privilege of presenting this second installment.

THE HOLMES-LASKI LETTERS

Edited by MARK DEWOLFE HOWE

MY DEAR JUSTICE: Everything now is arranged. I have my passage booked, a *visé* from your consul on my passport, and nothing to do except wait for March 20. I assume that I shall not be detained at Ellis Island, as I have never been divorced, am not an anarchist or a polygamist, and do not believe in the violent overthrow of established governments. I need not tell you how the prospect of talk with you both heartens me. It will be a great adventure.

My chief news will, I think, please you. I have been given the chair of political science in the university. That means 33% of my income, the chief say in the teaching of the subject in the university as a whole, and the consequent chance, about which I care much, to make the department really important. I am very pleased about it, as there are all kinds of plans in my head for which I can now seek fruition. And if I can get someone like Eugene Meyer to give me a small fund for the purpose of publication, I think I can get some good work into the hands of scholars. . . .

The week has gone quietly in work. In reading I have mainly been busy with Clarendon whom I had not read since I was a schoolboy. I found him stately but irritating; and the impression is like you would feel if you found yourself naked amid an audience in full Court dress. Then a good dose of the *Spectator* which I found wholly delightful especially the attractive essay on the Bank of England. Also I read Trotsky's book on the future of England [*Whither England?* (1925)], which I thought able in parts but also full of elementary misunderstandings of the British Constitution and the habits of our people. But what struck me more than all was to realise (perhaps you had noticed it) that the whole

Bolshevik-psychology is simply Hobbes redressed in Marxian costume. It's very interesting put in that way for it throws a flood of light on recesses otherwise dim and explains, above all, the terrorist element in their actions. What puzzles me in the book is the *naïveté* with which an obviously able man assumes that *ipso facto* his violence is right and your violence wrong. His diagnosis of some of our statesmen has real insight; but, equally, some of it (to me) is absurdly wrong. . . .

I had a good bookhunt last week and found some pleasant trifles *circa* 1640. But what pleased me much was to find a superb graving of Voltaire by Moreau le Jeune for a couple of pounds. It is done from a wax-statuettes and brings out almost diabolically the verve and *diable* of his features. It is in pretty good condition, though you, as a connoisseur in these matters, would complain of the cropped margins. And one other thing I bought which, child-like, pleased me, namely a copy of Blackstone given by him to Mansfield for which I paid ten shillings. I was amused by the fact that the set does not show signs of much usage. Two or three pages in each chapter have not been cut. But, *après tout*, Mansfield had no need to read Blackstone.

I must not forget to tell you of the death of a fellow of Trinity Cambridge aged 97. His funeral was attended by a brother of 99. The latter was much distressed and said he had always told his junior that theological research was not compatible with longevity. "God," he solemnly told Rutherford, "does not mean us to pry into these matters." After the funeral the old man went back to Trinity and solemnly drank his half-bottle of port. He was asked his prescription for health and said with great fervour "Never deny yourself anything." He ex-

plained that he had never married as he had found fidelity restrictive as a young man. "I was once engaged, when I was forty," he said, "and I found it gave me very serious constipation. So I broke off the engagement, and the lady quite understood." He was very anxious not to be thought past the age of flirtation. The vicar, he said, found his presence very helpful at evening parties. I thought he was sheer delight for it was all so absolutely unconscious, but, to my amusement, two deans were shocked beyond words. I took the old man back to London and put him on his way to the Midlands and have rarely had a better journey. Twice he refreshed himself lustily from a flask of claret and once insisted on my sharing it with him. He told me he still had his pint of champagne for lunch but that it did not mean to him what it used to do.

Our love to you both, and every good wish,
Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

Washington, D.C., February 21, 1926

MY DEAR LASKI: This ought to be the last or the last but one from me before your welcome coming. I hope, I repeat, that you have made sure that there will be no obstacle to your entry here. I am ignorant as a child about it, beyond a vague notion that one is liable to be surprised. . . .

After getting away from the flabbiness of a cold I walked into the dentist's trap and am no free man. I have, however, touched off two little dis-sents so far as to get them in proofs — one concurring in a few words with a colossal piece of work by Brandeis, and the other on my own, concurred in by him, for not applying the XIV Amendment to a state case that is before us. Also I have read one or two books, the most notable Symonds's translation of Benvenuto Cellini, not read since boyhood when Roscoe's version was all we had. I could not but chuckle to think that I saw under Symonds's would be cosmopolitanism the inner domination of the "We don't do that in England," which is so apt to be the Briton's last word. I dare say the same local standards prevail elsewhere but I am more conscious of it with the English, although even Montesquieu taught one to associate Little Pedlington with the Boulevards. . . .

Yesterday p.m. I went to my shelves and took down two volumes nearly at random. One was a life and sermons of Whitfield, interesting mainly because he is buried at Newburyport. I think you prostrated to his coffin when we went over there one day. I didn't read much but was reminded of Sainte-Beuve and Pascal by his discourse on election and reprobation and of what is said of Edwards by his satisfaction in believing that most of us are eternally damned. I found his language rather surprisingly modern and direct. Soon I put him down and turned to the other, which was Volume 1 of an old 4 volume edition of Horace

Walpole's letters which began with his remembrances of the Courts of George the First and Second. I find that so delightful for an irresponsible moment that I think I shall keep on. Hang it, one can't be seeking improvement all the time. Mostly I avoid books that don't help to strengthen the foundations or at least add a flying buttress, but if I ever am to be allowed any levity it is time for it now. Yet it doesn't come natural to say, My time for expecting to contribute anything is over — serious amusement is all that is left. I dunno — one goes up and down. I think that I will go forth and walk an inch and a half. I did so yesterday for the first time for a fortnight. . . . I am a little anxious about your dates. From March 22 to April 12 we are adjourned, then we sit till May 10. I hope for the best.

Aff'ly yours,
O.W.H.

On Board the Cunard H.M.S. "Berengaria," April 23, 1926

MY DEAR JUSTICE: I literally have no words to tell you what those days in Washington meant to me. I did not need to revise beliefs, or renew allegiance; those had been made *in aeternum*. But I found that all I had treasured as a great memory had the old beauty and more. I put it in the treasure house of remembrance as among the great things I have experienced. To you both my old homage and affection made deeper and more intense by new richness.

America has been a great adventure. To find Felix not less electric than ever, and to take up talk with him as though it ceased but yesterday was superb. And I am so much in agreement with many of the results of Brandeis's thinking that I had from him (apart from the fresh sense of his compelling charm) the satisfaction of guessing that my own diagnosis was not entirely wrong. New York was especially kind to me. Mack, J. especially helped me to meet Cardozo and Hough: the former a nature as exquisite as his mind is perceptive, the latter a fine, masculine mind with something of the nature of Bluff King Hal at its base. I saw your ex-secretary Benjamin and his charming young wife. Morris Cohen I had a great evening with. He has mellowed greatly, and I was particularly glad to find that he and I (like you, I believe, too) had not dissimilar views on Pound. I met also a young physiologist from the Rockefeller Institute, Alfred Cohn, whom you must sometime meet. He has, I believe, a big reputation; but even more important, he has a wonderfully tempered mind. And the *New Republic* gave me a dinner at which the talk was quite thrilling; I learned much of an America too often hidden from the sojourner of so brief a moment as mine. I felt, again, too that with many limitations and a certain heaviness of method, Croly is really a big fellow, patient, curious, sincere and penetrating. So

long as there are people of his quality around, your future as a nation is not without its guarantees.

But this is not a letter so much as a salute. I need not tell you both how warm is my affection and how eagerly it greets you. I shall resume writing so soon as I am straight at home.

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

Washington, D.C., May 13, 1926

MY DEAR LASKI: Your letter from shipboard moved me in my marrow, but I have delayed in writing from day to day owing to the uncertainty and anxiety I have felt and feel as to your public affairs. I suppose you are in the thick of it — I have much confidence in the business sense of the nation but one can't talk freely while things seem to hang in the balance. I shall say but a word or two therefore. (1) I also met Cardozo the other day and thought his face beautiful with intellect and character. I had only a limited chance to talk during the short time he was here — with others.

(2) I read with surprised satisfaction Murray's *History of Political Science, etc.* His slight whiff of the parson or the Hegelian at moments did not prevent my finding it most interesting and compactly instructive.

(3) I am reading out of regard to my friend Wu, Stammer's *Theory of Justice*. I have read 228 pages and though he seems a noble-minded moralist, I confess so far it has been simply marking time, and with tedious iteration impressing upon the reader the difference between an abstract scheme regarded as applicable to all possible controls of the law, and the empirical contents. As I don't believe the postulate — and think morality a sort of higher politeness, that stands between us and the ultimate fact — force — I am not much edified. Nor do I see how a believer in any kind of evolution can get a higher formula than organic fitness at the given moment.

(4) Your impression of Croly is like my own, but he can't write — and he tends to give a pedagogic tone to his discourse that makes me shrink from it.

I tremble as I send this off — but affectionate thoughts and hopes go with it.

Yours ever,

O.W.H.

16 Warwick Gardens, 2.V.26

MY DEAR JUSTICE: Let us resume operations. . . . I am glad to be back; but I have rarely spent so interesting and profitable a time as those weeks with you all. It was not merely the joy of finding that the impalpables do not rust with time; nor even the acute pleasure that the feeling-out of other minds gives one (after all the greatest of pleasures). It was the experience of being plunged suddenly into a totally different civilisation with different assumptions at its base. If I wasn't entirely con-

vinced, I was throughout fascinated; and the spectacle, all in all, is impressive. . . . The days with you and Felix had a quality that one encounters only two or three times in life. I shall not forget them.

I came back to find Frida and Diana both very fit; but we tremble on the verge of terrible events here and I do not know what will happen.¹ I have a deep sense within me that before the general strike begins on Tuesday, Baldwin will somehow have found means of accommodation, for, as I wrote to him last night, the breakdown seems to me rather the misunderstanding of tired men than any ultimate difference. I hope so; for a general strike, if at all prolonged, would loose forces of a kind that make for changes too vast to come rightly or wisely without deliberate plan. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

16 Warwick Gardens, 23.V.26

MY DEAR JUSTICE: A grand letter from you yesterday was like a fragrant scent in a dismal world. You can imagine that it has been a time of immense strain, made, I think, the worse by the fact that it was all perfectly unnecessary. On the night when negotiations broke down, a settlement had practically been reached, and had it not been for the blustering stupidity of Churchill, there would have been no stoppage at all. You will not, I am sure, have been deluded by all the talk of revolution and challenge to the government. From first to last it was a purely industrial dispute carried out with amazing good temper and orderliness by millions of men who could not without shame see the miners' wages reduced to between ten and twelve dollars a week. I speak whereof I know; for I carried out the earlier private negotiations with the government on behalf of the unions, and the ultimate settlement was upon a draft I had written. This, of course, is strictly between ourselves; I have not even written it to Felix. And you will not need me to say that, on this issue, had the question of a challenge to constitutional government been in question, I should not have tried to help the trade unions. My own feelings were put admirably by Keynes in the *New Republic* of May 19th. It was a piece of bun-

¹ Since mid-April the crisis in negotiations between the miners, the employers, and the Government had developed with mounting intensity. Since April 30 there had been a total stoppage in the production of coal and on May 1 the Trades Union Congress announced that a general strike would begin on May 3. Mr. Baldwin, and even more vigorously, Mr. Churchill, Chancellor of the Exchequer, treated the action of the Trades Union Congress as a lawless, revolutionary effort to upset the constitutional system. The Government, when the general strike took effect, stood by the proposition that it would not participate in negotiations concerning the shutdown of the mines while the general strike continued. On May 12 the general strike came formally to an end on the understanding that negotiations with respect to the coal dispute would be reopened forthwith. Those negotiations, however, fruitlessly dragged on, the miners stanchly refusing to accede to the employers' demand, supported by the Government, that wage reductions and longer hours were essential.

gling, due to hotheads in the cabinet who wanted to "teach labour a lesson." I come out of it with intense respect for the qualities of the working-man. And of those in high place with whom it was my business to deal, Baldwin and Birkenhead won new esteem from me. The first isn't able, but he really has character and an absence of vindictiveness, though he lacks strength of will. Once you broke down his oratorical habits, he was resourceful, quick, full of intelligence, and with a great flair as a draftsman. Churchill was contemptible and on two or three occasions we had high words. He saw himself as a pinchbeck Mussolini, and if he had not been restrained, he would have done infinite mischief. I know no tragedy so great as that where men of goodwill are kept from each other's minds, and that is the tragedy Winston precipitated.

Well, it was a fortnight's grim labour, which ought, at least, to enable me to write a much better book on communism than I could have done before. It also convinces me that there really isn't much to be said for "muddling through." You may win your end, but you pay a heavy price. The miners are still out, and unless there is a return to my basis, they will stay out. There, again, Churchill and his friends in the cabinet have done infinite mischief; for whereas the basis was honourable to all parties, Winston, at the threat of resignation, has compelled Baldwin to introduce changes the miners cannot reasonably be asked to accept; and Baldwin lacked the courage to tell Winston to resign and be damned. Now we are trying to get the parties together on the old basis. But the miners having seen the basis thrown over once the general strike was called off were naturally suspicious, and it will, I fear, be a long job. The suffering in the mining districts is intense and I cannot find words to tell you what I feel about their powers of endurance. They have five and ten shillings a week strike pay, and they just set their teeth and bear it. In an ultimate sense, they are unbeatable people; for, as I told the Prime Minister yesterday, even if they lose this fight, they will strike again as soon as the tide of trade turns. They are Cromwell's Ironsides, and they do not know what it is to be beaten.

As you can imagine, I have done no reading during these days; only since Wednesday, indeed, has life been normal again. We had a good two days in the country with the Webbs, after the strike was over; and last night McIlwain came in and we had a grand book talk, in which I had that endless satisfaction which comes from seeing a man with a fine library envy you your own treasures. . . .

Our united love,

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

Washington, D.C., June 4, 1926

MY DEAR LASKI: An absorbingly interesting letter from you gives me the only light I have on the recent

great affairs except an article by Keynes, no doubt the one you refer to. I received a letter from one of a different mode of thought speaking contemptuously of MacDonald, but I don't know why. I have no comments except my already expressed general impression that England as a whole appeared to great advantage. I have nothing to tell. I am in the details of approaching departure — on Monday we adjourn. There were 29 *certioraris* to be examined this week, of course many opinions coming in at the last minute — one dissent by me, concurred in only by Brandeis, though I think it pretty plain. One dissent from me by McReynolds, *solus*, concluding that the argument sustained by him "cannot be vaporized by gestures of impatience and a choleric 'obviously'" which makes me smile, the more that I don't think it hits or is aimed at anything in my opinion but rather in my attitude at the last conference — which I am afraid was not as respectful as it should have been. Poor McReynolds is, I think, a man of feeling and of more secret kindliness than he would get the credit for. But as is so common with Southerners, his own personality governs him without much thought of others when an impulse comes, and I think without sufficient regard for the proprieties of the Court. I don't mind the above a bit so far as I am concerned, but I think it improper in an opinion. Formerly, according to my recollection, he was really insolent to Brandeis, although now there is at least a *modus vivendi*. When I was in the hospital he wrote a charming letter to me, which I shall not soon forget. . . .

Aff'ly yours,

O.W.H.

16 Warwick Gardens, 30.V.26

MY DEAR JUSTICE: A delight of a letter from you is a landmark in these grim days. The miners are still out, and industry, as a result, is inflicted with a kind of creeping paralysis. We have won a remarkable bye-election in London, in which a government majority of two thousand was transformed into a labour majority of four thousand. It has given the government a fright, and we cherish a hope that it will persuade Baldwin to act, instead of standing idly by, doing nothing. It is all very well for him to protest that he loves the good and the beautiful, but that doesn't butter any parsnips. I gather that the nigger in the woodpile is the good Winston, who is never happy unless there is a fight. The other big event of the week is the new quarrel between Asquith and Lloyd George.¹ I never thought I should like to sympathise with the latter, but here I think that Asquith has made a profound mistake by

¹ On May 20, Lord Oxford, supported by other leaders of the Liberal Party, had written a letter to Lloyd George severely reprimanding him for his defection from party policy in the matter of the general strike. The letter led to an acrimonious dispute between the principals and their supporters and finally in mid-June the controversy sputtered out with Lloyd George the clear winner.

trying to set up standards of party orthodoxy to which no man can possibly be asked to conform. I don't know if you saw the correspondence? I don't suppose that since the Russell-Palmerston row over Louis Napoleon, one distinguished statesman has ever so written to another. It doesn't seem possible that they should ever collaborate again; and it means, I should imagine, the definite disappearance of liberalism as a force in party affairs. It is a tragic ending for Asquith's career, but he has proved so utterly incapable of adjusting himself to the demands of a new age that the collapse was inevitable. Yet I am enough of a traditionalist to see with regret the end of power which goes back directly to 1832 and the great epoch of reform, and, indirectly to the Revolution of 1688. The funerals of historical entities are melancholy events. . . .

I hope that my articles in the *Michigan* and *Harvard Law Reviews* will have come safely to you. I think you will agree with them in general, for they are really humble exercises in discipleship. Certainly the Harvard one is no more than the application to English conditions of *Noble State Bank v. Haskell*. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

Washington, D.C., June 6, 1926

MY DEAR LASKI: This is an extra, slipped in between two storms, to say that I have read your two articles in the *Michigan Law Review* and *Harvard Law Review* respectively, and think them both admirable. Of course I don't know the H. of L. decisions except by your report, but the attitude and general principle that you show has my sympathy and assent. One slight qualification. The political appointments here that I best recall have been good. I think Taft is all the better Chief Justice for having been President. Story, Taney and Chase were all good — and I might add one or two more. I don't know many as political appointments but I am ignorant. Also I think that Presidents, if there is a large preponderance of their own party on the bench try to get one of the [other] side — but it is not always easy. . . .

Affectionately yours,

O. W. HOLMES

16 Warwick Gardens, 19.VI.26

MY DEAR JUSTICE: A delightful note from you came yesterday. I am glad those papers of mine in the *Harvard* and *Michigan Reviews* won your approval. In general I don't myself mind an occasional political appointment; e.g. I am well content to believe that Taft (I hope he is better) is a good appointment. But one also has to remember the political judges at the time of the *Dred Scott* case and their disgraceful correspondence anent it with the executive power; and the habits of men like Ellenborough, Eldon and Kenyon give one furiously to think. A

knowledge of affairs is, of course, invaluable, but one ought not to pay too heavy a price for it.

This has been a really peaceful week. The only engagement I have had was a party at the Russian embassy, where I had some good talk with one or two old friends. A reception there is a very amusing thing to see. The *hauteur* of a normal diplomatic affair is entirely absent. One sees many who would not appear in the *entourage* of the older embassies and many who are always at the latter never appear there. Our Foreign office always scrupulously sends a junior clerk, but the mighty most carefully absent themselves. The person there who interested me most was a Russian jurist with an unpronounceable name. He talked fluently eleven languages. The people I respect on the continent like Ehrlich and Duguit he recited on with great insight and common-sense. And he told me much that was illuminating and helpful about the working of the present legal system in Russia. It seems, if I followed him, to be a combination of executive justice and justice without law. In all political cases the problem rests entirely with the court, which means that, especially in matters like treason, the accused has very little chance. In smaller cases, the jury acts much more like a jury in medieval England in that it reproduces the atmosphere of trying a neighbour from personal knowledge. He himself was, I gathered, very opposed to the first, and well satisfied with the second. He told me that the new Russia has produced a remarkable literature about these things; but I had to take this for granted as it is not even translated into German. . . .

I had a pleasant adventure in a café yesterday. I was having some morning coffee with my friend Siegfried Sassoon and we were having a heated argument about some modern men of letters. An old boy with a cloak, velvet jacket, flowing tie, and all the other appurtenances of the literary movement of the nineties sat near, listening with all his ears. Presently he came over, and in a booming voice asked to take part. We bowed and he made a long speech ending, "Sirs, I have not had such a happy hour since I first came here with Aubrey Beardsley, thirty years ago." The waiter told us he was an old journalist of the Wilde-Beardsley set who still was faithful to his haunt and, I dare say, peopled it still with the wan ghosts of memories. . . .

It is cold and wet, and the coal lock-out hangs over us like a dread spectre. Mr. Baldwin's new plans¹ proclaim him a typical Pecksniff, who has given way to all the worst influences in the cabinet. I am afraid peace is far away. . . .

Ever affectionately yours,

H.J.L.

¹ On June 15 Baldwin had announced the purpose of the government to take action to lengthen the working day in the coal mines. The coal stoppage continued throughout the summer, and it was not until November that the miners finally returned to work, on terms far less favorable than those which had been offered to them in April.



A most influential teacher of teachers, HENRY H. HILL has been identified with our public schools for more than thirty-five years. He has been superintendent of schools in Arkansas, in Kentucky, and in Pennsylvania; and today, as President of the George Peabody College for Teachers, his influence and integrity are felt throughout the South and West. The article which follows was taken from his report as chairman of the Educational Policies Commission of the National Education Association at its annual meeting in Detroit last summer.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS MUST BE SECULAR

by HENRY H. HILL

I

I FEEL I must begin by pointing out the danger, in the years ahead, of bitter and disruptive religious divisions and quarrels in America. Such divisions are common in Germany, for example, where religion and politics are frequently identical in the life of the community, where preachers and priests are supported by taxes, and where substantially all schools are confessional and under control either of the Catholic or the Protestant churches. Citizens so divided find it hard to get along together, much less with other nations. What is a local disturbance can in such a case become an international threat. So far we have avoided this particular kind of bitterness in the United States because we remain essentially secular in our political party organization. We do not support our churches by taxes. Being a Republican or a Democrat carries with it as yet little intimation of a man's religion or lack of it. Nearly 90 per cent of all our children attend the public schools, which are secular and not denominational.

There is now in some quarters a demand that the public schools teach religion. Whose religion? What creed or ritual? However much we may like the plan of teaching that religion common to all recognized religions in the United States, the religious leaders have not produced such a text. Nor are they likely to do so. In both Protestant and Catholic bodies there are leaders who insist that truth cannot tolerate error. It seems to be "my truth, your error." These same leaders do not favor or practice interfaith understanding for this and other reasons.

In the opinion of thoughtful observers religion itself cannot be taught in our public schools. If one religious group will not permit the King James version of the Bible to be read and another will not permit the Douay version, can we expect further excursions into purely religious matters?

When, then, by statute or by public opinion or controversy, the public schools are stopped from teaching religion — we do not here discuss released time and other possible compromises of value which affect a minor fraction of the children — they may be and are occasionally referred to as godless. This charge is misleading or else there is some peculiar religious alchemy which takes place en route between church and school.

As a former superintendent of public schools in Arkansas, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania it has been, over a period of thirty years, my privilege and duty to recommend to boards of education the appointment of some hundreds of teachers. Without a single exception they have been members of a recognized church — Protestant, Catholic, or Jewish. If we may identify church membership with goodness — and surely most of the good people are in the churches; if we may identify membership in any church or synagogue with godliness as contrasted with godlessness, then how and at what moment do good and perhaps godly teachers become godless as they step from the churches and homes to their posts of duty in the public schools? Are all places of assembly or work — the stores, factories, courts, farms, trains, and market places — to be regarded as godless because in them man does not, through ritual or formal act, worship God or study or recite the dogma of his church? Are the Mohammedans to be regarded as godlier than Christians if they practice their religious devotions daily seven times, stopping their immediate duties at a given time or signal?

To ask these questions is to invite the thesis in which I happen to believe. The good or godly teacher has a quality — let us call it moral and spiritual values — which will "rub off" on her associates wherever she is. Is not this thesis acknowledged in the suspicion — unfounded for the

most part — with which denominations sometimes regard teachers who belong to other denominations? The essential question is: Can and will this teacher teach by example and precept and through the daily life of the school those abiding values in which all religions believe? If there be no values to rub off, then indeed we should worry.

On rare occasions I have heard what seems to me the irresponsible assertion that our public schools are “as Stalin would have them.” I do not believe Stalin would be likely to select Protestants and Catholics and Jews as teachers.

The word “secular” is sometimes substituted for “godless.” There is being read into this word, which has been used to designate civil as separated from religious affairs, the pejorative idea that secular is evil.

What else can schools open to all American children be except nondenominational? They must remain secular unless we change those underlying concepts and practices which have to date made and kept America relatively free from the religious quarrels, wars, and intolerances which drove many of our forefathers, fettered by oppressors, to escape to America. Are we willing, as members of church groups, to insist that the homes and churches handle matters of religious beliefs and that the public schools deal with common moral and spiritual values?

2

LET me state candidly my own position. It involves divided allegiance, as is only right and proper. As a Presbyterian I have the responsibility to see that Presbyterian religious values are taught to Presbyterian children. This I believe may be done and has been done by the church through Sunday school and vacation schools and in other ways, leaving the public schools to provide those relatively noncontroversial values and learnings necessary to American citizenship.

As a citizen I have the responsibility of supporting and defending and improving the public schools where in any now conceivable future the great majority of all children will be educated for peace or war.

As an individual I have the responsibility to do what I can to build intercultural understanding and to work constructively for good will and tolerance among all faiths. I have both the freedom and the responsibility to take my stand in behalf of those values and practices in which I believe.

I agree with President James B. Conant, former chairman of the Educational Policies Commission, that both private and denominational schools have a constitutional right to exist. Further, I think both private and public schools provide each other stimuli to better performance. Without specific knowledge I assume the American Catholic schools are in some ways the best Catholic schools in the

world, and I would infer that the challenge of good public schools has helped produce this. In a similar way public schools are sometimes challenged by the best practices of private and parochial schools.

The right to do something and the wisdom of doing it are not identical. Lutherans, Catholics, Methodists, Baptists, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists, for example, have the right to establish their own schools from nursery school through the graduate school, or, speaking more practically, for the twelve grades prior to college. Yet I would regret to see the day come when the last Lutheran, Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Episcopalian, and Congregationalist disappeared from the public schools. Since it is estimated that 90 per cent of all who attend private and parochial schools are Catholics, I shall be more specific and say I would regret to see the last Catholic child depart from the public schools. There are perhaps four million, or roughly half, who attend public schools now.

It has been my personal experience to know and like many members of other faiths. How do we know them, and hence like them, if we do not associate with them? If, for example, all the eight or nine million Catholic children and youth should go through twelve years divorced in their daily school life from all association with those of other faiths, would we not be taking a step towards the German pattern? Suppose then — to follow the argument further — that all other denominations of substantial size should do the same thing. Would we not, wittingly or unwittingly, have jerked the rug of common integrating experiences out from under our young citizens? Would we not have laid a possible foundation for the spread of the necessary religious diversity to other facets of public life at a time when we need unity in facing a hostile world of Communists?

It is important that parents who exercise their right to provide education for their children through private schools should understand and support the public schools from whence have come, and will continue to come, 80 to 90 per cent of all our armed forces. It is important that parents who exercise their right of choice to provide religious education for their children through schools established to perpetuate their creeds should understand and respect the views of the majority of American citizens, who believe religious education should be cared for by the home and church. It is important that those of us who believe wholeheartedly in the public schools should understand and respect the legitimate rights of other Americans to support other schools. It is, we believe, our privilege to call to the attention of all American citizens what the full and complete exercise of these rights would mean in creating all over again those old religious and class bitteresses so prominent in much of Europe's history.

To guard against increasing tensions between public schools on the one hand and private and parochial schools on the other, there should be a united effort on the part of religious leaders to provide common agreements and sanctions for moral and spiritual values to be taught in the public schools. It is dangerously easy and appallingly irresponsible to voice hurtful and sweeping criticism against the public schools for the very conditions which divergent religions have in part produced. We need not dodge our disagreements, but we may speak quietly and fairly and responsibly, putting the welfare of our great American nation ahead of the complete and ultimate exercise of all our own personal or religious rights. Both churches and state will be served by this.

Perhaps you have read E. M. Forster's *Two Cheers for Democracy*. He gives one cheer for the

variety of life and therefore the better opportunity for more individuals to live richer lives. He gives another cheer for criticism — that is, the possibility of free criticism which exists in full measure only in a democracy. Mr. Forster fails to give a third cheer because he thinks democracy deserves only two cheers.

My third cheer is for public education, its unique contribution to a classless society and to a freedom and tolerance largely unknown among countries with class education systems, and for the educational options offered the American people.

I am *for* public education. I am *not* anti-Catholic, anti-private school, or anti-religious, any more than I am anti-chocolate ice cream because I select vanilla. Three cheers for our democracy, our republic, if you prefer, our representative form of government, and for the options which make us free.



FALL NIGHT

by PETER DUFAULT

I SHUT my eyes and a boy blinks
his tart smoke tear through my lashes
where he goes by bonfire and streetlight
scuffing up yellow leaves and ashes.

He goes — how simply. Mystery,
like their polarity to birds,
looks out of him. Question him, you
can't yet touch him with words.

His images are muscular
like a dog's dozing; now they ache
their autumnal ritual of football
played through the early dark — that break

into the open, running running
to the white end-zone of the year,
star-balanced and wind-cut, self-sprung
from shock and tangle . . . There was sheer

being of bounding buck, owl
wafting, wolf . . . Can you hear me? Boy,
Boy, till you're bagged and mounted in
the Beautiful, enjoy enjoy!



The Atlantic Serial



This is the second installment of one of the most endearing American autobiographies the Atlantic has ever published. My Island Home recounts the aspirations and adventures of an Iowa boy who early in this century worked his way through school and college and whose dream it was to find an island solitude where one day he would write. It was not until his return from a German prison camp in 1919 that JAMES NORMAN HALL made friends with Charles Nordhoff, and out of their friendship which ripened in Paris came a literary partnership unique in American letters. The Atlantic's four-part abridgment comprises about one third of this memoir.

MY ISLAND HOME

by JAMES NORMAN HALL

5

ON a morning in late September of 1906 I boarded the train for Grinnell with the feeling of having burned my bridges behind me. I was in a sober mood and my father's parting words kept repeating themselves in my mind. He was disappointed that I had not accepted Mr. Gould's offer but made no attempt to dissuade me from going to college. As we stood on the station platform watching the train coming down the Mitchellville grade, he said, "Well, son, I hope you are doing the right thing. Only time can tell."

The train was filled with students, some for Grinnell but most of them for the state university at Iowa City. Across the aisle from me sat a young fellow who looked as though he, too, were going to college for the first time. We glanced at each other in a speculative way and presently he crossed over to sit with me.

"Where to — Grinnell?" he asked.

The fact that we were both bound there as freshmen made an immediate bond between us, and this was strengthened when we learned that we were in the same fix with respect to money. He came from Westside, Iowa, and his name was Chester C. Davis. Chester was on the first leg of a journey that was to take him to Washington, D.C., a generation later as head of the AAA in President Roosevelt's administration, and later to St. Louis, where he is now president of the Federal Reserve Bank.

On that September day Chester's reserves in cash were like my own — a bit scanty. Each of us had

enough money to pay our tuition, \$65, with two or three spare five-dollar bills for immediate expenses. Chester's heart was as light as his pocketbook; it was reassuring to meet a man so completely certain of the rightness of going to college, and my own small misgivings melted away before we had talked five minutes.

We were both naturally concerned about the prospects of getting immediate employment. As it proved, we need not have worried. There was a Student Reception Committee on the station platform; from this we were passed on to the Student Employment Committee, and that same afternoon I was raking autumn leaves from the lawn of a house on Park Street, bordering the west side of the campus and within a block of the place where I had first heard the Glee Club Marching Song. I found enough work doing odd jobs to pay my room rent — \$3.50 per week — and another job peeling potatoes at the Grinnell Kitchen, a rather small restaurant in town, provided board. Chester, with more foresight and enterprise, started a student laundry agency and had the further resource of being made janitor of one of the College buildings.

The proprietor of the Grinnell Kitchen, who was also the cook, was a big potbellied man with close-set eyes, and always with two or three days' growth of beard on his greasy face. My kitchen companion was a dried-up little woman around sixty, with no teeth and no voice. When she spoke, it was in a whisper and she was scared stiff of our boss. Her name was Abbie.

It was all but incredible to me that anyone could peel potatoes so fast; she could do four to my one. What annoyed me was to have the proprietor stand by, with his big greasy hands on his hips, watching me at work with Abbie; naturally, that did not make me any more efficient. Steaks and French fried potatoes were the specialty of the house. Luckily, the boss was so busy at the stove most of the time that he could not watch over me; nevertheless, he managed to give me a few words of encouragement now and then.

In time I became a fairly good potato peeler, leaving more and more of the potato intact. Abbie was a first-rate teacher, and instead of four to one it became two to one. I might not have been fired at all except for my reading of "The Passing of Arthur." During the week that followed, although I went as usual to the Kitchen, I was not really there, but in

the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. . . .

I could not explain to Boss Kay the reason for my absent-mindedness, and so ended my potato-peeling job.

Looking back to those days, I now see how large a part of the benefits I received from college came indirectly, merely by my being exposed to such influences as that of Professor George L. Pierce, head of the School of Music. It was thanks largely to him that our lives were so filled with music, absorbed unconsciously, through the pores of our skin, so to speak. Most of us came from small towns where our knowledge of music had been confined to school songs, church and Sunday-school hymns, and Saturday night band concerts. I say nothing in disparagement of such music, for I am still fond of it — just as I am of barbershop quartets, developed in Iowa to their highest perfection; but young men and women, often without realizing the fact, are ready and eager to go on from there. At Grinnell I heard orchestral music for the first time. There was a college orchestra, directed by Professor Pierce, and a string quartet in which he played the cello; both gave concerts throughout the year, and I must by no means forget the pipe-organ music of Professors Scheve and Matlack, heard daily at chapel and the Sunday vesper service. The vesper service came at five in the afternoon, and I doubt whether, at any college in the U.S.A., a more beautiful one could have been heard.

In the spring of every year was held the May Festival, when members of the Chicago or the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra visited the College for a series of concerts, and what these meant to the students of my day could not be measured in terms of words.

It was my new friend, Roy Ray Roberts, who

suggested that we should enter the glee club try-outs. He had an excellent bass voice and bubbled over with self-confidence for the pair of us; and so we were among the thirty or more hopefuls who gathered in the chapel for the first tryout.

Professor Pierce, who directed the men's glee club, was of medium stature, quiet in speech, and his nose glasses gave him an air of good will. I felt *en rapport* with him at once, and when my turn came to stand at the piano while he tried out the range of my voice, I "ahed" up and down the scale with a semblance, at least, of Roy Roberts's ease of manner. When Professor Pierce had thoroughly tested my range he glanced up with an encouraging smile. "A quite good second-tenor voice," he remarked to the other members of the club who were listening, grouped around the piano. Then came the test at sight-reading. With Roy I survived the second and third tryouts and eventually I received a little formal note on glee club stationery notifying me that I was accepted.

The members of the glee club came from all four classes, and owing to their close association I found here an epitome of the Band of Brothers I had so often dreamed of. Furthermore, the men's and the women's glee clubs made up the vesper choir, with the result that we were always present at the Sunday vesper service. This service was something to be looked forward to from week to week. I was not a devout young man, in the accepted meaning of the term. I did not belong to the College Y.M.C.A. and attended none of the Bible-study classes. But the vesper service seemed to me true spontaneous worship.

My second-tenor part in the glee club was exactly suited to my abilities. I enjoyed it with all my heart, particularly when, during the Christmas and spring vacations, we set out for the usual concert tours through Iowa and the adjoining states. We sang in small towns and large towns, and during the spring vacation of 1909 we made a tour as far as the Pacific Coast, giving concerts all the way along, both going and coming. But the greatest pleasure, to me at least, came when we sang in towns in our own part of the country. The concerts were usually given in churches always packed to the doors, with additional seats placed in the aisles. It was wonderful being able to assist in giving such evident pleasure to so many people. Belonging to the glee club was my heaven on earth at this time.

6

HAVING been fired as a potato peeler I had to find a new job without delay. Luckily Mrs. Silver, who owned the Bristol House, gave me employment as one of her student waiters. Learning to be a waiter was a far easier task than mastering the art of potato peeling. My first duties at the Bristol House were to fill glasses with ice water and set one at each

place, along with a pat of butter, as the guests entered the dining room; then to act as bus boy when they had finished their meals. I soon became expert at this job and could hoist on one hand a large tray stacked high with dirty dishes, kick my way through the swinging doors to the kitchen, and slide the dishes across the come-back table within easy reach of the claws of Grandma Ridder who presided there. From this job I soon graduated to waiting on table.

The Bristol House served excellent meals — nothing fancy, but good country fare of the first quality. Mrs. Silver did her own marketing and would have nothing but the best cuts of meat and the finest and freshest of fruits and vegetables. She was an extremely careful buyer, for quantity as well as quality; she made the closest possible estimates of her need for the day, bound that nothing should go to waste. And nothing ever did.

Mrs. Silver was a far more striking figure than my former employer, Boss Kay of the Kitchen. She may have been around sixty-five at this time, although I doubt that anyone could have guessed her age within a dozen years. Her face had the color of old parchment and was so crisscrossed with fine wrinkles as to be quite expressionless; but her eyes were as blue and cold as polar ice, and her smile had all the warmth of late afternoon sunlight on Siberian snows in the dead of winter. Her hair was snow-white and beautifully dressed, but later I discovered that this was a wig. On one memorable occasion I caught a glimpse of her without the hair, in her own apartment adjoining the lobby. Her head was bald as an egg and somewhat the shape of one. The picture of her that remains indelibly in mind is the one she presented at mealtime, seated at the cash register in the lobby as the guests came from the dining room. She was always immaculately dressed in gowns of heavy silk. She wore large diamond earrings, and her hands, covered with rings,

trembled with diamond sparks
Myriads of topaz lights and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewelry

as she turned the crank of the cash register. No music could have been sweeter to Mrs. Silver than the ringing of the register bell and the clink of silver falling into the various compartments of the drawer.

One Saturday, toward the end of the luncheon hour, I served a man who sat alone at a table by one of the windows. He was a stranger but had none of the overstuffed appearance of the usual commercial traveler, and when I went to take his order, instead of scowling he greeted me very pleasantly. He ate abstractedly, reading the while from a book propped open before him. It was a book of verse, which aroused my immediate interest. I wanted to know whose poetry it was, but I couldn't very well stand behind him, peering over his shoulder.

My tour of duty on Saturdays, when I had no classes, came during the latter half of the luncheon hour. The stranger's attention was so deeply engaged in his book that he read on until the other guests had left the dining room and the doors were closed. At last, glancing up, he beckoned to me and ordered his dessert. I cleared away the other dishes and brought him a piece of apple pie, cheese, and coffee. When he had finished he placed a quarter by the side of his plate. "That was a very nice lunch," he remarked.

"I'm sorry," I replied. "We students don't take tips."

He glanced at me over the top of his nose glasses.

"I fancied that you were a student," he said. "Isn't that all the more reason why you should take them? But no offense, young man," and he put the quarter back in his pocket. He then questioned me in no perfunctory manner about the College, my studies, what I planned to major in, and the like. When I told him that English literature was to be one of the majors he was particularly interested.

"Good! You are making no mistake," he remarked. He took up the book he had been reading. "Would you consider a volume of poetry a tip?" he then asked.

"No, sir," I replied, promptly.

"Then if one isn't, neither are two," he said. He had a brief case propped against the table leg. From this he took another small volume and handed me the two of them. "These books cost me nothing, so you need feel no hesitation in accepting them. They are by an English poet. I think you may enjoy them." With that he rose, gave me a friendly nod, and left the dining room.

Oh, red-letter day! Oh, increasing, fructifying double tip!

A quarter of an hour later — this was in the spring of 1907 — with all the afternoon at my disposal, I was breathing the fragrance of May from a bench in the Grinnell park, just across the street from the Bristol House. The books were *Poems* and *New Poems*, by Francis Thompson. I read on and on, poem after poem, with the eyes of the spirit opened for the first time, it seemed. I had a strange awareness of waking, budding out — perhaps spring had something to do with this — even as I sat there, taking in new ideas and conceptions in a manner for which "exhilaration" would be far too feeble a word. I had just turned twenty and was behind rather than abreast of the usual burgeoning period in youth. Francis Thompson's poems furnished the human plant the kind of nourishment needed to force it — to make it put out leaves and twigs and branches on the instant, so to speak. Here for the first time I found explained the brooding nature of the creative spirit before, or between, periods when intense creative energy is again released. I felt that I had always known this, not knowing that I knew.

At supper that evening my unknown benefactor was again at his table. When he asked whether I had read any of Francis Thompson, my fumbling attempt to thank him was, perhaps, more eloquent than any smoothness of speech would have been. He was a discerning man, but even so he could not have guessed the value of his gift to me, at that particular time. His name was Curtis W. Coe, and he was a traveling representative of the Pilgrim Press, a Congregational publishing house in Boston. Later I again met him there, and the acquaintanceship, begun when I was "tipped" Francis Thompson's poetry, ripened to a friendship that lasted until his death.

7

AT Grinnell we students had the freedom of the library stackroom, which contained, if I remember correctly, around fifty thousand volumes at that time. The only section that I then cared to explore thoroughly was that devoted to poetry. There was a table by the window giving a good light where I spent some of the happiest hours of my reading life — more than I should have, perhaps, but I have never regretted one of them. There was such a plenitude of choices and directions, and, to me, such a vast amount of unknown territory, that during my freshman year I was like a grasshopper not caring which way I hopped or flew.

At the beginning of my sophomore year I decided that a more orderly progress was called for; and so, remembering the awesome delight I had gotten as a child from the Doré illustrations and the quotations beneath them in *Paradise Lost*, I decided to read the whole of Milton. But when I realized the extent of the task and computed the amount of time I could allow for it — having board and lodging to earn and other subjects beside poetry to consider — I reluctantly postponed the plan and read only the shorter poems. But there was one poet I read complete at this time — Matthew Arnold. I "consumed" the whole of the *Collected Poems*, beginning at page one and taking each in the order in which it appeared. Then came a sudden revulsion of feeling with respect to Arnold, for the reason, perhaps, that I had read too much of him at once. I already knew most of Bryant, Poe, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, and Lowell, but had never read any of Sidney Lanier or Walt Whitman. It was a curious experience for a young man not yet oriented to come of a sudden upon Whitman. I could always find a message directed to me personally by whatever poet, and Walt did not fail to add his. What he told me was deeply encouraging: namely, that the raw material for poetry lies everywhere about; that the earth and all human life upon the earth are a great inexhaustible reservoir of it.

My ignorance of the outside world, and of much that had happened there throughout the period of

boyhood and youth, was abysmal. As I think of it now, it seems all but incredible that any youth could have been so unaware of life beyond his own horizons. It is an indication of how self-centered and self-contained life was at that time in small country towns of the Middle West. I was no reader of newspapers, and had the further limitation of the introvert who spends so much time looking within himself that much of what is taking place around him passes unnoticed. The gaze turned so steadily inward accounts for the great arc of blankness that meets his eyes when they are turned in the opposite direction. It is not that the introvert has any feeling of self-importance; he thinks much about himself but less than nothing of himself. How could it be otherwise with any honest inward-looker?

But I could not be oblivious to my wretched grades in trigonometry, and my flat failure in the final examination was an intellectual defeat. I knew I would not graduate with my class unless I conquered that specter of mathematics. He could not be faced at Grinnell, where there was no summer school, but I learned that he might be, at the University of Chicago. And so to Chicago I went. The gloom of that great city met me in the appalling suburbs, made even gloomier and grimmer by my awareness of the specter.

I got a job to pay for board by waiting on table at the University Commons; then, for a day or two until the summer session opened, I looked about me, waving invisible antlike antennae to get the "feel" of this new environment. The Spirit of the Place seemed to be the collective spirit of millions of human ants completely indifferent to one another, unable to speak to one another even had they wanted to because of the thundering, never ceasing "I will!" of Chicago in the abstract.

That summer was one long period of profound disillusionment, and the University of Chicago seemed to me as inhuman as the city itself. It was far too large, an educational factory rather than a university in the fine sense. Mine was, of course, a superficial view: that of a country youth without human connections there and oppressed by the worst form of loneliness, the solitude of multitude.

The most valuable part of my education during this summer was the discovery of the slums of Chicago. At the University, Sunday was my one day off, and although I sometimes visited the parks, art galleries and the like, most of the time was spent in wandering through those grim districts that I had glimpsed upon first arriving in the city. It seemed necessary to do this, to atone for my ignorance of such places by viewing them week after week so that the romanticist might never forget this side of life in modern Camelot. Perhaps, during one of these day and night rambles, I rubbed elbows with Carl Sandburg, who saw what I saw but was not dismayed, looking over and beyond these cesspools of humanity to the City with the Big Shoulders.

What I saw was no matter for sneering. I went to extremes, no doubt, in seeing so much of one side of Chicago that, except for the University, I was scarcely conscious of any other. I could not picture the city as a husky, brawling, laughing Youth, proud of his strength, and saying "I will!" with the joy and confidence of a great Builder and Creator. When in the early autumn I started for home and the train emerged from the gloom of that great human ant heap into the green country, golden in the September sunshine, I looked back with feelings of profound relief. I had come away with a passing grade and trigonometry was never again to trouble my waking hours.

8

AMONG the various student organizations at Grinnell were a number of societies whose common purpose was partly social, partly literary. Membership in one or another was open to all and they played an important part in the student life of those days. One evening in my senior year I read a paper on Alfred Tennyson to my group. I don't remember what impression, if any, I made upon my fellow members, but I was so stirred by the magic of "Mariana" that at the close of the meeting I wandered out to the south campus to cool off.

It was a cloudless starry night and I stretched out on the grass near the outdoor theater, a raised platform of lawn-covered earth surrounded by fine old trees and clumps of shrubbery. Presently I heard voices which I recognized. Two faculty members, Mr. John D. Stoops, Professor of Philosophy, and Professor Peck, Head of the History Department, were having an evening stroll and seated themselves at a corner of the turf-covered stage within a dozen feet of where I lay hidden by shrubbery. They were discussing various students who were or had been in their classes, and presently my name was mentioned.

"He's another example of the exasperating type of student," Professor Stoops said. "They seem to have ability in the abstract; it can't be defined in any other way. You hope it will crystallize so that you can see what it is composed of, but it remains in solution."

"I know," Professor Peck replied. "Their promise is always better than their performance. How do you grade such students at the end of the semester?"

There was a moment of silence; then Professor Stoops said, "My tendency is to give them the benefit of the doubt. I've been teaching long enough to know how difficult it is to judge them by classroom performance. I believe that most of them get more out of their work than the record shows."

I listened with deep attention, but they said nothing more on the subject of students. They switched to a discussion of education in general, comparing that given by colleges such as Grinnell with the

more specialized training of the universities. Professor Peck feared that liberal arts colleges would, eventually, have to abandon their long struggle for survival. Odds were too greatly against them. Professor Stoops was more hopeful. "Unless life changes beyond anything we have reason to expect," he said, "liberal arts colleges will never outlive the need for them, provided that they remain true to their long-range purpose." He was silent for a moment, then added: "And that is to teach young men and women that the bird in the bush is worth two in the hand."

Presently they resumed their walk, and I remained where I was, puzzling over this remark of Professor Stoops. I puzzled over it for several days. I was encouraged rather than disheartened at having been classed with students having ability in the abstract. It was comforting to assume that one might have it. Nevertheless, as Commencement drew near, I spent some anxious hours thinking of the immediate future. I envied those of my classmates with decided bents and aptitudes; who had known a good two years in advance in what direction they were heading. Some planned to return to the farms, others to go on to scientific, law, or medical schools. But I had Professor Stoops to thank for giving a name to the vocation I hoped to follow: Pursuit of the Bird in the Bush. The only trouble was I couldn't earn a living by it. However, I was soon to graduate *cum laude* from the Bristol Hotel. If worst came to worst I could always get by, waiting on table, until something better turned up.

Meanwhile, the return of Halley's Comet with its great luminous tail announced Commencement for the Class of 1910, and, to the world at large, the belated end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. I doubt whether many college graduates could have received their degrees with more reluctance than I did mine. I would have been content to have "the classic bell" ring me back to old Grinnell for an indefinite period; but whether I would or no, I was now a bachelor of philosophy.

Among the alumni who returned to Grinnell during Commencement Week was a graduate of one of the 1890 classes, Mr. C. C. Carstens. He was Director of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, in Boston, and was seeking a young college graduate to join the Society's staff of Special Agents. I learned of this through Dr. Steiner, Professor of Applied Christianity, who arranged for me to meet Mr. Carstens. As a result of the interview I was offered a position with the Society at a salary of \$60 per month.

Mr. Carstens had suggested that upon arriving in Boston, until I'd had time to find suitable lodgings, I should stay at his home in Brookline. I arrived late on a Sunday afternoon and was given a friendly welcome by Mr. and Mrs. Carstens and their three children. After supper he took me into the library, and when we were seated he said with a faint smile,

"Now for the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children." With his hand he felt his jaw lightly, as though fearing that it had become slightly dislocated, adding: "More commonly referred to as the M.S.P.C.C." He went on to speak of the many organizations in Boston, both public and private, concerned with social welfare work and so aroused my interest that I went to bed in an eager frame of mind.

Monday morning early we walked together from the Park Street subway station to the State House, and along Mt. Vernon Street, and I followed Mr. Carstens up the footworn sandstone steps into the cool interior of the building at 43 Mt. Vernon Street.

It had once been a spacious old family mansion, and the changes made to convert it to the uses of the M.S.P.C.C. had not been so great as to alter its character. A broad stairway led from the hallway to the upper floors. Fronting Mt. Vernon Street was the office of Mr. Carstens, and adjoining it one for the Assistant General Agent. Behind them were the telephone operator's booth and switchboard, and the desk of Miss Butler, Mr. Carstens's secretary, who also received reports of cruelty to children that were brought by complainants in person. The remainder of the lower floor was occupied by a large room, lighted by tall windows facing Joy Street, where the desks of the Special Agents were placed and those for the stenographers and filing clerks.

Having introduced me to the staff, Mr. Carstens left me to my own devices. I was to have no assignments during the first week and to spend my time getting "acclimated" and in learning procedure. Most of the agents were young men, recent graduates of Yale, Harvard, Dartmouth, and other colleges and universities.

The records of the Society were kept in filing cases in a large vault adjoining the agents' room. There I spent much of my time during the first week familiarizing myself with the work I would soon be doing. Some of the records were bulky, to say the least, with cross reference to others where one found the neglected children of one generation becoming the neglectful parents of the next. The early records of the Society were handwritten and dealt for the most part with physical cruelty, some of it incredibly grim. There were cases of beatings and maimings, incest, infanticide, poisoning, death by deliberate starvation. For such revelations one needed more preparation than I had had. Indeed I had such arrears of ignorance to make up that I read evenings as well. The doors at 43 Mt. Vernon closed at 5 P.M. but the agents often remained late, talking over the events of the day, studying the blue complaint sheets impaled on their spindles, outlining the facts of new cases to be investigated.

I had seen no more of Boston than the small area between the Park Street subway station and 43 Mt. Vernon Street. On Saturday evening of my first week I decided to take a stroll and keep a lookout

for a possible lodginghouse. My good angel led me in exactly the right direction. I followed Mt. Vernon Street down the hill till I came to Louisburg Square. When I saw that charming little place with its tree-shaded grass plot in the center and the dignified old brick houses surrounding it, I thought: "This is the place! If only I could live here!"

I made the circuit once and was halfway around the second time when I stopped short at the Pinckney Street end of the Square, before the house at No. 91. There was a small, neat card, with the word **LODGINGS** printed on it, in the corner of one of the windows. It turned out that there was a room available which was exactly what I wanted, and on the spot I paid my landlady, Mrs. Atherton, \$4.00, a week's rent in advance.

9

DURING those early weeks in Boston I was, in fact, a little homesick, and as I sat by the window of an evening I would close my eyes and imagine that I was under the linden tree on my Hill. But my work was so varied and interesting that I soon forgot to be homesick, and when the day ended I looked forward with increasing pleasure to returning to my dormer room on Louisburg Square.

My assignments took me to many a street and alley lined with tenements, and I was conscious of a deepening feeling of indignation toward the City Fathers of Boston who allowed such abominations to exist, and more particularly toward the owners who drew fat revenues from them. A boyhood spent in a small country town in the Middle West had kept me free from any proletarian feeling; it was not until the Chicago summer that I became aware of the gulf that separates the poor from the well-to-do. There were no classes in Colfax. But in Boston the contrast between the dwellings of Beacon Street, Commonwealth Avenue, and other districts in the Back Bay, and the rat warrens of the slums was appalling.

While carrying on with my work at the M.S.P.C.C., at Mr. Carstens's suggestion I attended the weekly meetings of the Monday Evening Club, held at 3 Joy Street, where papers were read by eminent authorities on social welfare work, followed by round-table discussions. Why is it, I wonder, that I have so faint a recollection of these meetings when I remember so clearly the impromptu lectures of John Powers, janitor at the M.S.P.C.C., and the "round-table" discussions that followed between John and his audience of one?

John slept in the basement of the building, and in the summer evenings he sat outside the Joy Street entrance, his chair tipped back against the wall, taking his ease as he watched the passers-by. He was a grimy old Diogenes, with a walrus mustache of such proportions that the bowl of his pipe barely reached beyond it. His clothing looked as though he

slept in it, and he shaved only now and again. After supper I often joined him at his observation post. John would bring me out a chair and the lecture would begin, interrupted by frequent pauses to relight his pipe.

His opinions on social reform and the various agencies connected with it, including the M.S.P.C.C., were not orthodox. One of his favorite expressions was: "I'm only tellin' you how it looks to me"; and how things looked to John furnished matter for many discussions between himself and the earnest young social worker from the Corn Belt. He had an innate distrust of all social workers, and others who believed in the possibility, or the desirability, of social betterment. He liked Boston just as it was, particularly the slum areas, and the dingier, the more crowded they were, the better he liked them. I came to think of him as "Old Slum," the name seemed to fit him so well. One evening when I had told him of my visits to Mullin Court, on one of my cases, and of the conditions there, his comment was: "People in them places has plenty of fun."

"Fun!" I said. "You think that human beings enjoy being herded in tenements not fit for pigs; that lack even the most primitive conveniences? They are quarreling from morning to night."

"That's what I was tellin' you," said John. "They love fightin' and they get more chance when they're all pigged in together. Mr. Hall, if you was to give every one of them families a nice cottage in the country all fixed up clean an' tidy, inside of two weeks they'd want to come back to Mullin Court or any other court." It was useless trying to convince him that all people love decency and privacy and order. "You don't know nothin' about it," he would say. "You was born and raised in the farmin' country where everybody has their own home, with cows an' chickens walkin' around. You couldn't give that kind of home to people who was born an' raised in the tenements. They don't mind noise an' dirt; they wouldn't be comfortable without it. These social workers make me laugh, inside. They think they're goin' to change human nature. You do, yourself."

"No," I said, "but I think the conditions under which tens of thousands of human beings are forced to live will be changed." He gave a sardonic grin. "When they are, you come around an' tell me. You don't know Boston. It's full of shanty Irish, but of course the shanties is bigger here than they was in the Old Country. . . . No, I ain't losin' no sleep about what social workers will do in Boston."

One of his contentions disturbed me because I felt that there was truth in it. He believed that it was better for children to be neglected at home than well cared for in whatever institution. "Take the kind of children we have to do with: there ain't one in a hundred that wouldn't rather be in his own home, no matter how bad it is, than in any Home, no matter how good it is." A considerable number

of my later experiences as an agent of the M.S.P.C.C. bore this out. More than once I had a case before Judge Baker, in the Juvenile Court, in which the evidence showed the most gross and palpable neglect, moral and physical, on the part of fathers and mothers who were a disgrace to parenthood. And yet, when the moment came to decide what was to be done with the children, there was no doubt as to their wishes: they wanted to stay with the parents. I realize that this is no valid reason for permitting them to remain. Nevertheless, when the bonds of love between parents and children were unmistakable, it was disturbing, to say the least, to see them broken. I can still hear Judge Baker's voice, and his words, meant to be reassuring, when the decision was made. "Now, children, I'm going to send you to a good Home where you will be well cared for. I am sure that you will be very happy there." The children would look at him forlornly as though not understanding, or not believing that such a thing could be; and the parents, well knowing how just the decision was, would listen in woeful silence. And when the moment of parting came, the scenes that followed were, often, deeply affecting. I would try to remain wooden-faced, but it was no easy matter.

10

NOT far from the broad walk that leads across a corner of Boston Common from the Park Street subway station to the steps mounting to Beacon Street where the Shaw Memorial stands, there is a bench that has for me many happy memories connected with my reading life during the years 1910-1914. It was no different from other benches that bordered the walks crossing the Common, but it became my custom to choose this particular one when reading out-of-doors in fine weather, on Sundays and during other hours of leisure. When I was last in Boston, I again sat on the identical bench — at least it looked the same — thinking of the books I had read, in whole or in part, at that spot: *Don Quixote*, Charles Lamb's *Letters*, an 850-page pocket-size abridgment of Pepys's *Diary*, Edwin Arlington Robinson's *The Children of the Night* and *Captain Craig*. And how many other associations connected with books cluster around that bench! But one stands out above all others. While sitting there one midsummer Sunday I first opened a book which a friend had loaned me: Joseph Conrad's *Lord Jim*.

I read through the whole of that Sunday, missing both lunch and supper, and when the out-of-doors light faded I hurried back to my room on Louisburg Square and read on, until I had finished the tale. The first reading was followed within a week by a second, and I will not venture to say how many times I have reread it since those days. Patusan — the Lord Jim country — is, to me, the most glamorous of all lands that have been imaginatively revealed in the Kingdom of Romance.

As my reading indicates, I continued my double life throughout my four years in Boston: the hope of becoming a writer was the one I held in my heart of hearts. Knowing well by this time my limitations as a poet, I did not aspire beyond them. As I think back to the winter of 1913-1914, the mood of quiet desperation which prevailed during that winter returns to me. I was still tramping through slush and snow along tenement streets in various parts of Boston, with the familiar blue complaint sheets in my pocket. I continued to be deeply interested in my work, and the fact that my wages had been raised from \$60 to \$100 per month seemed to indicate that Mr. Carstens was, at least, satisfied with it. But I had a growing conviction that the Society's efforts were of a purely palliative nature. I never doubted the usefulness of the work, but as I peered ahead I could not even dimly glimpse a time when the conditions of life that made it so would no longer exist; and I could see myself, twenty or thirty years later, in a rut growing steadily deeper, and, perhaps, at that time, resigned to remaining within it.

But if I gave up my job, what then? I had no desire to go into any kind of business, and the prospect of making a living by writing seemed hopeless. The net result of four years of such effort in my spare time amounted to: my poem, "October," printed in the *Boston Transcript*; "Charwomen," sold to *The Bellman Magazine* for \$5; and one other poem, "Fifth Avenue in Fog," for which *The Century Magazine* paid me \$15. My entire earnings, by writing, during four years in Boston amounted only to \$20. If I was to leave the M.S.P.C.C. I needed some gainful occupation that would at least keep body and soul together.

During these years I kept in touch with my old roommate, Chester Davis, who had gone West and was then editor of the *Miles City Daily Star* at Miles City, Montana. In one of his letters he gave me a hint for a possible job that greatly appealed to the solitude-loving part of my nature: that of a shepherd on the great Western plains. I remember the vagueness of my conception of the actual duties of a shepherd, but Chester's picture of his solitary delights, sitting warm and snug by the little stove in his wagon during the long winter nights, perhaps twenty or thirty miles from his nearest neighbor, reading to his heart's content with the winter winds howling about his shelter, convinced me that there was the life I wanted — for a year, at least. And who could say what literary by-product might not result from the experience? I could see myself, at the end of the year, with *The Memoirs of a Shepherd* under my arm and \$600 in cash in my pocket, ready for the next remote destination.

The result was that, early in April, on the spur of the moment, I decided to call the Boston chapter of experience closed. I remember my guilty feeling as I

came from Mr. Carstens's office after a lame attempt to explain the reason for this sudden decision. I had spent four years under his skilled supervision and training, and now I was pulling out with no adequate explanation for such a course of action. I wanted to tell him of my chosen avocation: pursuit of the Bird in the Bush, but, for some reason, I had never felt on easy terms with Mr. Carstens. He never unbent, even when we were drawn together over some of my case histories, cases that were fresh in my mind when we had our last interview. There was feeble-minded Effie, a lanky girl in her late teens, her limbs twitching convulsively. I remember my railway journey with Effie halfway across the state of Massachusetts to the town of Palmer where the Home for Epileptics was located. She was subject to fits, and throughout that interminable journey she kept assuring me that she was "gonna have one." But she failed to keep her promise and I was able to turn her over to the authorities at Palmer without having had the experience of being male nurse to an epileptic having a fit in the crowded day coach of a Boston & Albany train. There was Mrs. H—— and her brood of hopeless children. My guess is that the case history of the H—— family is far from complete even today, and that the children of those children are now the neglectful parents of a new brood; for the H—— children bred young. The age of consent, with the girls, might be described as "Any time. Any where. Any one." And there was Mrs. O'Brien, the giantess armed with a butcher knife, who when half drunk had chased me round and round her kitchen table; all that saved me was her drunken eagerness to get at me. She tripped and fell, which gave me a chance to dodge out the door, and I barely missed being "crowned" by a china chamber pot which she hurled down at me as I came out the entryway below. I sometimes felt that Mr. Carstens did not fully realize the difficulty in getting complete records in cases of this kind.

I traveled homeward in the day coaches of local trains, all the way from Boston to Colfax. Trains could never go too slowly for me. I loved seeing the country, conscious all the while of the vastness of the continent which we Americans have the good fortune to call Home. As the westbound local crossed the Mississippi into Iowa I had an immediate sense of an altered Spirit of Place. Ever since my Chicago summer the influence of that city seemed to spread westward across Illinois until it reached the Mississippi and there the river halts it. "Thus far but no farther," it says. To this day I am a kind of Tam o' Shanter, not feeling safe until the train has crossed the bridge to the Iowa side; then I lean back in my seat and thoroughly enjoy the rest of the journey, through West Liberty, Iowa City, Marengo, and other towns that bring back so many happy memories of boyhood days.

(To be continued)



Why Should Atlantic Readers Form Their Own Book Club?

Atlantic readers read with discrimination. They have ready access to the best sellers in bookshops, in the lending libraries, and in the large book clubs, but they are not always impressed by books of mass appeal. They buy books to satisfy their own discerning tastes.

With publishing costs at an all-time high, books of distinction — books for the discriminating rather than the average reader — are becoming more and more of a gamble for the publisher. The potential sale is obviously limited. There is an increasing danger that important books will become less and less accessible. The answer is not to publish them at high prices, for the higher the price, the fewer are those who can afford them.

A logical remedy is for readers of discrimination to band together and to pool their buying. This will assure publishers of a definite market for books of distinctive content. And it will enable *Atlantic* readers and their friends to purchase books of *Atlantic* calibre at savings of at least twenty-five per cent. The ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB is being formed to serve this end.

Associated with me in choosing books for The ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB will be Charles W. Morton and Charles Rolo. We will exercise the same care and judgment in making the Club's selections as we use in editing *The Atlantic*. We shall feel free to call on any publisher for a book we want.

I think we are fortunate to be able to offer as the Club's first selection James Norman Hall's heart-warming autobiography, *My Island Home*, excerpts of which are now appearing in *The Atlantic*. Jim Hall was an *Atlantic* discovery; James Michener called him "the most universally loved American ever to have lived in Tahiti." Hall was intimately associated with the magazine, and I think it is fitting that we should launch The ATLANTIC MONTHLY BOOK CLUB with his life story. He has written the modest, sincere, deeply felt autobiography of an American who was brought up in very humble circumstances in a small town in Iowa, who fell in love with literature at an early age, and who made up his mind while still working his way through college that he would travel to the far ends of the earth in search of an island solitude.

Hall's autobiography is our October choice, and Evelyn Waugh's new novel, *Men at Arms*, will be our selection for November. Each month, as described on the opposite page, there will be alternate selections by authors such as Catherine Drinker Bowen, Walter D. Edmonds, Samuel Eliot Morison, and Agnes Newton Keith.

I believe in this venture and I hope it will appeal to you.

Edward Weeks

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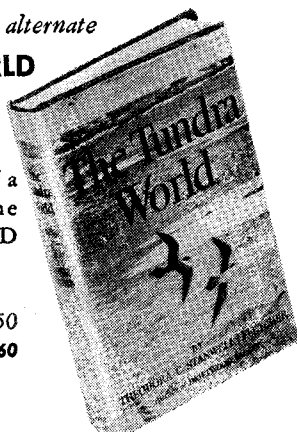
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THE WINTER CRITIC

by F. O. MATTHIESSEN

A nationally known critic who wrote studies of Eliot, James, Dreiser, and the New England renaissance, F. O. MATTHIESSEN taught at Harvard from 1929 to 1950. This essay is from his posthumous volume, The Responsibilities of the Critic, edited by John Rackliffe and published by Oxford.

I GO on the assumption that a review is simply a short piece of criticism, and that it should be as good criticism as its writer can make it. This means a declaration of war on all literary supplements in which you can't tell the reviews from the advertisements, except that the reviewers are a slightly inferior type of publisher's agent. As a reviewer, I think that we ought to pay attention to the kind of letter I received recently from a younger creative writer. "In books we have dignity enough," he said, "but the incalculable force of a Sunday Review is the soft drip that drives a man to the wall."

Edgar Allan Poe had a similar perception a century ago, and I believe that Poe, who had to support himself by his pen in a very unfavorable market, is still our best model for a reviewer. He protested against what he called the "cant of generalization," and excoriated those who used the book nominally under review merely as an excuse for a diffuse essay on what they liked. He was equally astringent against those who went to the other extreme and substituted for the labor of analysis and judgment an easy "compendium of the work noticed, with copious extracts."

Challenged by the ghost of Poe, I would submit that what he called "a critical notice" should at the minimum do three things. It should furnish exposition and description; it should enable you to feel concretely what is being described; and it should give you in the process an evaluation. The first of these three functions cannot be satisfactorily discharged by, say, making a digest of the plot of a novel or the chapter headings of a book of history. That will use up all your space and leave you with the compendium without judgment against which Poe so rightly objected. Instead you must interweave your three functions. If the book at hand is a piece of literature, you can best suggest its quality by concentrating your exposition upon a few significant episodes, and by letting your reader feel for himself that quality, not through some illustrative quotations tacked on mechanically at the end, but through the force of a few deftly foreshortened examples woven into your exposition. And if that weaving has been really skillful, you

won't be faced with the necessity of a heavy-handed summary for your evaluation. You will have pointed it out lightly, by analytical insights, as you went along.

Beyond that blueprint for the dream review of my future, I should like to dwell on one further responsibility. It is the responsibility of "placing" the book at hand in relation to what has been previously accomplished in the same field; and our hurried methods of production and changing fashions of the moment make that responsibility the one that we are fulfilling least well. If you are reviewing a novel or a play or a book of poems, you should suggest, however briefly, how that book measures up to the current state of its art, whether it makes a fresh contribution, or whether it is simply more of the same. And if a good new book about Samuel Johnson or Matthew Arnold has appeared, you shouldn't undertake to comment on it unless you are willing to glance back over the already existing work done on the subject, so that you can estimate precisely what has been added.

To anyone concerned with the free play of ideas or with the importance of new works of art, the most depressing feature of our present cultural scene is the continual overpraise of mediocrity. That makes the soft incessant drip which the young artist or thinker feels threatening him with engulfment. Even the destructive "cutting and slashing" of the old quarterlies was less damaging, for there at least vigorous men were speaking their own minds. Some reviewers may object that Poe's standards are too high for daily use when he insists that the critical practitioner must be concerned with the first principles of art, that, indeed, as he said in his *Marginalia*, "It is the business of the critic so to soar that he shall see the sun."

Matthew Arnold would have agreed that the realm of the critic is light, but I will settle for a more homely and a more timely metaphor. Give the winter critic a shovel, and let him get rid of the slush. Demand of him only that he doesn't pretend that what he is dealing with is pure as the driven snow on yonder mountain top. And let him remember that his chief aid is the light of the sun, even if he only feels it on his back.

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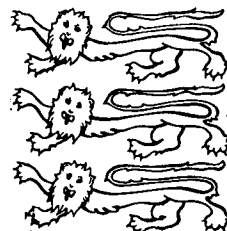
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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
CHARLES
ROLO

Arrow in the Blue (Macmillan, \$5.00) — the personal history of **Arthur Koestler** up to his entry into the German Communist Party in 1931 — is a remarkably successful synthesis of self-examination, political analysis, and lively chronicling. In this first volume of what is to be a two-volume autobiography, Koestler has analyzed more discerningly than any of the other celebrated ex-Communists the inner tensions and obsessions which, acted on by contemporary history, led him to embrace “the new faith.”

Koestler does not minimize the rational element in his joining the Party. The political constellation of 1930 made it appear to many of his generation — he was born in Budapest, in 1905 — that Communism was the only effective force that could stop Fascism. Of those who turned Communist in those days, Koestler says: “It was an honorable error.”

But Koestler’s primary concern is to anatomize the emotional pathology which led him and others to surrender themselves totally to the Party. His childhood, filled with “guilt, fear and loneliness,” left him with a sense of isolation and the protective habit of cultivating a “false personality.” (A shrewd Russian agent once said to him: “We all have inferiority complexes of various sizes, but yours isn’t a complex — it’s a cathedral.”) At fourteen, precociously well-read in science, Koestler ran up against the paradox of Infinity and it started to haunt him until it became “sheer torture.” This obsession with the unsolved riddle of Infinity was the beginning of a quest which was to make him a “Casanova of Causes”; a Casanova in search of the ideal Helena; a disciple in search of the all-knowing mentor; a pilgrim in search of Utopia — “The form of the rash changed, but the disease remained the same . . . absolutitis.” Koestler defines this “disease,” more specifically, as a longing for the

certainly afforded by a “closed” system of belief, of which Communism is only one — a system which furnishes all-embracing answers and a logic of its own which annihilates all criticism.

Coming as it does from Koestler, this analysis has devastating implications in regard to precisely the kind of ex-Communists — the absolutists who surrendered body and soul to the Party — who have been dramatizing themselves as the oracles of our day. The symptoms change, but the disease remains the same — an all-or-nothing mentality which finds it repugnant to live in an intellectually open world.

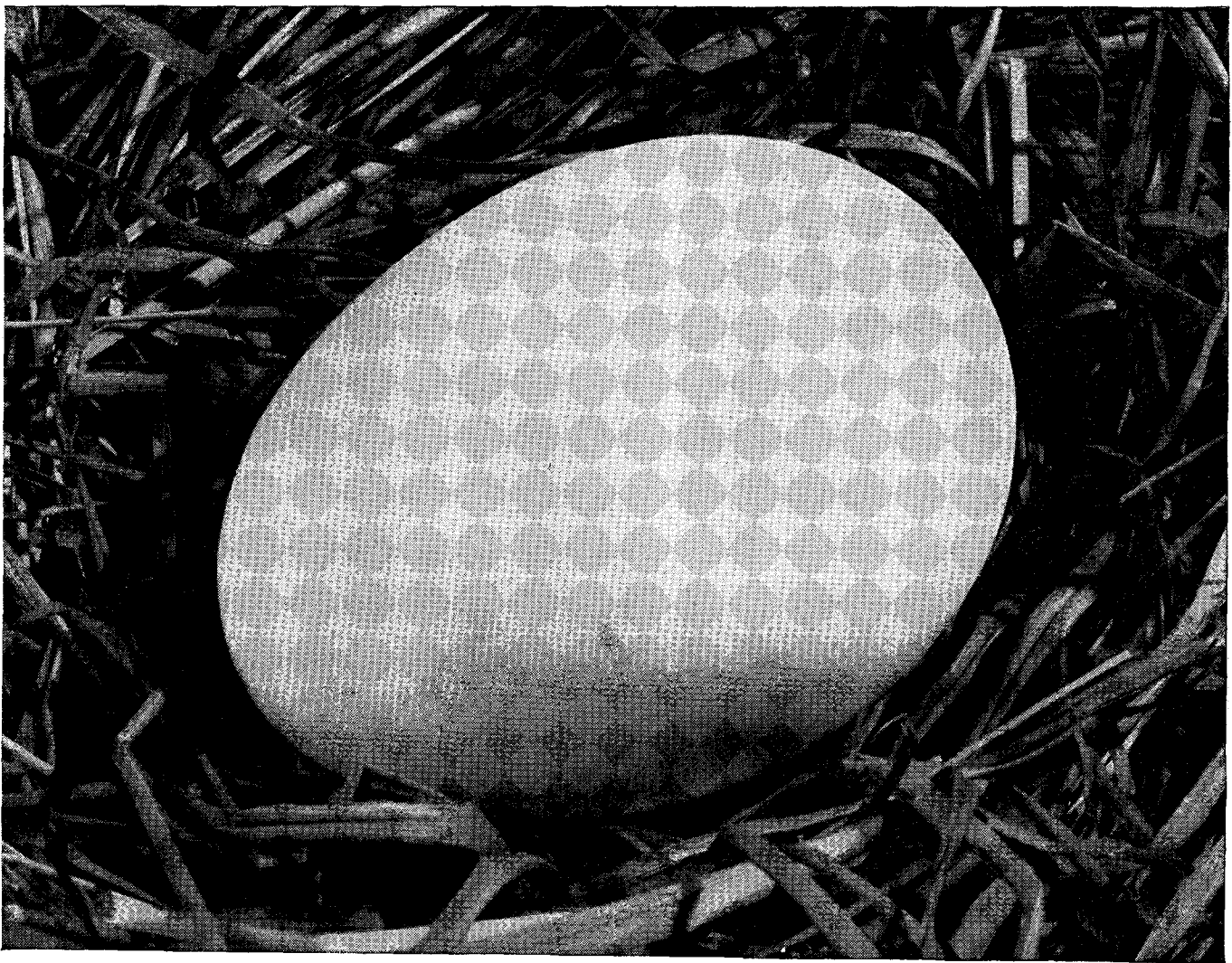
Koestler’s first cause was Zionism. One semester before graduating from the Vienna Polytechnic, he abruptly took off for Palestine as an agricultural worker. After a probationary period on a collective settlement, he was rejected as unsuited to the life, and for a year was a starving vagabond in Haifa and Tel-Aviv. Between long stretches of unemployment, he put in brief stints at a fantastic assortment of jobs — among them, lemonade vendor, architect, and writer of Hebrew fairy tales. In 1927, the Middle East correspondent of the great Ullstein chain passed his job on to Koestler. There followed four years of lightning success — in Jerusalem, Paris, then Berlin. At twenty-six, Koestler had reached one of the pinnacles of European journalism. At this time he joined the Communist Party.

Koestler’s personal history seems to me on the whole the most convincing, and certainly the most human, of his books. It has lapses into intellectual flashiness, but they are less frequent, and there is less stridency, than heretofore. V. S. Pritchett has said that Koestler gives the impression of writing with a pneumatic drill and wishing it were a machine-gun. *Arrow in the Blue* sounds as though it might have been written with a fountain pen.

The Atom Traitors

There is one crucial point which Koestler, surprisingly, fails to explore in his self-analysis: the idealistic aspirations which have led men to embrace Communism have often been a sublimation of an unconscious wish for power. I mention this clinical point only because it possibly has some bearing on the motivation of the men whose story is told in *The Traitors* (Scribner’s, \$3.50): Allan Nunn May, Klaus Fuchs, and Bruno Pontecorvo.

The author, **Alan Moorehead**, is one of Britain’s best journalists; and as a reportorial job his book



The egg and us

Which end of the egg is laid first—the broad or small end? This question came up in connection with World Book Encyclopedia's article on "Egg." The author thought it was the *small* end. A poultry journal favored the *broad* end.

Differences were resolved by the U. S. Department of Agriculture Bureau of Statistics which pointed out that actual records show it is sometimes one and sometimes the other, but mostly the *small*! Says World Book, "Usually eggs are laid small end first." A small point, perhaps...but to World Book, even the minutest detail is important enough to be presented accurately.

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is fascinating — offhand, I can't think of any recent thriller which competes with the drama of Klaus Fuchs. But as an attempt to "explain" the traitors, Moorehead's book doesn't get very far. The author can't quite reconcile himself to the proven fact that a man's everyday behavior does not necessarily indicate whether he is the sort of person for whom the Communist mystique might have an overpowering magnetism. (At times, Moorehead sounds as though he were thinking, "Dashed unsporting of these chaps not to give themselves away.")

Moorehead makes much of the fact that Nunn May was not, so far as is known, a member of the Party; and that Fuchs, after taking refuge in England, did not associate with Communists. The crucial facts, however, are that Nunn May had "imbibed the [Communist] philosophy," and in a quiet way had steadily supported the Communist line until he took up his war work; and that Fuchs, in Germany, had been an embattled Communist. Both were shy, rather lonely men; and there are indications (such as Fuchs's comments on Marx) that they harbored the kind of Utopian longings described by Koestler. In short, their faith in Communism is less problematic than Moorehead suggests and would be sufficient to account for their treason. But there was possibly also another motive at work. Nunn May and Fuchs found themselves, as few men do, in possession of knowledge which gave them enormous *potential* power. By turning their knowledge over to the Russians they could actualize that power — they could see themselves as history-makers doing the right but painful thing to serve mankind.

Tallulah: Myth and Semi-myth

When a famous actress who is the subject of a scarlet legend — in this case **Tallulah Bankhead** — comes out with her memoirs, there is a vulgar but human tendency to wonder: How much does she tell? The answer is neatly summed up in Miss Bankhead's concluding remarks about her love life. The gist of this essay is: "I've rejoiced in considerable dalliance . . . I found no surprises in the Kinsey report." And the parting shot: "Does that clear up everything? I don't think so. What do you want? *Forever Amber*?"

Miss Bankhead's *Tallulah* (Harper, \$3.95) is not so much an autobiography as a dramatic performance which simply reverses the customary relationship between actress and script. Tallulah has played Tallulah before a dictaphone in the celebrated Bankhead manner, and the artful hand of Richard Maney (to whom acknowledgment is made) has helped transcribe the performance into a book. The book is not as memorable as Miss Bankhead's "God-awful laugh." But it's lively entertainment — witty, pugnacious, and uninhibited in every department.

In *Tallulah*, there is none of the romantic fervor for the theater, none of the sentimentality about "the profession," which is traditional in the memoirs of famous stage folk. "I loathe acting," says Miss Bankhead heretically. ". . . it is sheer drudgery." She made her professional debut as a mute child in a complete flop. "No aspirant for fame and its alloys," Miss Bankhead writes, "was ever more stage-struck than I. . . . But once I achieved stardom" — which she did at twenty-one — "the whole apparatus of the stage palled on me."

Miss Bankhead indignantly repudiates some of the more heinous vices with which legend has credited her, but she admits to being co-author of the legend. When she was a youthful virgin posing as a *femme fatale*, she used to go around saying: "My dear, cocaine is simply divine"; and it has frequently been her pleasure to proclaim herself a virtuoso of sin. The rumor that her consumption of alcohol taxes the output of the distilleries is, we are assured, a libel. She concedes, however, that "You'll not find me in the two-cocktails-before-dinner-file. After two cocktails, I don't want any dinner." When Miss Bankhead has had her final tussle with the Tallulah myth, she adds the postscript "All right, semi-myth."

Hoover's self-defense

The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover, 1929-41 (Macmillan, \$5.00), subtitled "The Great Depression," is the third and concluding volume of Mr. Hoover's autobiography. It strengthens my conviction, I'm afraid, that history has shown Mr. Hoover to possess a singular talent for being wrong, and a genius for so misreading history as to conclude that he has invariably been right. I will try to sum up Mr. Hoover's thesis as nearly as possible in his own words, appending, as I go along, some notes of dissent.

The main reason for the boom and crash of 1927-29, says Mr. Hoover, was the cheap money policy adopted, against his protest, by the Federal Reserve Board. (A drastic oversimplification whereby Hoover absolves the economic philosophy of the era of normalcy from any responsibility for the conditions it encouraged.)

Mr. Hoover sees six phases in the evolution of the depression. The first, lasting from the stock market crash to April, 1931, was a "normal recession" from which the country was recovering "when the earthquake of financial panic reached us from Europe." (Mr. Hoover puts B before A: what happened was that the American crisis knocked the European economy off the shoulders of the Atlas which had been supporting it. It was principally through American loans that the European economy had held together in the twenties and had paid for purchases from the United States. The U.S. speculative boom siphoned off money formerly invested in Europe, with the result that

Tallulah

BY

Tallulah Bankhead

AN AUTO-
BIOGRAPHY



MARCUS
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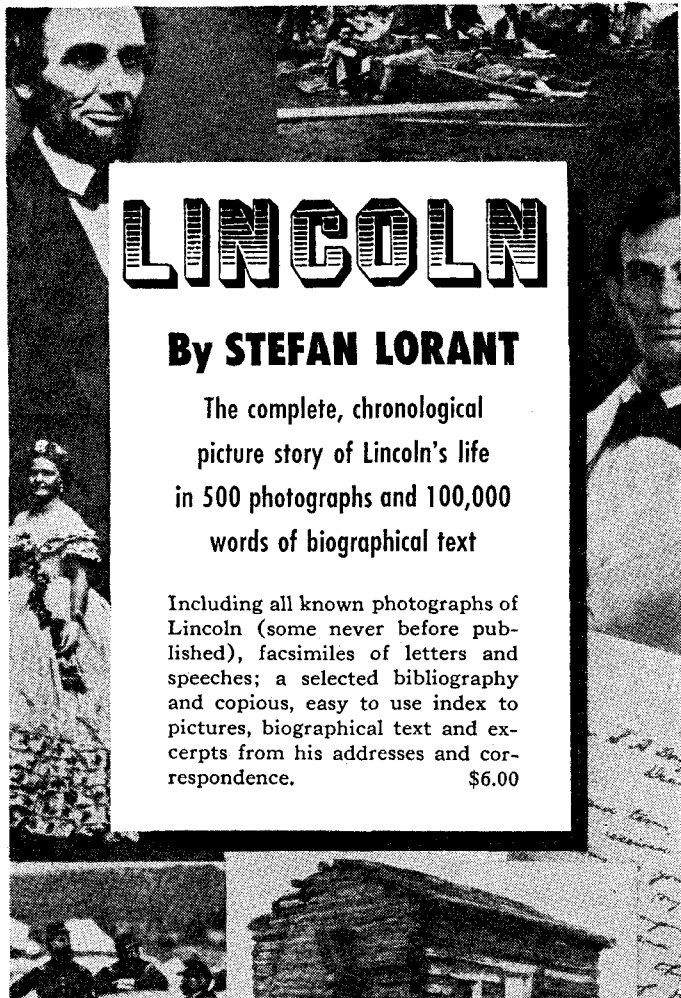
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Europe's difficulties became acute before the crash; and the crash, by drying up loans to Europe, precipitated the financial "earthquake" whose tremors made themselves felt in the United States.)

In the second and third phases of the depression — April through November, 1931 — the United States was hard hit by Europe's flight from the gold standard and by a slump in European purchases of U.S. exports. But Hoover's remedial measures produced "a few rays of sunlight." (Hoover's Administration, the previous June, had erected the Hawley-Smoot Tariff, whose restrictive effect on Europe's exports to the U.S. reduced Europe's capacity to buy U.S. products.)

In the fourth period — December, 1931, to November, 1932 — the depression reached the bottom of the pit. Though hampered by a Democratic Congress bent on the destruction of the Republican Administration, Hoover forced through great measures — among them creation of the R.F.C., banking and stock exchange reforms, unemployment and agricultural relief — which "started us on the road to recovery." (It is widely recognized, now, that Hoover put up a better fight against the depression than he was credited with in the thirties. But his claim that the U.S. was "on the road to recovery" in mid-1932 is pretty shaky: industry was operating at less than half its 1929 volume and stock market prices were far below the low point of the '29 panic.)

In the fifth phase, recovery was checked by "public apprehension over the heterodox policies announced by the New Dealers"; and by the unwillingness of Roosevelt as President-elect to cooperate with Hoover in assurances that would have averted the bank panic. (How come Roosevelt carried forty-two states if the public was so apprehensive of his policies?)

The sixth phase of the depression began with Roosevelt's inauguration and lasted until 1941. If the New Deal had continued Mr. Hoover's policies instead of trying to impose a collectivist system on America, this country "should have made complete recovery within eighteen months . . . as did all the other nations with a free economy." (Among the nations cited as recovering, thanks to a free economy, are three pioneers of the welfare state: Sweden, Norway, and Denmark.)

Mr. Hoover writes about the depression with what might be described as a slide-rule approach; and his book as a whole leaves the impression that things were really not too bad until the New Deal came into power. Hoover piles chart upon chart, quotes his inimitably starchy memoranda and addresses for page upon page, in a dogged attempt to prove he did not make a single major mistake as President. The fantastic lengths to which Hoover goes in pursuit of total self-justification are responsible for the few moments of humor in the book. We are assured, for instance, that the apple-sellers

of the Hoover years, so far from being unemployed unfortunates, were astute entrepreneurs who had spotted a good thing. Says Hoover: "Many persons left their jobs for the more profitable one of selling apples."

Cain and Abel

East of Eden (Viking, \$4.50), the new novel by John Steinbeck, has most of the ingredients that make for popular success. It is a capacious (602 pp.) saga of an American family, stretching in time from the Civil War to World War I. It offers something which is in short supply in the contemporary novel — several wholly admirable characters. Its subject, in Steinbeck's words, is "the permanent war between good and evil." And it makes the triumphant assertion that man, for all his weakness, is free to choose the righteous course; and that, by recognition of his soul's freedom, he gains the knowledge that he can fight through and win. In short, Mr. Steinbeck, in whose previous work guardians of morality have discerned a hideous depravity of outlook, is now clearly on the side of the angels. But literary virtue is an altogether different matter, and I'm sorry to say that *East of Eden* seems to me a highly disappointing novel for a writer who has already found a place in the literary histories.

The story's binding motif is the following drama twice enacted. A father has a favorite son, who grows up to be "the good son"; and another son — hungry for his father's love and jealous of his brother — who grows up under the curse of those who feel themselves unloved.

At the outset Steinbeck has a firm command of his materials, but the novel degenerates as it goes along. The improbabilities grow more flagrant, the sentimentality thicker, the intellectual naïveté more exasperating. Two of the major characters seem to me preposterous creations. The first is the hero's wife, a beautiful monster who has burned her parents alive, and who deserts a wealthy and admirable husband for a career in a brothel. The second is a Chinese cook into whose mouth Steinbeck puts much of his moralizing and philosophizing. This minor-league Lin Yutang is a translator of poetry in his spare moments, and once learned Hebrew in order to clear up his doubts about sixteen lines in the fourth chapter of Genesis. He talks pidgin at first, but as we get to know him he switches to Mr. Steinbeck's best English, and unburdens himself copiously of pseudo-profound nuggets of wisdom.

There is a wide variety of action and there is momentum in Mr. Steinbeck's story. But it is not convincing enough, not created with sufficient freshness and cohesion, to make its moral point deeply felt.

Edward Weeks, who has been away, will return as the Peripatetic Reviewer next month.

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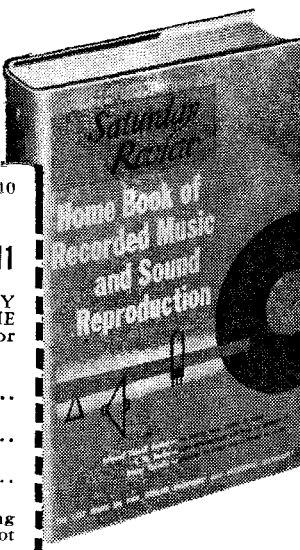
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C. G. BURKE, for twenty-five years a recording enthusiast and owner of one of the country's outstanding collections, was record reviewer for *The American Mercury* before joining the *Saturday Review*. He is a frequent contributor to *High Fidelity* magazine.

BOOKS

The Editors Like

Memoirs and Histories

PIONEER'S PROGRESS by *Alvin Johnson*. (Viking, \$5.00.) The founder of the New School for Social Research grew up on the old Western frontier, and his autobiography is a panorama of American life over the last seventy years, told with great gusto and good humor.

BYRON, SHELLEY, AND THEIR PISAN CIRCLE by *C. L. Cline*. (Harvard, \$5.00.) The Pisan circle, a lively and eccentric crew, got themselves into a brawl of endearing lunacy, here reconstructed for the first time. Poets were tough lads in those days.

THE HEIR OF DOUGLAS by *Lillian de la Torre*. (Knopf, \$4.00.) A plausible, amusing solution of a mysterious scandal with such classic elements as a batty duke, a persecuted lady, and the riotous behavior of James Boswell, by an author who is an acknowledged authority on the criminal oddities of the eighteenth century.

ONE SKY TO SHARE by *Raymond Leopold Bruckberger*. (P. J. Kenedy, \$3.00.) A fresh, unexpected view of the United States is the high point of this journal by a Dominican author, editor, and member of the French Resistance, who also provides a stirring account of the German invasion of France.

Excursions into Wonder

THE AMAZING AMAZON by *Willard Price*. (John Day, \$4.00.) All kinds of information turn up in this casual survey of the Amazon and its tributaries, from the troubles of early explorers to how to trap a jaguar with bird lime.

KING SOLOMON'S RING by *Konrad Z. Lorenz*. (Crowell, \$3.50.) In a wise, gentle, funny book, a specialist in the natural behavior of wild creatures describes the hazards of talking goose to ducks, the civility of wolves, and the ferocious spirit of doves.

THE LOST DISCOVERY by *Frederick J. Pohl*. (Norton, \$3.75.) Whether one accepts Mr. Pohl's location of Viking explorations in this country or not, quotations from the Norse sagas and an appendix on inexplicable relics make this book an excursion into wonder.

Painters and Paintings

JAN VAN EYCK by *Ludwig Baldass*. (Phaidon, \$15.00.) Mr. Baldass provides a complete record of the work of the Van Eyck brothers and a scholarly analysis of the part each played in creating it. The reproductions are detailed and excellent.

CLASSIC ART: AN INTRODUCTION TO THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE by *Heinrich Wölfflin*. (Phaidon, \$6.50.) A new translation of an indispensable study of the great Renaissance painters, their styles, derivations, innovations, and reciprocal influence. 200 illustrations.

SPANISH PAINTING: FROM THE CATALAN FRESCOS TO EL GRECO by *Jacques Lassaigne*. (Skira, \$15.00.) Everyone knows El Greco, but much of the lovely early painting discussed in this lavishly illustrated history is not easily seen even in Spain. A handsome, fact-packed book that fills a real need.



Reader's Choice

BY

PHOEBE LOU ADAMS

In *Thudbury* (Lippincott, \$3.75), **Clyde Brion Davis** portrays an Old Guard Republican industrialist with the same dead-pan irony that made *The Great American Novel* the best book ever written about the newspaper business. The narrator of *Thudbury*, like the hero of the earlier novel, is a goodhearted chump with romantic faith in a system. In this case, the system is unbridled private enterprise and its symbol is Dr. Otis Paul Thudbury.

In the eyes of his biographer, Dr. Thudbury (the title is honorary, bestowed by an alma mater to which Thudbury had been extremely loyal in a sound financial way) is a great man who can do no wrong. Mr. Davis never deviates from this loyal viewpoint. Thudbury's machinations rise up like lurking dragons through the prose of his old friend and factotum without the narrator being in the least aware of them.

Since the book is deliberate, ruthless satire, Otis Paul nurses every idea and commits every crime ever attributed to a reactionary capitalist. He could easily become an impossible monster, and it is a remarkable feat on the part of Mr. Davis to have kept his hero not only plausible but likable, a man with charm and brains, fighting to preserve the social system in which he believes.

Thudbury first appears at the age of four, when his father, Judge Paul Spencer Thudbury (owner of the Tolland *Enterprise*, the Tolland and Farnum Valley railroad, and most of the industries of the town of Tolland, N.Y., including the boilerworks and the plow and rake factory), takes him down to the *Enterprise* office to see the results of the Blaine-Cleveland election flashed by magic lantern to a canvas screen hung opposite the newspaper building, on the other side of Pulaski Street.

Young Pete Mendenhall, son of the editor-in-chief and Otis Paul's biographer-to-be, takes the little boy around the *Enterprise* plant while their fathers wait confidently for a Blaine victory. Pete is soon explaining that the old press engineer's greeting of "How's your corporosity seem to be sagaciating?" is not to be taken seriously because the man is a Socialist and wants to take everything away from everybody and divide it up. Otis Paul's response is prompt and practical. "That old man better not take my pony." Seventy years later, Otis Paul is still battling in defense of his pony.

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He learns early in the game to identify the pony with the public welfare. When he wins a 1905 transcontinental race in his new Mercedes, his excuse for unorthodox methods is that his winning will lead to better roads. When he organizes the *sub rosa* Thudbury Committee with the object of putting big business in control of both government action and public opinion, he argues that anyone not in big business lacks the intelligence to control anything with safety. When he refuses to let Pete Mendenhall, now editor of the *Enterprise*, warn subscribers of the coming stock market crash, it is on the grounds that a public warning from Thudbury could easily make things worse. He even throws a million dollars of his own into the tumbling market in a gallant attempt to restore public confidence. Since he is simultaneously selling short through an agent, he gets it back two for one.

If Thudbury were a hypocrite, he would be unbearable, but he believes that money makes might and might makes right as sincerely as Charles I believed in the divine authority of kings. He is infuriating. He is also a live wire, interesting, indomitable, and funny from his entrance in kilts and curls to the evening when he keels over on Pete Mendenhall's living-room rug, in the house that Mendenhall's daughter paid for because Pete never got enough money as Thudbury's editor to buy a house himself.

Tending a little toward caricature in themselves, Thudbury and Mendenhall derive three-dimensional reality from the background that Mr. Davis builds up for them. The book is a panorama of life in an industrial city, an epic of early motoring, a catalogue of the minor trials of a newspaper editor, a strikebreaker's handbook, and a record of sixty years of American taste in clothes, cars, furniture, slang, drinks, and chicanery.

Mr. Davis's sly humor and perfect control of his material make every page of the book a joy to read.

Like all satire, *Thudbury* is designed to irritate as much as to amuse, and like all satire it can be charged with exaggeration and cantankerousness. The exact degree of each reader's pleasure in the book will depend upon how far he accepts the author's premise that wealth is power and that power inevitably corrupts. Whether one agrees with Mr. Davis wholly,

partly, or not at all, there's no denying that he has written a novel as brilliant as it is malicious.

The affairs of the horse

J. Frank Dobie is a Texan who has loved horses from his ranch boyhood, and in *The Mustangs* (Little, Brown, \$6.00) he has written the sort of history which every horse-lover probably longs, at heart, to read. The book is a history of the West in which the doings of men are properly subordinated to the affairs of the horse.

Beginning with the part-Arab horses brought over by the Spanish, Mr. Dobie traces the northward spread of the animals to the great days when every Plains Indian owned a string of mounts and herds of horses ran wild and beautiful until white settlers shot them as nuisances or caught them and shipped them to St. Louis to pull milk wagons. Mr. Dobie believes that the western horses developed from stock strayed from Spanish expeditions or colonies in Mexico. He will have no truck with the theory that the ancestors of the mustang escaped from the hands of Coronado, de Soto, or any of the other conquistadors who chased golden mirages over our southwestern landscape.

He is equally certain that the Indians did not depend on wild horses to any great extent. The first sight of mounted men had terrified them, but they soon discovered that the creatures were not supernatural, and that the horse half was edible and far easier to catch than a wild buffalo. Presently they tried riding before dinner, and soon after that were trading stolen horses to their northern neighbors. Mr. Dobie has found it on record that the first horses to appear among the Indians in Canada carried Spanish brands.

Mr. Dobie is almost as fond of horse Indians as he is of horses, and his chapters on the two are full of vitality and rich in detail. Horse stealing became an art, a science, and a business. The Comanches claimed that they allowed the Spaniards to remain in the country only to raise horses for them. In the end, they cleaned out the San Antonio district so thoroughly that there wasn't a horse left to steal. It is touching to learn that the Comanches, who normally gave no quarter, then agreed to "a kind of peace" and sold the Spaniards back some of their own horses. Far-

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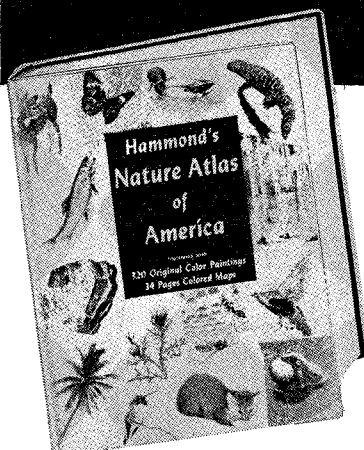
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ther north, where theft without bloodshed had become a point of honor, a Cheyenne gentleman called Big Foot boasted that he had built up his great reputation as a horse thief without ever killing a man. Mr. Dobie is enchanted with this sportsman, who is indeed a beguiling figure.

The Mustangs is full of beguiling figures who appear in a curiously foreshortened way because the author has little time to waste on a man unless he is connected with a horse. Explorers, cow hands, honest travelers, and rogues pop up in his pages to offer their testimony on the endurance of mustangs, or their cleverness, or their numbers, or their habit of stealing domestic horses, or the best methods of catching them, or to repeat the myths about the great white pacing stallion. Then these people vanish as if they had stepped into Limbo.

The book arbitrarily telescopes time and space, and as arbitrarily extends them. Fact and rumor run into each other like figures in a kaleidoscope. Only the horses remain always clearly in focus. Mr. Dobie, in fact, has poetical feelings about mustangs and has rightly allowed himself a number of poetical liberties in constructing his memorial to a world already faded into legend.

At war with Texas

The state of Texas is hero, heroine, villain, and supporting cast in Edna Ferber's new novel, *Giant* (Doubleday, \$3.95), and at that, Miss Ferber doesn't pretend to deal with the whole state. She has settled for that portion of Texas with more than ten millions, plus its Mexican retainers. That adds up to a large number of people, but Texas overshadows all of them.

Although Miss Ferber writes to entertain, and never fails to do it with an expert mixture of action, sentiment, humor, and melodrama, two themes not usually classed as entertainment have appeared in most of her novels. One is the corrosive effect of money, and the other is the evil of group prejudices. Texas, rich and frankly anti-Mexican, was made to order as a showcase for these topics, and at times Miss Ferber seems on the verge of forgetting her plot altogether in order to pursue them. She never quite does it, though.

The plot in question has to do with Leslie Lynnton, more or less of Virginia, who marries Jordan Benedict,

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very decidedly of Reata Ranch, and begins a war with Texas that will last as long as she lives, to say nothing of the length of a novel. She dislikes the cooking, the lack of intellectual activity, the preoccupation with money, and the virtual disenfranchisement of citizens with Mexican ancestry. "When the hell are you going to settle down and behave like everybody else?" roars her exasperated husband, who is quite satisfied with Texas as it stands. "Never," says Leslie.

The Benedict family fracas rolls through the book, never losing the reader's interest because of the variety and picturesqueness of the life that inspires it. Although Leslie and Jordan refuse to change, Texas changes around them at astonishing speed. It seems to get bigger and more ornate with every paragraph. A vote by the assembled Benedict clansmen compels Jordan to permit oil wells on Reata, and the oil wells reduce cattle ranching, the love of his life, to the status of a rich man's toy. The children get disconcerting ideas. The feudal devotion of the Mexican ranch hands dies with the old men whose sons, back from Iwo Jima or the Coral Sea, display an unaccountable resentment of the status of second-class citizens. Cattle millionaires, once scorned by cotton millionaires, now scorn oil millionaires. Practically everybody is a millionaire, though, with more money, brighter jewels, stronger liquor, bigger airplanes, colder air-conditioning plants, and duller conversation than anyone else on earth.

Miss Ferber makes no predictions about the future of Texas. She records her view of the state's present tartly, deftly, with a relish for bizarre detail. Uncle Bawley (a charming but tearful old gentleman who discovers after fifty years of ranching that he is allergic to cattle) draining bacon on a cow chip is a figure not easily forgotten.

Counterspy

Colonel Oreste Pinto, a Hollander who worked for the British during the Second World War as a counterespionage expert, tells his experiences in *Spy-catcher* (Harper, \$2.75). He begins with a warning against putting one's faith in the movie version of this business which, he insists, is a dull job devoid of auto chases, champagne, and traditional excitements in general. He then un-

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Why Were Their Secrets Closely Guarded?

Only recently, as time is measured; not more than twenty generations ago, less than 1/100th of 1% of the earth's people were thought capable of receiving basic knowledge about the laws of life, for it is an elementary truism that knowledge is power and that power cannot be entrusted to the ignorant and the unworthy.

Wisdom is not readily attainable by the general public; nor recognized when right within reach. The average person absorbs a multitude of details about things, but goes through life without ever knowing where and how to acquire mastery of the fundamentals of the inner mind—that mysterious silent something which "whispers" to you from within.

Fundamental Laws of Nature

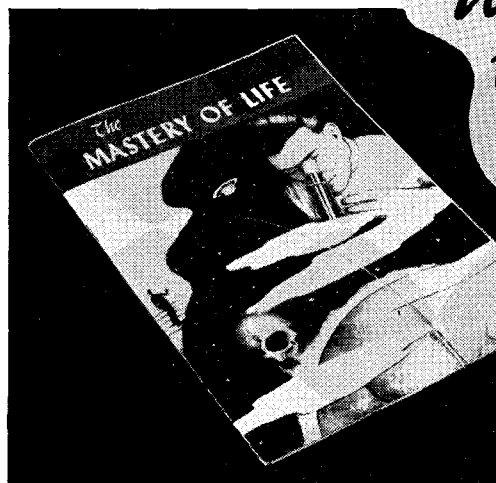
Your habits, accomplishments and weaknesses are the effects of causes. Your thoughts and actions are governed by fundamental laws. Example: The law of compensation is as fundamental

as the laws of breathing, eating and sleeping. All fixed laws of nature are as fascinating to study as they are vital to understand for success in life.

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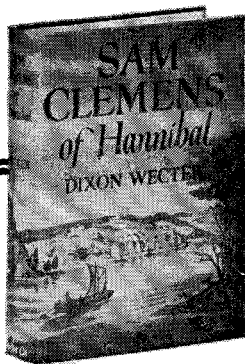
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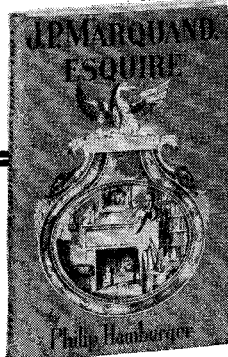
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J.P. Marquand, Esquire

by PHILIP HAMBURGER

J. P. Marquand, Esquire reads like the double-distilled essence of all Marquand novels from The Late George Apley to Melville Goodwin, U. S. A. This is a bold yet tender portrait of a man whose complex personality — as expressed in his novels — has fascinated literally millions of readers.

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rolls a tale quite as absorbing in its champagneless way as Hitchcock's gaudiest thriller.

Most of Colonel Pinto's adventures illustrate his claim that a good counterespionage man needs all the equipment of a good spy, only more of it and infinite patience besides. He admires the courage and intelligence of spies and in many cases admits to considerable sympathy for the men he trapped. Some of them deserved it. It is impossible not to like the German agent who made himself invisible in a small space full of British, and nearly got away with it.

The book is full of useful information for any reader with an ambition to be a secret agent, including how to get a code message inside a hard-boiled egg; but it also makes spying seem a profession with a very short future. Colonel Pinto and his staff are as meticulous as they are stubborn, asking interminable questions, plowing through piles of luggage, shaking dust out of pockets, and examining dictionaries leaf by leaf. The mechanics by which spies were sorted out of the flood of refugees that invaded England during the war are amazing. The Colonel doesn't claim that his department caught them all. Indeed, he is apprehensive that sooner or later a book will come out of Germany titled "My Wartime Work in London," or something equally disillusioning. On the evidence, the chances look slight.

While many of Colonel Pinto's stories are short and hinge on odd bits of information like the dinner hour in Spain or odd episodes like the fifth-column scare, the last one in the book has considerable importance and strange ramifications. Operating in Holland after the Allied invasion, Colonel Pinto fell in with a Dutch Resistance leader who grated on his nerves. One of the Colonel's standing rules is to pay no attention to impressions, since a competent spy will devote effort and intelligence to creating a good one. He abandoned the rule to the extent of wondering about the Resistance leader, a gigantic man with the endearing nickname of King Kong.

The upshot was an investigation which revealed a horrible story of theft and treachery. Kong was trapped with difficulty, too late to avoid a last and disastrous leak to the Germans, and ultimately escaped execution through the timidity of the authorities. This enthralling but dis-

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HUGH WALPOLE by *Rupert Hart-Davis*.
Macmillan, \$5.00.

I dipped into this book with the conviction that I would soon put it aside—I saw no great interest in the biography of a novelist whose work is notable only for its enormous volume. But I was quickly drawn into reading the book through and was handsomely rewarded. For Walpole is revealed as a touching, rather likable personality; his career is a remarkable story of uninterrupted success; his friendships give us a panorama of the English literary world from the end of the Edwardian Era to the Second World War; and Rupert Hart-Davis has turned in an entertaining and consummately well-done biography.

The remarkable and cheering thing about Walpole's life story is that—though he was hideously bullied at school; though he was shy, and permanently unsure of himself, and naively romantic—he was consciously determined to be happy, and, judging from his journal, very frequently was. He won the battle not to let his fears and unsatisfied cravings spoil his enjoyment of life's gifts to him—the prodigious sums he earned; his great celebrity; a knighthood; and a staunchless flow of invention that transferred itself to paper as fast as he could move a pen.

DON CAMILLO AND HIS FLOCK by
Giovanni Guareschi. Pellegrini & Cud-
ahy, \$3.00.

This sequel to *The Little World of Don Camillo*, which charmed a great many readers, carries forward the guerrilla warfare between the brawny priest who can't resist personally chastising the enemies of the Lord, and Mayor Peppone, the fire-breathing Communist who periodically reveals that, deep down, he's a decent, softhearted Italian. I'm not sure whether these tales are inferior to the previous batch, or whether it's just that their whimsical formula has lost its novelty, but I found this collection much less amusing than the original one. Still, it's pleasant light reading, and the *opéra bouffe* happenings reflect a very genuine aspect of Italian village politics.

MIDCENTURY JOURNEY by *William Shirer*. Farrar, Straus & Young, \$3.50.

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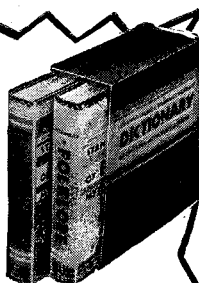
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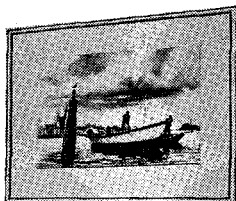
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the midcentury mark, and how it got there. From the present, Shirer jumps back to the early twenties and works his way forward again, trying to see where things went wrong and why. There is nothing in Shirer's book that will not be thoroughly familiar to any reader well up in contemporary European history; but those who are not, or whose memory needs refreshing, will find that Shirer serves their needs in a minimum of space and with a maximum of readability. He is a deft, likable reporter, who knows how to create interest without hopping up his prose or thundering his opinions. Having been a correspondent in Europe during a large part of the period he covers, he is able to give the historical parts of his book the feel of history directly experienced. *Midcentury Journey* is a Literary Guild selection.

A CRY OF CHILDREN by John Horne Burns. Harper, \$3.00.

In his third novel, as in *Lucifer with a Book*, Mr. Burns does not live up to the promise of his first, *The Gallery*, one of the best works of fiction about the last war. Burns tells the story of a gifted, coddled young concert pianist, who breaks away from his mother and sets up housekeeping with a tramp called Isobel. He soon finds himself in the harrowing predicament of being physically enraptured with Isobel and thinking himself in love with her, while recognizing that they have nothing at all in common, and that he is sickened by her disheveled mores and the messiness of her Bohemian playmates. *A Cry of Children* is moderately humorous in places; but novelists have worked over this particular situation pretty extensively, and I failed to find anything particularly fresh or stirring about Burns's treatment of it.

THE STORIES OF FRANK O'CONNOR.
Knopf, \$4.00.

There are a number of writers whose work, though first-rate, could not properly be described as attractive. But the notable thing about Frank O'Connor is that he is one of the most attractive living writers of short stories in addition to being one of the world's best. Gaiety and seriousness march hand in hand through his tales. He conveys — with strength of feeling but without false optimism or phony uplift — that life, though tragic, is well worth living; that it is full of heartache but is also full of joy and enchantment. The naturalness of O'Connor's art, the unerring rightness of his touch, is the fruit of an insatiable perfectionism. The form in which a good many of the stories in this collection appear represents the twentieth, the thirtieth, even the fiftieth rewriting. Of the twenty-seven tales, five are new; five others have not been published in book form in this country; and the rest are from *Crab Apple Jelly*, *The Common Chord*, and *Traveller's Samples*.

CHARLES J. ROLO

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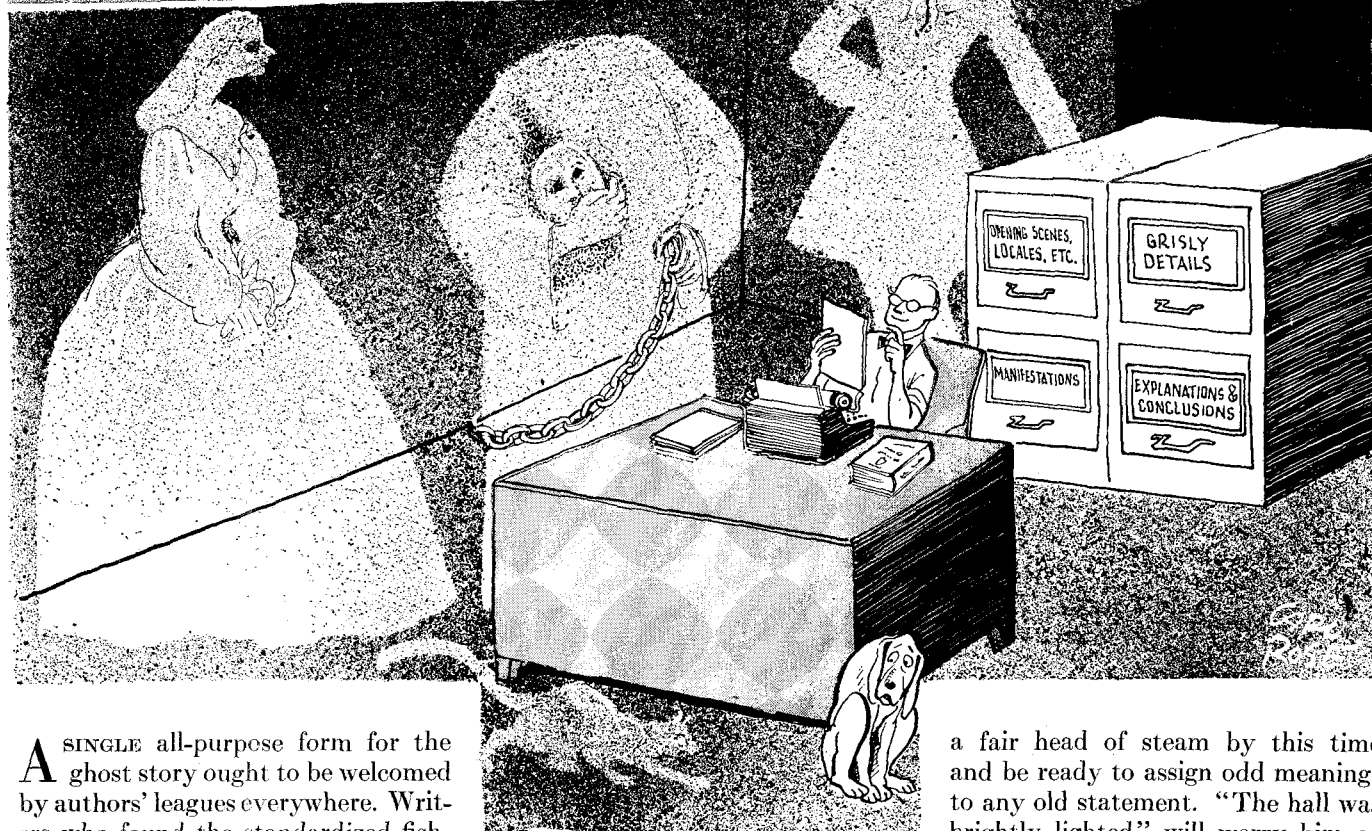
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ACCENT ON LIVING



A SINGLE all-purpose form for the ghost story ought to be welcomed by authors' leagues everywhere. Writers who found the standardized fishing story a convenience (*May Atlantic*) will fare even more briskly with the ghost story in blank. It practically writes itself, once you get the thing going.

"I don't believe in ghosts — yet how else to account for what happened to me that night in —?"

This model opening sentence is adjustable in various ways, but the main point must be made at the very beginning: It's a ghost story; eerie doings impend. Once he understands that, the reader will find something spooky in even the most commonplace details.

With the full gullibility of the reader thus fired at the take-off, the ghost-story writer need only breeze along, filling in the blanks as he goes.

"It was late in the afternoon when I finally reached —," he continues. "I had been —ing hard all day and I was looking forward to a —, a good —, and the possibility of — the next morning."

Any reader who will stick with a

ghost story, once he knows it for that, is a highly suggestible personality. He creates his own atmosphere for himself out of anything the author sees fit to tell him, so it matters little what the layout at — proves to be.

"There was nothing about the outward appearance of No. — that was in the least unusual, but as I mounted the steps and rang the bell I had a sudden feeling of —. I noticed, too, that a — across the street seemed to be eying me rather closely, but I must confess that I thought nothing of it at the time."

Just who the author's host will be at No. — is easily settled. It can be an old friend, though a landlady would do just as well — but only one in either case. ("I realized when Blank answered the door himself that his servants must have left and that we were alone in the house. . . .") You can't afford to have too many people around in a story of this kind.

The reader ought to have built up

a fair head of steam by this time and be ready to assign odd meanings to any old statement. "The hall was brightly lighted" will worry him as much as no lights at all. If the author reports a window open, the reader wonders who opened it. Was it Blank? Why was it open?

A few such details set the reader up for the first really scary development — the extraordinary change in Blank (or the landlady): "The warmth of my welcome was like old times, but I was hardly prepared for Blank's appearance. He was much —er than when I had last seen him; his —, which I had remembered as downright —, was now quite —. His —s, too, were no longer as I had known them. All in all, he seemed like a man who had —ed, if I may be permitted the word."

Reader and author alike are thoroughly frightened by the way Blank is looking, and here is just the moment to plant another disturbing trifle: "I could not help noticing, as we exchanged greetings, Blank's —; it was very old, as I could tell at a glance, and of curious workmanship." (This item could be almost anything — Blank's clock, teapot, set of false

teeth, or what you will. It may be that nothing will come of it anyhow, but there it is, if the author finds later on that he needs it. Meanwhile, it sets the reader to breathing noisily.)

"The room to which Blank showed me seemed cheery enough," the story goes on, "but I was struck by the huge — which occupied almost one entire wall. Once or twice, as I turned suddenly and looked at it, I could have sworn that it was —ing, but this, of course, was absurd. —s simply do not —, I told myself."

Let us not linger over Blank's dinner (unless the author fancies himself as a food-and-drink expert), and the conversation over the cigars can be cut short, too. Blank himself certainly won't be allowed to give the story away at this juncture, and the

author is still feeling the effects of a hard day's —ing. The sooner both men are in bed, the better. Thus: —

"So far as I could tell, my room was just as I had left it, but the — seemed even larger than before. Its bulk dwarfed everything else, and I was uncomfortably aware of it as I dropped off to sleep.

"I have no way of judging how long I slept, but suddenly I was wide awake. The room was pitch black; all was still. Then I heard, faintly and as at a great distance, the sound of —ing. It was as if a very —, or a —, were being —ed, far away. I cannot describe the feeling of —, of —, of sheer —, that swept over me. The —ing grew louder. It seemed to be coming from the general direction of the vast

— that I have mentioned. My — was —. I tried to —, but to no avail. Suddenly I realized that I could see taking form in the darkness the unmistakable outlines of a — (italics)!

"At that point I must have — — altogether, for the next thing I knew, it was — —, and Blank was —ing — — — jug of hot water.

"I — — — —, Blank — — — —, and the house was sold. Shortly afterwards, I came upon this story in my evening paper: —

"Workmen —ing an old house at No. — — Street discovered today in the wall of a bedroom the mummified remains of a —. Police are investigating."

CHARLES W. MORTON

HUNTING

by DOROTHY OTIS WYRE

A Missourian and graduate of the University of Missouri, DOROTHY OTIS WYRE lived in Germany for several years after the war. She now makes her home in Conway, Arkansas.

DURING two years' residence in Germany I had the opportunity to study the art of hunting under several skilled *Kreisjägermeister* (county hunt masters) — Herren Jägermeister Schumann, Benkert, and Ritterbecks. Jägermeister are elderly gentlemen who like walking, riding, smoking, eating, drinking, and hunting, all of which are provided by the Americans. Jägermeister, in spite of advanced age, blow mating calls on horns, which they provide.

Herr Jägermeister Schumann taught me how to handle a gun before taking me into the field. Visual education was used as I observed the sacred rites of cleaning and polishing guns. Herr Jägermeister Schumann's gun accidentally discharged a bullet which shattered a beer stein and lodged in the living-room wall. This was a lesson in exterior ballistics as well as safety.

The first field trips were for *Rehe* (deer). Herr Jägermeister Schumann, and the others, believed that cold, gloomy, rainy days are the most favorable for Americans to hunt *Rehe*. *Rehe* hunting is classified into three types: sitting, walking, and riding.

Sitting. The hunter sits in a tree stand, and the *Rehe* sit as far away as possible. Tree stands, constructed of rotten wood, are reached by climbing decayed ladders which hold up decayed trees.

Walking. The hunters and the hunted walk around, but never close to one another. This gives the Jäger-



meister a chance to blow his horn, thus warning the *Rehe*. Jägermeister have amazing eyesight which enables them to gather vital statistics from invisible antlers of invisible *Rehe*.

Riding. The hunters ride through the forest peering into the trees. Military Government sedans are more comfortable than jeeps. The *Rehe* walk around peering out of the trees. Upon sighting a sedan, they run deep into the forest, a feat even a *Volks-wagen* cannot successfully imitate.

The second group of field trips

was for *Wilde Schweine* (wild pigs). Beaters are used in hunting *Wilde Schweine*. Beaters are young men, with time on their hands, who like walking, riding, smoking, eating, drinking, and hunting, all of which are provided by the Americans. The beaters drive the *Wilde Schweine* out of the bushes with sticks. Beaters provide their own sticks. Eight times out of ten a beater, not a *Wilde Schwein*, emerges from the bushes. It is difficult to differentiate between them. The best way to distinguish one from another is to watch for smoke. *Wilde Schweine* do not smoke.

Herren Jägermeister Schumann, Benkert, and Ritterbecks believed that cold, gloomy, rainy days or nights are most favorable for Americans to hunt *Wilde Schweine*. *Wilde Schweine* hunting is classified into daylight or night hunts, with or without a moon, with or without rain or snow.

Daylight. The hunters and the hunted walk around, but never close to one another.

Night. The hunters and the hunted walk around, but never close to one another.

1. With moon. The hunters and the hunted never walk close to one another because it is easy for *Wilde Schweine* to spot the hunters first. It is cold at midnight in a potato field. German pigs like potatoes, and they are skillful at munching them

while keeping an eye on the hunters sitting in the moonlight.

2. Without moon. The hunters and the hunted walk around, but never close to one another. It is difficult to determine how close since it is impossible to see anything. Sometimes hunters carry powerful lights which blind them but do not disturb the Wilde Schweine. The lights indicate the exact locations of the hunters.

Rain. The hunters and the hunted walk around, but never close to one another.

Snow. The hunters and the hunted walk around, but never close to one another. The snow is useful for four purposes: 1) blinding the hunter; 2) causing the toes and fingers to drop off; 3) showing hunters where the Wilde Schweine have just been; and 4) showing the Wilde Schweine where the hunters have just been.

According to Herren Jägermeister Schumann, Benkert, and Ritterbecks, there are three reasons for hunting Rehe and Wilde Schweine. 1) To acquire antlers which are mounted on small plaques and hung up somewhere. 2) To acquire pigheads which



are mounted on large plaques and hung up somewhere. 3) To acquire a bunch of Wildes Schwein hair which is mounted on a hunting hat that is hung up somewhere.

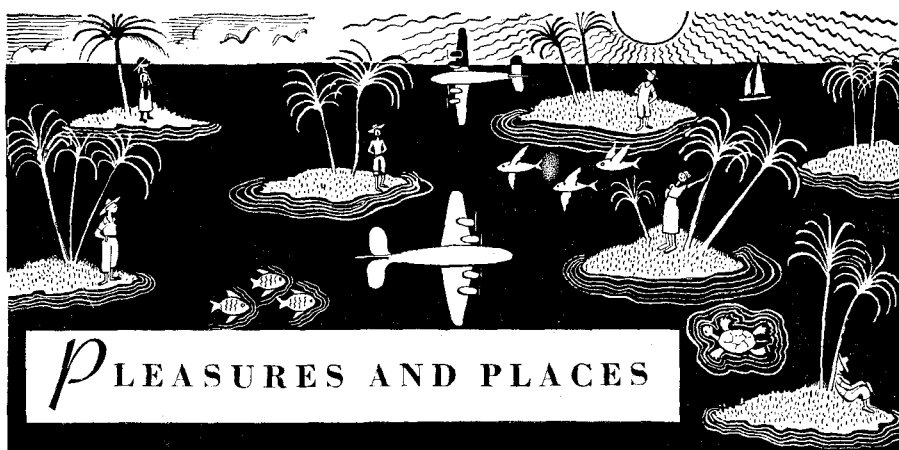
LET'S NOT BE BRIEF

by RICHARD WHEELER

I THINK that I have always hated
To see a word abbr.
But more contracted words appear
In print, I've noted, every yr.

I watch this irksome practice spread
And wish it would be ltd.
Abbreviations I'd taboo.
I've seen suff. Ave.?

ACCENT ON LIVING



THREE MONTHS IN THE SUN

by SYLVIA MARTIN

SYLVIA MARTIN has spent twelve of the last thirteen years in traveling and living abroad. She has written a book about the people of Mexico, and is the author of many magazine articles.

THE outstanding fact about the West Indies is that they are plantation islands. Whatever its sins, the plantation pattern of civilization is very pleasant for the tourist. It makes him a pukka sahib. Shrugging off the inhibitions of Middletown, he can become a Maugham character in tailored shorts and sun helmet by day and dinner jacket by night — on his arm his lady, displaying pearly shoulders and orchids. Because it takes a little time to get into the spirit of the thing, a West Indian vacation is most satisfying when it runs into a month or more. Three months are ideal.

The Caribbean archipelago forms a broad curve of islands with Cuba at the top, straining toward Yucatán, and Trinidad at the bottom, a chip off Venezuela. Tropical, they grow sugar cane, coconuts, cacao, bananas. Jamaica, further, has coffee; Trinidad, oil; Cuba, tobacco. Native to their tables are papaws, mangoes, soursop, plantain, yams, breadfruit, rum, and sea food. Almost everything else is imported, including refined sugar. The islands are mountaintops lifted above the sea, and now and then they are shaken by subterranean convulsions. They are densely populated by the multiplying descendants of African slaves, who keep darkening the pink upper classes and paling their own complexions.

With these generalities, likeness ends. Each piece of the broken wall between the Caribbean and the Atlan-

tic stands alone. The fact that Martinique and Guadeloupe are French possessions, while most of the others are British, is as important to the tourist as to the mother country, for national idiosyncrasies have taken root in the tropical outland. British islanders, for example, preserve the custom of afternoon tea; the French drink wine. The British play golf and tennis; the French talk politics.

Even within national groupings there are no carbon copies. Each island is its own little world. While its top families may speak the English of Oxford or Sorbonne French, the plain people have their own language. As colorful as the glimpse of undersea life on a reef, it changes from island to island. Two British subjects talking "English" entertain with sound rather than sense. You could easily dance to those drumming accents — but understand them? Never.

There are two ways of doing the islands. I have tried both. The advantage of a sea voyage is the long approach, the slow forming of island after island on the far edge of a simple world of sea and sky. But a cruise is essentially ship life — and the Caribbean is a beautiful sea to live it in. The islands, however, are too brief pauses, commas in a rounded sentence. You have bought a twelve or twenty-one day "package" at \$20 a day or more. You can't lie over at an attractive port and hop the next ship. This kind of travel was easy years ago when the archipelago was well served by interisland ships. It is simpler now to go by sea from New York to Hong Kong than from Grenada, say, to St. Kitts.

By air (Pan American or KLM), on the other hand, you can move about freely, stopping where you choose. But what to choose? For variety of experience I select Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, and Guade-

loupe — two British possessions, two French. The farthest island, Trinidad, is a nine-hour flight, nonstop, from New York by Pan American clipper. All are inexpensive by our standards, hotel prices ranging from \$6 to \$10 a day. There are also guesthouses and pensions with lower rates. Unfortunately, the word is getting around that by concentrating on the de luxe, Jamaica and Haiti are getting \$20 and even \$30 a day from the rich Americans, and prices are beginning to creep up everywhere.

Trinidad is the most carnivalesque of the islands. A T'dadian when he isn't talking to himself loves to talk about himself, and his opening gambit



is: "D'you know what they say about Trinidad? It's where the birds have no song, the flowers no smell, and the women no virtue." This is followed by "We're all a bit balmy here, y'know."

The mild lunacy that seems to pervade Port-of-Spain is probably the result of English habits in collision with the tropics, rum with Angostura bitters, hot curries, and a polyglot population. No other island has such a mixture of peoples. When the slaves were freed, indentured servants, mostly East Indians, were shipped to fill plantation needs. Trinidad is rich, and as it flourished, men in search of sun and profit came from many parts of the world. World War II brought European refugees and Americans. You see many exotics as you stroll between the shops and milk bars of Frederick Street. A woman in a sari and bangles. A slit-skirted Chinese girl. A Mohammedan wearing the fez, and a monk with sun helmet. A Hindu draped in white muslin. A Venezuelan pinched in the waist, padded about the shoulder. And the Negro blade, the Sweet Man, in the local version of the zoot suit. This is the capital of the Calypso song. For a gratuity, you can have one composed in your honor: —

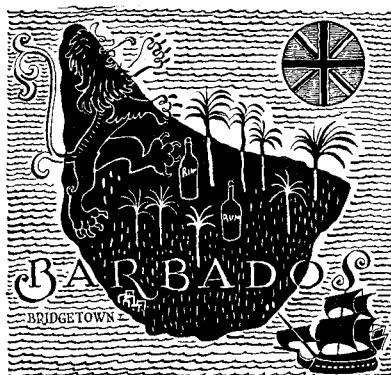
Mr. and Mrs. Jones, we welcome *thee*
To the blessed isle of la Trinitee.

The island is lush and beautiful. Port-of-Spain, however, is wonderfully ugly and various. Victorian England has gone berserk here, even to the respectable mansions on the Long Circular Road; they have borrowed gables, eaves, scallops, pinnales, pillars, and jalousies from all quarters of the imagination. The city's playground is the Savannah, two hundred acres given over to cricket, Rugby, and horse races. The show place is the very beautiful Botanical Garden. Social life is centered in the Queen's Park Hotel and the Country Club.

Although there are beaches on the east coast, everybody who is anybody flies or sails over to Tobago, an island appendage. Tobago has its own hotels and guesthouses. The newest is the Bluehaven — \$8, meals included (as of summer; it will probably be more by winter). The beaches are many and excellent. Swimming, beach picnics, goggling at the marine life under Buccoo Reef, tennis, and horseback riding make up Tobago's dawn-to-sunset life. At night you drink, dance, learn all about Planter X who is going to the dogs, and keep religiously indoors after sunset to frustrate the Anopheles mosquito.

Many of the islands are home to Americans who have got away from it all and gone native on a thousand dollars a year. On Tobago I met two extremes of escapists — a retired businessman and his wife living in a little cottage above a blanket-size beach their very own; and a young ex-Princetonian, refugee from Wall Street, quartered in an abandoned windmill and very busy pioneering green beans and asparagus on a commercial scale for the hotel trade.

Moving from Trinidad-Tobago to Barbados is like exchanging Soho for Mayfair. British for three centuries, Barbados is the custodian of tradition.



Typical is the cable said to have gone to Whitehall on the outbreak of World War I: "Go ahead, England.



Barbados is with you." Geographically, she is not a part of the archipelago but a piece of coral standing all by itself out in the Atlantic. She is bathed in a light so pure that it seems the sun's own benediction on self-righteousness. She has no malaria, her drinking water is nectar, her climate near-perfect.

The port is Bridgetown — neat, orderly, and eighteenth century. Its Careenage is a huddle of masted schooners. Broad Street has "Shoppes" and Trafalgar Square, of course, a monument to Nelson. The narrow winding streets of shipping and insurance agencies are named Flower Pot Alley, Lightfoot Lane, Literary Row. The Savannah has a race track, polo grounds, and cricket pitches. Hotel rates are about \$10 a day American plan, but there are dozens of inexpensive "homes from home" run by respectable maiden ladies. You can swim at the Aquatic Club in town or at the Paradise Beach Club on the outskirts.

You don't stay long in Bridgetown, for the countryside is lovely, reminding many travelers of the Cornish coast and the Scottish glens. The Negro shacks are interspersed with handsome Great Houses in the style of the English manor. The gentry are more hospitable than Bridgetown's aristocracy. Condemned to boredom, they are very kind to the foreigner, who serves as an excuse for a fresh round of teas, balls, beach parties, and club doings.

There are beaches at Hastings, Worthing, and several other points, but one of the finest in the world is the stretch of pink coral sands at the Crane. Sam Lord's Castle, on the ridge above, is now a hotel — a "residential club." It was the fancy of a nineteenth-century gentleman who made a fortune by rigging up mis-

leading lights so that ships were wrecked on the reef and he could leisurely pirate their cargoes. Sam Lord's pile of masonry and mahogany is both grand and amusing. As a hotel it charges about \$12 a day, with meals.

Barbados has an English kitchen. The damp, flavorless meals lean heavily on yams, breadfruit, potatoes, and rice, but there is good sea food. Flying fish and sea eggs are the specialties. The inhabitants drink well — rum punches and swizzles, lime squashes and gin slings.

From England to France is a big step; from Barbados to Martinique is a bigger. Barbados is ordered in shape, climate, landscape, and society. Martinique is messily exotic in all these things. The ponderous weight of tropical fertility presses down from the volcanic peaks to the water's edge. Racial prejudice is more political than social. A white who talks against *les nègres* is usually that almost extinct bird of conservatism, a Royalist. A black who rants against *les blancs* is a Communist. There is little more you need to know to understand the lively gestures of political argument.

Fort-de-France, the port, semi-circles a blue bay. It is a town of high mansard roofs, latticework, wrought-iron balconies; a *place* where people who look like members of a musical-comedy chorus take apéritifs and ices and Coca-Cola; and crazy wooden houses that lean over the two rivers, Monsieur and Madame. The entire complex has the air of the careless shrug, as if the jungle were being held back by one man with a machete. Only the Savane is groomed. This broad green lake of grass is dedicated to a statue of Napoleon's Josephine, who was born in a little village across the bay. Fort-de-France goes to bed early, after a long, lingering, memorable dinner. The one spot of night life is the wooden barn named Le Select Tango. Not in the least select, and having nothing to do with the tango, it is the home of the beguine. This is a dance which, seen here in its native haunts, would make a maiden aunt blush to the soles of her feet.

There is a curious Frenchness about

a Martinican, an air of jaunty, loose-limbed grace. Even the most ragged and Negroid looks as if he had had something to do with Paris, or at least Marseilles. The girls are famed for their beauty, but it is the old women who have style. This is a matter of dress and bearing. They alone wear the old costume — which would make any woman a goddess. In another decade it will, alas, have disappeared. The silks, satins, brocades, and lace are now too expensive.

Everybody who can lives out of town, for Fort-de-France is stickily hot. Villas, each an expression of some private fantasy, are in the residential hills. The tourist stays close to his hotel. The new Lido Hotel, four miles out and on the sea, has bathing, ping-pong, and a dance floor. It is comfortable but too modern to look, feel, or smell Martinican. The old-timer is the Vieux Moulin, two miles from town, with a swimming pool and a rarely used tennis court. Its rooms sacrifice privacy to ventilation. The Lido, and the Grand in Guadeloupe, charge about \$16 a day, double, with meals; the Vieux Moulin somewhat less. Hotel food is superb. The pre-meal drink is the *petit punch martiniquais* — white rum, syrup, lime, and nutmeg. You change wines with the courses and finish up with cognac.

Apart from the tiny village of Trois Islets, which has the remains of Josephine's childhood home, the "sight" of Martinique is yet another ruin, St. Pierre. The old capital of fashion, beauty, elegance, and sin, sketched in many memoirs as the world's most enchanting colonial metropolis, was wiped out by the eruption of Mont Pelée in 1902. A new town is slowly rising, but you feel uncomfortably close

to the terrible disaster when you trace the old foundations in the heaps of rubble and look at the pitiful, fire-fused bits of iron and glass in the little museum.

Few visitors to Martinique escape the impulse to hop over to Guadeloupe. It's just one of those things, like Trinidad-Barbados. Guadeloupe is plural. It is two islands separated by a narrow channel — Basse-Terre on one side, Grande-Terre on the other —



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with some island dependencies dotted around, including the leper colony of La Désirade. The port, Pointe-à-Pitre, has none of the charm of Fort-de-France and is even less tourist-minded. It does have a badly needed new hotel, the Grand, on the Miami Beach model. The old standby, more colorful, is the Hôtel des Antilles. Pointe-à-Pitre, several times thrown down by earthquakes, is a town of corrugated iron roofs, broken balconies occupied by fanning, rocking grandpas and grandmas, and the noise and dust of eternal port improvements.

What is beautiful in Martinique is in Basse-Terre heightened to superlatives. The hills, the mountains, the volcanoes, covered with voluptuous, tangled green life, are humbling. Water gushes out of rock. Roads, plantations, and estates look ridiculous. And you can safely walk — no fer-de-lance. The favorite retreat is the little bay of Gosier near Pointe-à-Pitre, which has a good beach and an attractive restaurant, the Pergola, serving a five-course lunch for about \$1.25. St. Claude in Basse-Terre, at the foot of Soufrière volcano, is a good view-site. A path, overgrown in the upper reaches and requiring the services of guide with machete, leads to the crater. It is a stiff climb, and only the determined go all the way.

All in all, temperament is the best dictator in the Caribbean. Restless souls will get the greatest pleasure out of island hopping. Loafers can just sit under their sun helmets. I recommend the happy compromise of a certain amount of hopping combined with stationary periods. The tropical variety of British gentleness, restraint, and sportsmanship, with its commendable absence of loud, empty hilarity and nasality, should be experienced by every American at least once in his lifetime — also the French Creole gracefulness and chesty dedication to *la gloire* in islands where civilization barely holds its own against the jungle.

Somewhere along the way you will find the unbelievably right hotel on a cliff above a half-moon beach. Before you stretches the bluest of oceans, with islands in just the right places to be colored by the long, violent sunsets. A book from the hotel library is on your knees — unread. The orchestra is playing somewhere in the hibiscus. The air is perfumed. And across the terrace glides the sahib's deferential servitor bearing his long, cool drink.



by JOHN M. CONLY

Ancient Music of the Church, together with **Karl Loewe: Ballads** (William Warfield, baritone, with Andrew Tietjen, organ, and Otto Herz, piano; Columbia: 12" LP). In the church music — by Heinrich Schütz, Hammerschmidt, Perotin, and Monteverdi — Warfield is tremendous; the music lives and thrills. Moreover, Columbia's engineers have hit something like an all-time high in vocal recording. The Loewe songs are of lesser stature, but good.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 4 in G Major (Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, Hermann Scherchen conducting Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). If the recent Columbia Gieseeking version was a trifle precise and cool, this one is a little too broad and sunny. Hear both.

Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 in E Flat Major, "Emperor" (Badura-Skoda; Scherchen; Vienna State Opera Orchestra; Westminster: 12" LP). A gorgeous second movement, a ponderous first, a choppy third, all brilliantly recorded. This brings to three the number of almost adequate LP "Emperors," the others being Columbia's (Serkin) and Mercury's (Schiøler) versions. For true "Emperor" lovers, the recording still is HMV's 78 rpm Schnabel-Gallieri album (DB 9326-30), incomparably better than all others, even in sound-quality.

Dvorak: Symphony No. 5 in E Minor, "New World" (George Szell conducting Cleveland Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). A paradox: Columbia here has out-hi-fi'd the vaunted Mercury Olympian version, but Mercury's young Rafael Kubelik has outplayed his senior colleague, Mr. Szell.

Haydn: Symphony No. 88 in G, together with **Mozart: Symphony No. 36 in C, "Linz"** (Fritz Busch conducting Danish State Radio Orchestra; HMV: 12" LP). Like most of HMV's initial releases, this probably was recorded on disk masters, taped therefrom, and rerecorded here by RCA Victor, but it shows no ill

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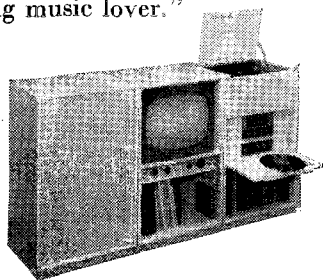
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effects. The late Dr. Busch's reading of these two classic masterpieces is unsurpassable, a moving legacy.

Hindemith: Sonatas for Four Hands (Karl and Margaret Kohn, pianos; Claremont: 12" LP). Played a little worshipfully, but with skill, and recorded very well indeed. Claremont, a new company, also has recorded vigorous performances by Lee Pattison of Schubert's Piano Impromptus, Op. 142, and Schumann's *Fantasiestück*, Op. 111, No. 2, and Fantasies in C Major.

Holst: Suite The Planets (Sir Adrian Boult conducting BBC Symphony Orchestra; HMV: 12" LP). In 1913 the ugly, martial drum-thumping of *Mars, the Bringer of War* seemed daringly modern. Now it doesn't, but it's still good music.

Mozart: Concertos No. 20 and 24 (Artur Schnabel, piano; Walter Susskind conducting Philharmonia Orchestra; HMV: 12" LP). These are clearly made from 78 rpm masters, but are nevertheless without rival, on records, in interpretation and performance.

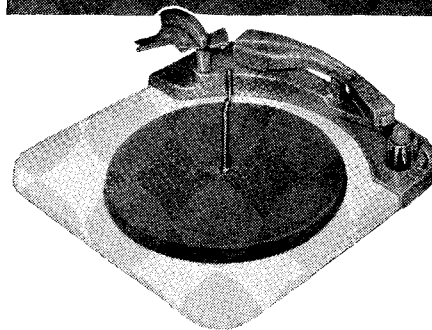
Mozart: Concerto No. 4 in D Major, together with **Prokofiev: Concerto No. 1 in D Major** (Joseph Szigeti, violin; Sir Thomas Beecham conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; Columbia: 12" LP). The Mozart is played big, but with irresistible fondness and irreproachable control. The Prokofiev is dwarfed in this company, albeit well played also.

Purcell: Dido and Aeneas (Kirsten Flagstad, Elizabeth Schwartzkopf, and members of the Mermaid Theater cast, conducted by Geraint Jones; HMV: 12" LP). All literary London helped support last season's revival of *Dido* in the Mermaid, the city's sole Elizabethan playhouse. Flagstad sang for nothing. The 1689 opera, perhaps still the greatest in the English tongue, had the benefit of priceless artistry. Wonderful!

Sibelius: Symphony No. 1 in E Minor (Anthony Collins conducting London Symphony Orchestra; London: 12" LP). All this wealth of themes — and hi-fi, too! Collins takes it not overseriously, but zestfully.

Tchaikovsky: Overture 1812 and Fantasy Overture Hamlet (Sir Adrian Boult conducting London Philharmonic Orchestra; London: 12" LP). No doubt this was recorded with an Audio Show in mind, having the most sepulchral bass drums and hissing cymbals to sound forth from disks in many a month.

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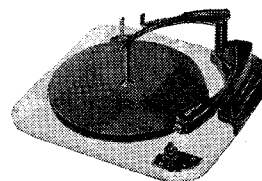
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